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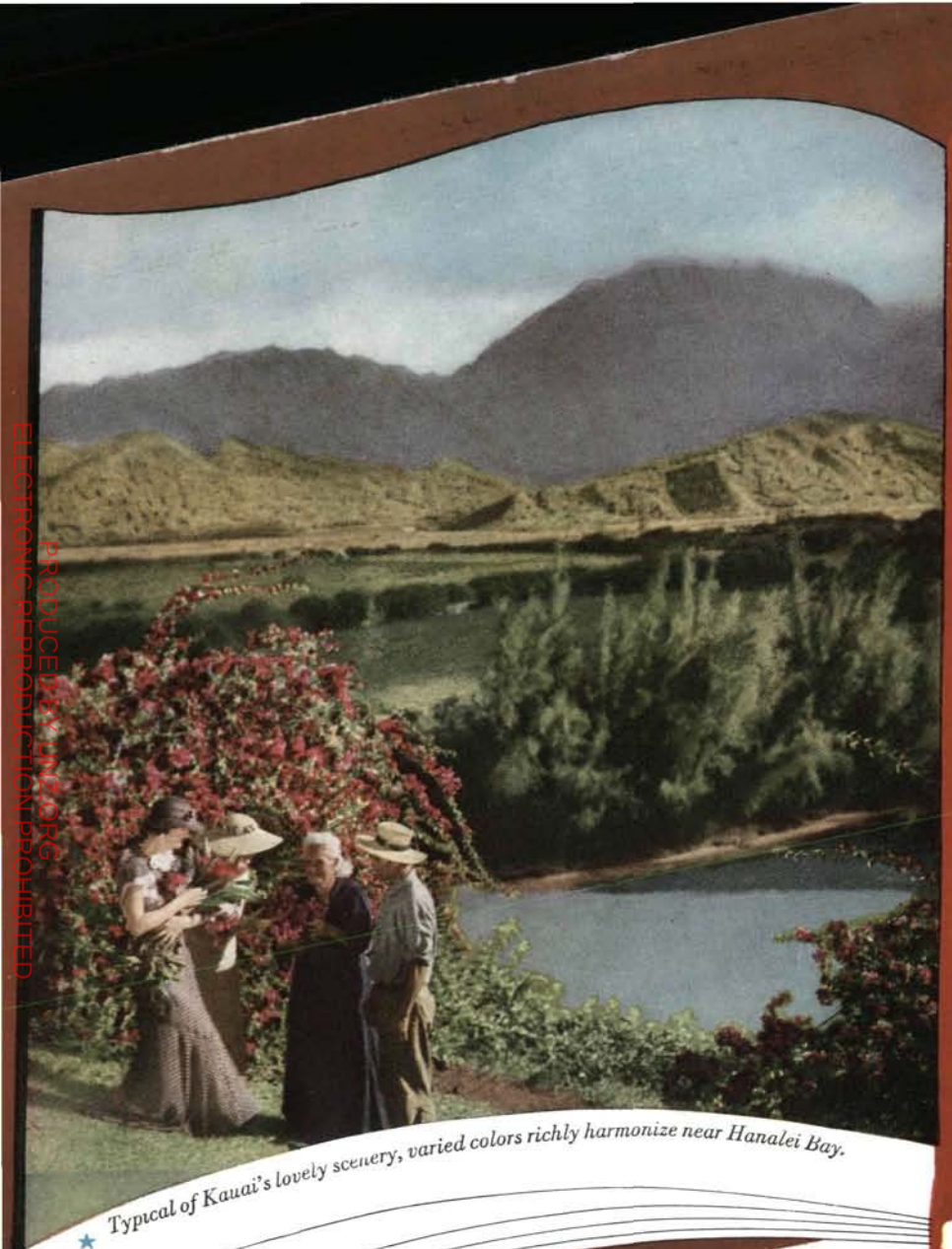
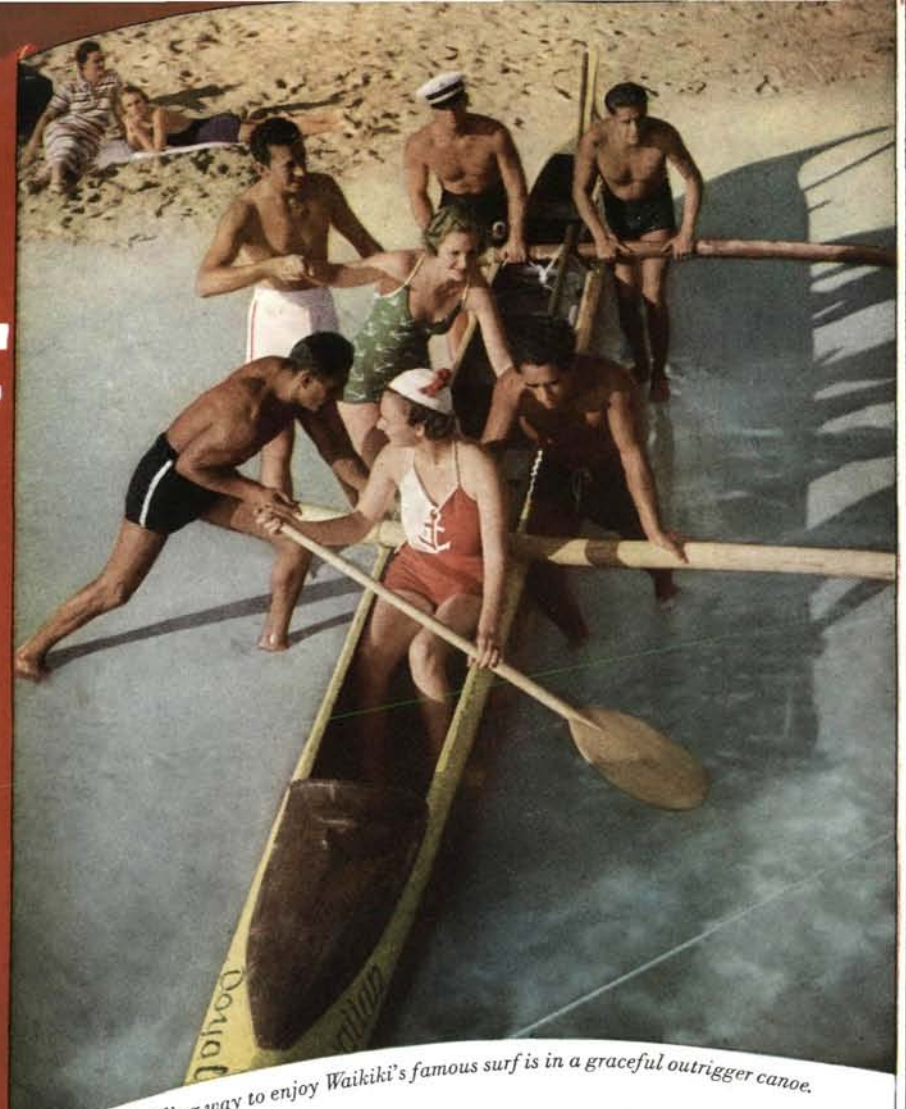


★ *Typical of Kauai's lovely scenery, varied colors richly harmonize near Hanalei Bay.*

THE ISLANDS OF

Hawaii

KAUAI
OAHU
MAUI
HAWAII



★ *A thrilling way to enjoy Waikiki's famous surf is in a graceful outrigger canoe.*

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...ot describe Hawaii's charm. People seeking
...happily in these mid-Pacific isles.
...chant her theme-song.
...to this sur-

Booklets "Nearby Hawaii" and "Tourfax" free from Travel Agents or Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 213 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.; 247 Petroleum Securities Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

This Bureau, with headquarters at 765 Bishop Street, in Honolulu, is a non-profit organization, maintained by

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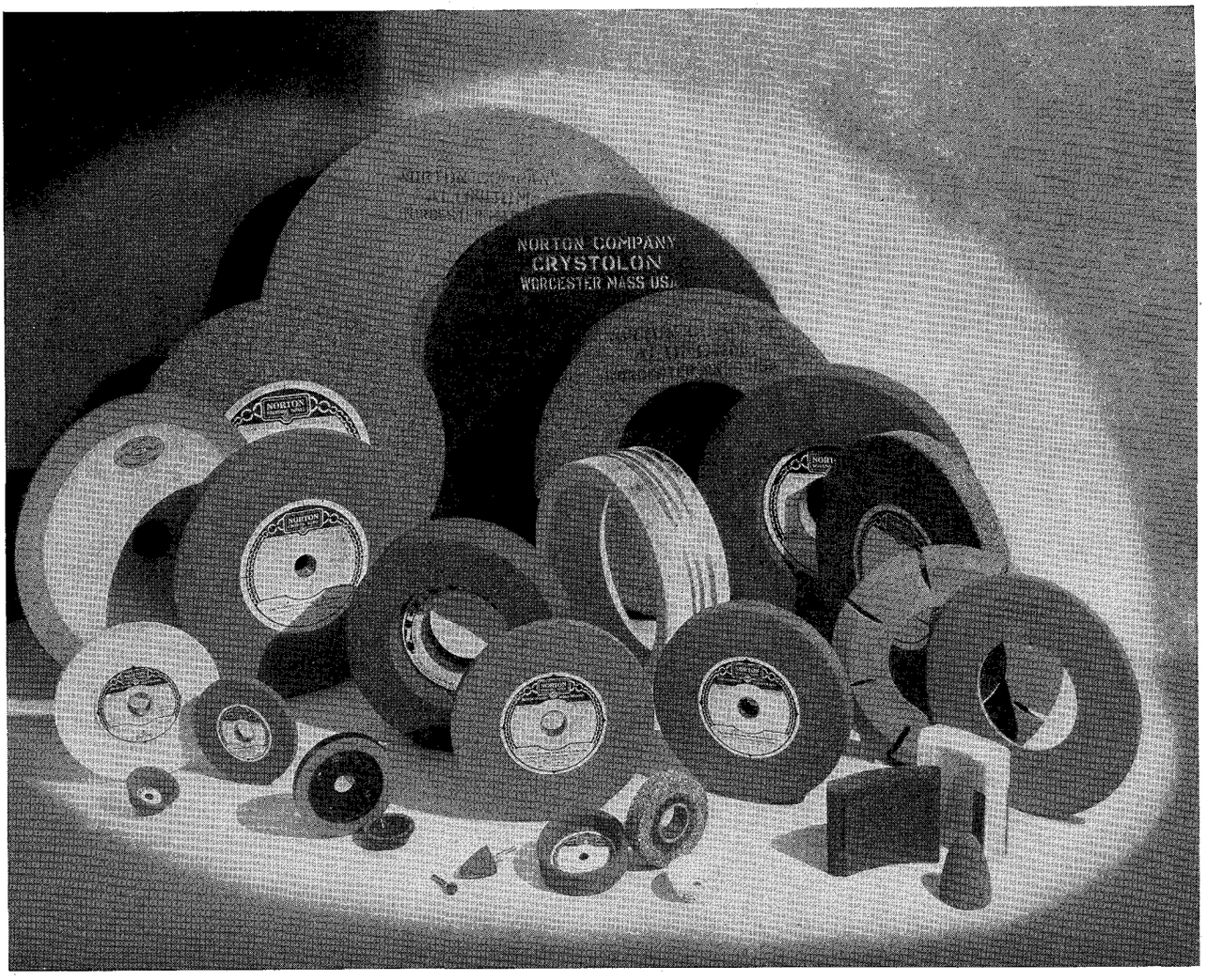
...1937, HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU



For over fifty years Norton Abrasive research has carried on. Norton scientists solving vital problems of workers in iron, steel and other metals. They have created GRINDING WHEELS for thousands of operations for use in a million ways.

The Norton line of wheels runs from tiny mounted points 3/32" x 1/8" to six-foot diameter pulpstones, weighing ten tons. There are many types of special wheels for special jobs—crankshaft grinding, roll grinding, surface grinding, tool grinding, internal grinding, saw and knife grinding and countless other operations.

As the grinding wheel is a vital tool of industry, so are other Norton abrasive products—oilstones, hones, sandpapers—vital to the home workshop as well as industry. Always look for the product labeled Norton Abrasives.

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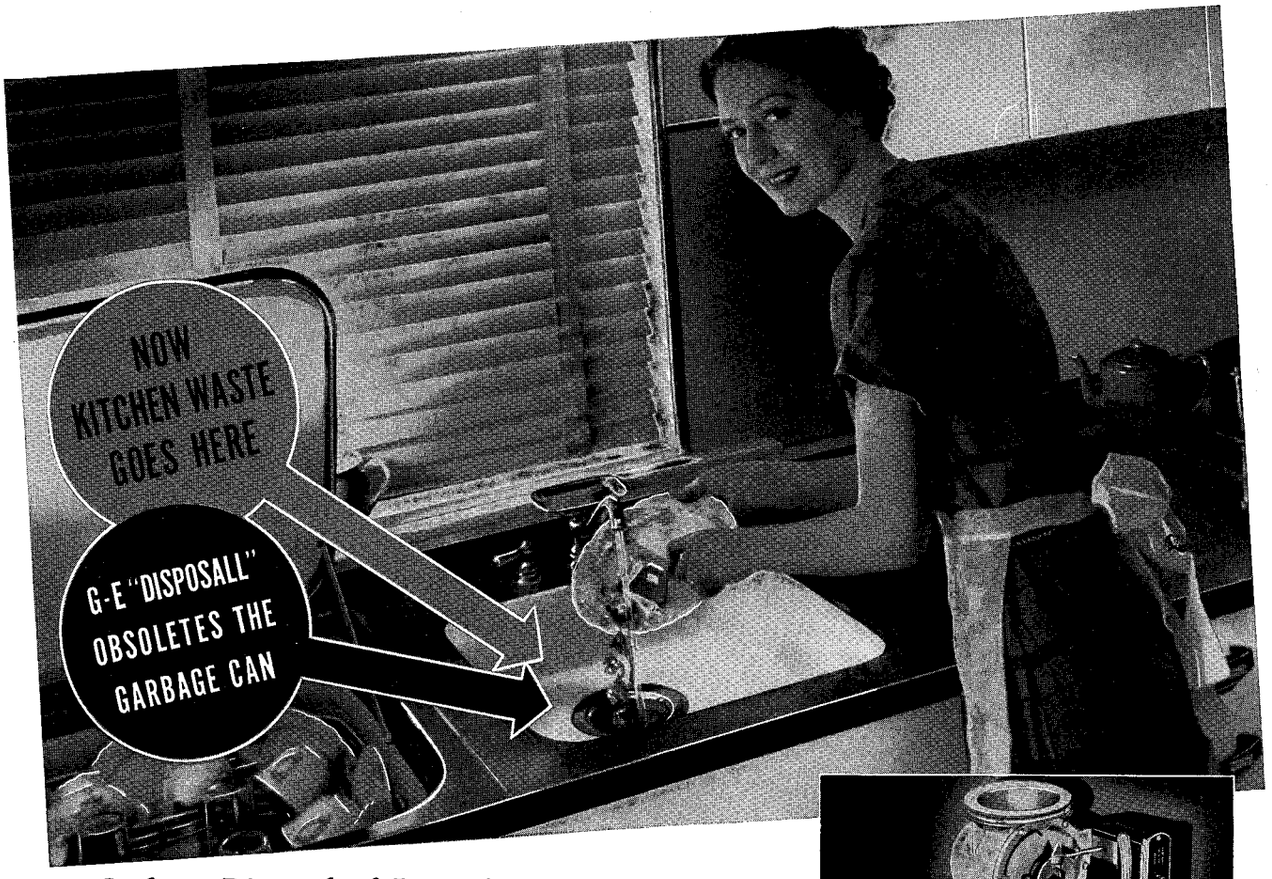
Stop SAVING GARBAGE !



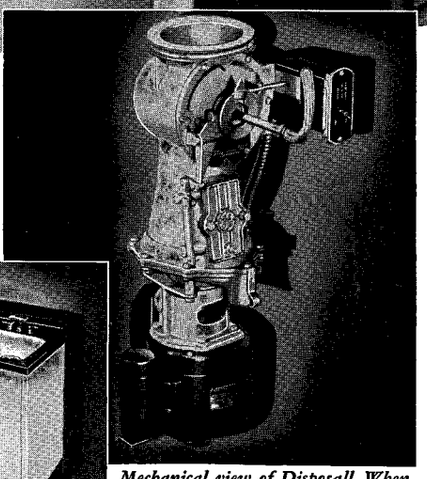
Garbage Disposed of Instantly Right at the Sink! A New Contribution to Better Living by General Electric!

SWITCH to better living. The new General Electric Disposall will end the messy accumulation of garbage in your home. Unsanitary, unsightly garbage receptacles will be banished forever. This electric kitchen waste unit can be readily installed in your present kitchen sink.

No Odors—No Clogged Pipes

Kitchen waste—everything from peelings to bones—goes down the sink drain where it is quickly and quietly reduced to a pulp by the General Electric Disposall, and flushed away like water. The Disposall cleans itself. There is no odor. Pipes will not clog. And the operating cost is less than a penny a day. Easily installed in any sink.

Convenient terms are available. See a demonstration at your General Electric appliance dealer's showroom, or send the coupon for full details. General Electric Company, Section DP-3, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



Mechanical view of Disposall. When enclosed it is completely concealed and can be readily installed in any sink.

New complete G-E Electric Sink with both Disposall and G-E Dishwasher.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

"Good Riddance to Bad Garbage" — *disposall* — *Electrical Garbage Disposal Unit*

GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES FOR BETTER LIVING

General Electric Co., Sec. DP-3.
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Scribner's

MAGAZINE

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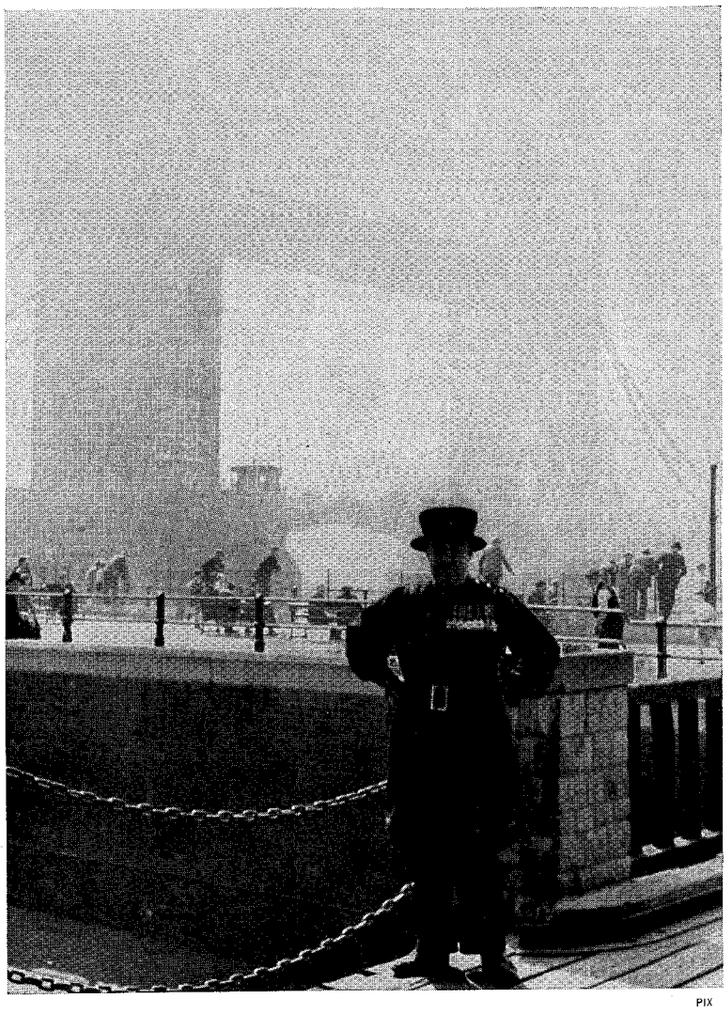
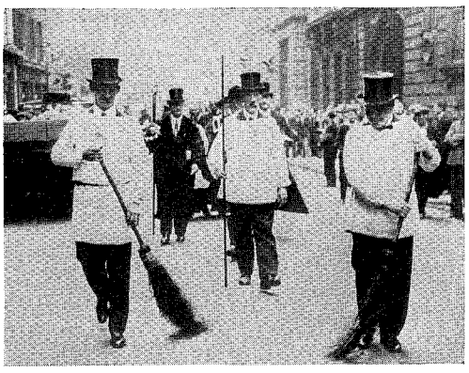


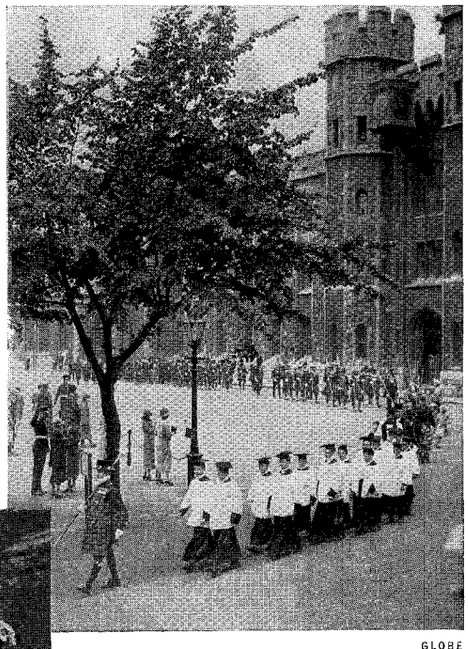
PIX

A Beefeater with his medals, before the London Tower Bridge



PICTURES, INC.

Vintners led by top-hatted sweepers



GLOBE

Beefeaters and choir boys with canes, beating the bounds of London Tower

There's Peace in Pageantry

WILSON CHAMBERLAIN

KEYSTONE

Wigs, ermine robes, and breeches

An American clubwoman had been invited to Eton by an English friend who had a nephew there. When they arrived, the boys were just coming off the rugger field, so the American, anxious to start sightseeing, urged that the youngster be allowed to join them as he was.

"Well, I mustn't go without my hat, anyway," the boy said, catching a look from his aunt. "Half a tick!" Dashing off, he returned in less than a minute, still in his filthy sports costume, but looking a good deal more at ease wearing, to the American's utter astonishment, a top hat!

Just an old Eton custom—never to go out for tea without your topper, no matter what else you're doing. It is only one of hundreds of ceremonies which your English cousin carries on in his modern workaday world without batting an eye. They range from such rustic customs as placing garlands around the necks of horses being led to stud, to playing *God Save the King* at the end of every movie, dance, or public event.

They cover such a range of tradition that at one extreme you are transported to the Middle Ages by, for example, the Opening of Parliament each autumn when the peers in their scarlet and ermine robes assemble in the House of Lords to hear their King give his reasons for calling this Parliament, to which he comes in a gold coach and to which the House of Commons are summoned by a gentleman known since 1350 as Black Rod. At the other extreme you are reduced to amused incredulity by such survivals as the toasts to the Woodmen of Arden at their annual archery meet

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Cars Wanted? Coming Right Up!

THE major commerce of this continent requires, every day, more than a hundred thousand railroad cars of many types, available for loading wherever and whenever freight is ready to move.

And the railroads meet this vast and varied demand so smoothly that shippers take for granted that the cars will be on hand.

Thus, when the wheat crop is ripe, cars are moved from railroads that do not need them to the western roads that have wheat to load; similarly, coal cars are distributed to supply varying industrial demands; likewise, refrigerator cars are moved to the centers where perishable fruit and vegetable crops are ripe for shipment.

This involves not only a tremendous job of coordination but standardization to the point where *every one of two million freight cars must be interchangeable and usable in trains with every other car*—all parts must be standard replaceable parts so that repairs can be made in any railroad shop—or by emergency crews anywhere.

Typical examples of this standardization are these:

In the old days, there were 56 sizes and kinds of axles for freight cars—now, all freight cars are equipped with axles of one standard design in five sizes for cars of varying capacities.

Then, there were 58 different kinds of journal boxes—now, all cars have one standard design in five sizes for the different size cars.

Then, there were 26 kinds of car couplers—now, there is one standard coupler, which will couple with and interchange with all previous designs which may still be in use.

Then, there were 20 different kinds of brake shoes—now, only one standard design is universally used.

Then, there were 27 different designs of brake heads—now, there is one standard design.

Then, there were numerous designs and kinds of brake beams, and many kinds and sizes of wheels—now, there is one standard wheel, and one standard brake beam design of three sizes for different weights of cars.

True, this is progress of a kind inconspicuous to the average eye, but it helps explain why the American Railroads are internationally recognized as the most reliable and progressive transportation system in the world!

TRAIL of ONE PULLMAN CAR in ONE MONTH

In a single month a typical Pullman car visited Toronto, New York, Miami, Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles—and encountered temperatures ranging from 6 to 86 degrees. Throughout that time air-conditioning kept this car at even spring-time temperature and always clean. Multiply this achievement by more than 8,000 Pullmans that cover over a billion miles each year, add the expert service of 21,000 Pullman employes, reckon the job of always having enough cars at the right places at the right times, and you get some idea of the enterprise required to maintain—on a nationwide, coordinated and uniform basis—this one phase of railroad service.

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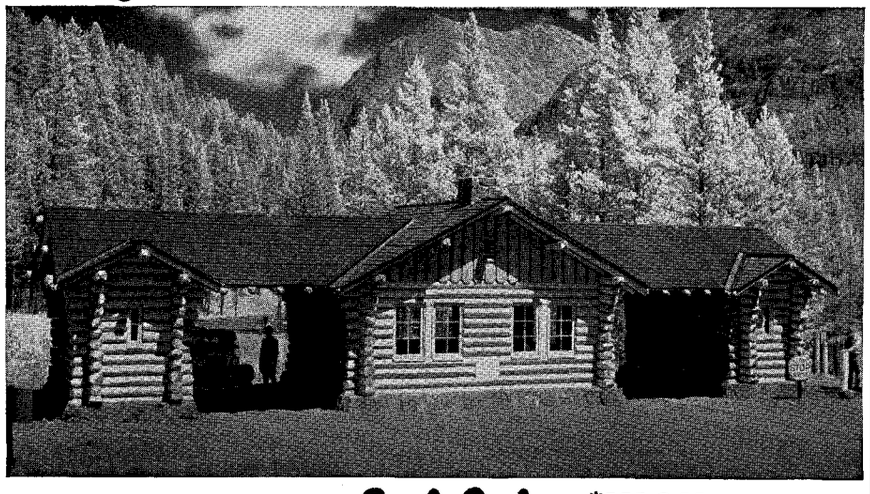
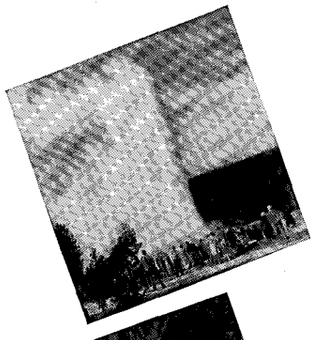
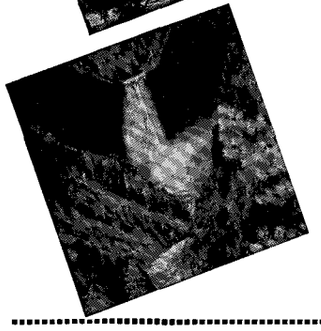
Announcing A SPECTACULAR NEW GATEWAY to YELLOWSTONE PARK



THRILLING NEW Red Lodge *HIGHWAY IS OPENED TO NORTHERN PACIFIC TRAVELERS





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which always begin, "Mr. Adams and Brother Woodmen . . ." though there has been no Mr. Adams heading the society for over 150 years!

In darkest Africa the Englishman still goes on dressing for dinner despite his realization that he's been the butt of music-hall comedians for thirty years. In many big houses the butler still ceremoniously takes the housekeeper's arm into the servants' dining-hall. In every village "pub" and at every smart table a glass of port is drunk religiously, though the national drink is beer or whiskey, merely because Queen Anne in a spat with France placed such a tax on French wines that the English took to drinking the cheaper wine of Portugal instead, and have kept it up to this day, though the French row was settled nearly a hundred years ago!

Finally, in London every morning, rain or shine, there is the famous Changing of the Guard, when a hundred red-coated Guardsmen come swinging pompously into the forecourt of Buckingham Palace (or nearby St. James's if the King is away) precisely at 10:30, and, lining up opposite the Old Guard, exchange salutes, then pace off to the sentry boxes with Gilbert & Sullivan grandeur, while you hear the band, formed into a circle, play "airs to the King's liking." Their eyes are so hidden by their tremendous bearskin hats that amusingly dressed little drummer-boys have to hold up the music for them.

Indeed, if some efficiency expert were to point out to the Englishman that his never-ending ceremonies take not only valuable time but often cost a great deal of hard cash, he would probably only smile enigmatically, for an Englishman has what amounts to a mystic conviction that if he enjoys stability both in his government and in his private life, it is because he has for centuries maintained what seems to us a ludicrous degree of decorum.

Even in his high-speed financial world he clings to traditions founded hundreds of years ago merely because they have become a sort of symbol of integrity, any deviation from which might seem suspect or, at mildest, "not quite sound." Every bank-runner wears a cutaway (sometimes green) and top hat. Every businessman, a short, black coat with derby or black homburg. Every judge and lawyer, a white wig. Good ones cost $40, but it is charged up to advertising famed British Justice.

If you were to go into Coutts & Company, bankers to His Majesty the King, to cash a cheque, you would be amused to have the money shoved across an open

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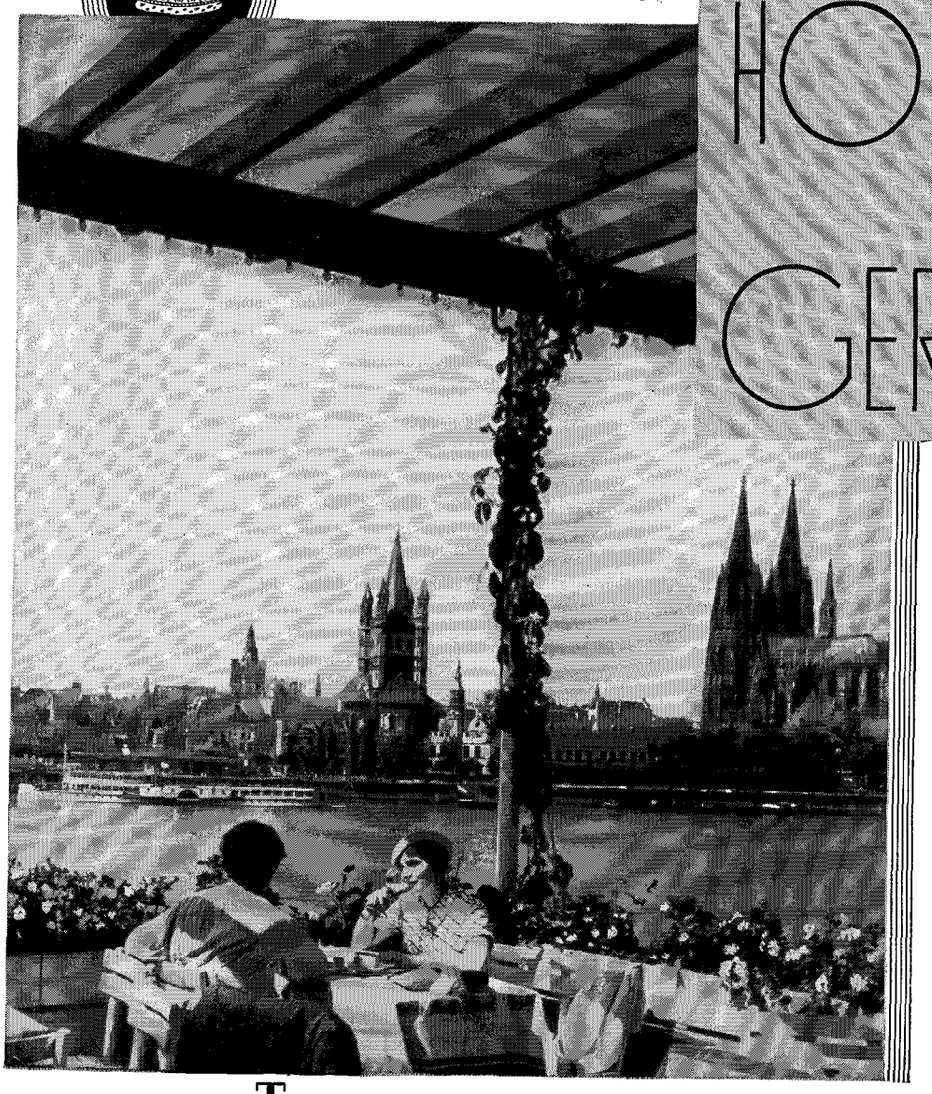
CROWN YOUR CORONATION TRIP

WITH A

HOLIDAY IN GERMANY



THE crowning event of your trip to Europe: A glorious holiday in beautiful Germany! Follow the lure of the romantic Rhine. Stroll along the boulevards of Berlin. Browse in the galleries and art shops of Munich or Dresden. Dream in the historic grandeur of medieval picture towns—Nürnberg, Rothenburg, Hildesheim. Take a cure in Germany's famous spas, golf and play at mountain resorts or bask in the sunshine of the Baltic and North Sea beaches.

The grandeur of Germany's scenery is thrilling: the Harz Mountains, setting of Grimms' fairy-tales . . . the rare charm of the Black Forest . . . the glory of the Bavarian Alps. A country of colorful picture towns and ancient castles, flowery valleys, gracious gardens and lovely lakes will charm you with its gay beauty, melodious song and Gemütlichkeit. Delightful presentations of music, opera, theatre and picturesque folk festivals, exciting sports events and interesting exhibitions provide pleasant diversion.

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GERMAN RAILROADS INFORMATION OFFICE

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The Pinnacles, Alkmaar

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Touring is comfortable in South Africa—modern railroads, rare scenic motor highways, and good hotels. Inclusive tours available to the high spots of interest, for any optional number of days, at moderate prices. The Tourist Department of South African Railways and Harbours has offices in all the larger cities to care for your convenience and insure your travel enjoyment.

DETAILED INFORMATION FROM ALL LEADING TOURIST AND TRAVEL AGENCIES

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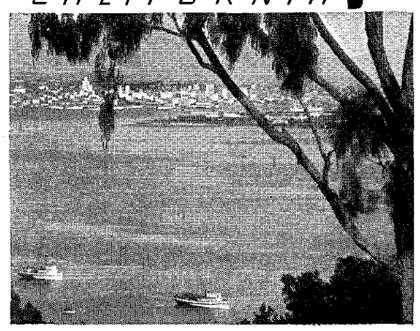

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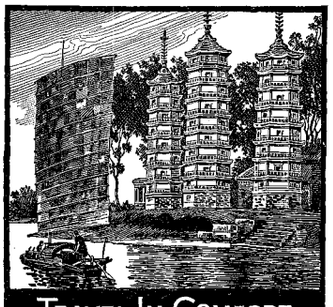

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counter to you (and the silver literally shoveled) by a most dignified gentleman in a frock coat. Though frock coats went out years ago, Coutts' argument is that their managers and clerks have always worn them and why, therefore, alter them any more than they would alter the conservative advice they give you for the investment of your money.

Amazing as it is to contemplate a great modern power being run on such antedeluvian lines, there is this to be said for it: no reputable English bank has ever failed (a fact which made us sit up and take notice a few years ago), and the English banker holds up his hands in horror when he hears how we have to transfer our money in armored cars and lock our tellers in steel cages.

In the ancient and actual City of London (an area of 677 acres housing the financial center) you find a still more amazing survival of ancient business procedure: The City Guilds or Livery Companies. Dating to the twelfth century, and now existing principally as philanthropic institutions and with such romantic titles as The Ancient Company of Gold and Silver Wyredrawers, The Tallow Chandlers (candlemakers), The Cordwainers (shoemakers), The Fletchers (arrow-makers), etc., some of them retain to this day fantastic privileges, though never exercised. The Spectaclemakers, for example, have the right to trample to bits your glasses if they suspect they do not come up to Guild standard. The Grocerymen's Guild could prevent you from wearing a beard or playing football. The Vintners and The Dyers alone share with the King the right to possess swans on the River Thames.

Today the Guilds' original purpose of protecting their craftsmen has lost its significance in the mass movement of modern labor unions, yet the mere survival of them with all their pomp serves to remind the hard-working Englishman that, just as they have gone on through the centuries, so too may he count on his job as long as he is reliable, with no fear of being suddenly fired at the whim of an efficiency expert or to make way for a younger man. They also have a subtle value in giving him a sense of the past, a sense of continuity in his own life, and a sense of belonging to something bigger than himself. By whatever alchemy brings it about, English labor unions are famous for settling strikes with a minimum of violence.

A final and most picturesque bit of pageantry having to do directly with justice and property is the ceremony of Beating the Bounds on the first of each

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SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR AMERICANS ATTENDING
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Since first-class hotel rooms in London and its vicinity are practically unavailable, Raymond-Whitcomb have engaged the luxurious R.M.S."ORION" — 23,500-ton flagship of the Orient Line and one of the newest and finest ships afloat — to lie at anchor in the Thames at the Port of London from May 11 to May 14 and serve as a floating hotel. Here American travelers will be assured of comfort and convenience, combined with pleasant surroundings and congenial society. Rates, including breakfasts and dinners on the "ORION," and daily transportation to and from central London, $75 up.

Raymond-Whitcomb have also reserved seats for the Coronation Procession in the Westminster Abbey Grandstand, which is generally considered the best grandstand in all London. Prices, 18 guineas to 50 guineas. Seats can also be furnished in other grandstands along the route of the Procession at a variety of prices.

In these special arrangements, Raymond-Whitcomb believe that they are offering some of the best accommodations now available for the Coronation. Since already the demand for first-class accommodations exceeds the supply, American travelers wishing the most desirable reservations are urged to make their bookings as soon as possible.

Complete information from your local travel agent . . . or

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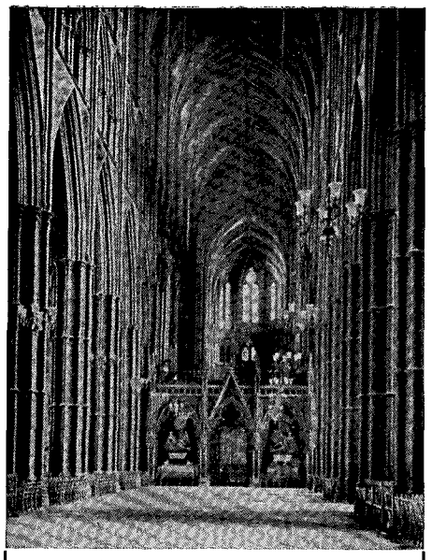

Westminster Abbey from *The English Abbey*

The English Countryside Series

If you are going to the coronation — if you can't get away — if you have been to England — if you plan to go to England — or if you prefer to do your travelling in your armchair, these are the outstanding books on Great Britain. Hundreds of pictures in each volume — especially taken photographs, color plates, line drawings, and a vivid, informative text have won for this series wide acclaim both here and abroad. Typical of the series, the following are of particular interest this spring:

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May. On this occasion the Beefeaters, or Yeomen of the Guard, famous to American visitors for their gold-braided Tudor costumes with white neck-ruffles, solemnly emerge from the Tower of London and forthwith proceed to beat, or mark, the boundaries of the Tower with canes, taking especial care to warn all poaching boys by deft swishings upon their posteriors. On the same day in many country parishes throughout Britain, the church wardens still go out with green boughs to establish once more one of the greatest tenets of the Englishman's life: his proverbial awareness of "What's Mine & What's Thine."

One of the most perplexing things about English pageantry is the very paradox of it. You will stand outside St. James's Palace watching some five hundred men in black velvet jackets and knee breeches, cocked hats and black slippers with silver buckles for presentation to the King at one of his two or three morning levees each year, convinced that England is the most rigid country in the world. Yet you will see some peer of the realm come away from the Palace and get into a 1916 Rolls Royce you wouldn't use even around the farm. Sitting majestically in the tonneau of this royally painted high-wheeler with two men on the box, he will be driven down to the country to his feudal castle where his seventy-year-old valet will have laid out for him with great pomp a tattered jacket, a pair of cracked shoes, and a battered felt hat you wouldn't be seen dead in!

But to the Englishman there is nothing illogical in this: just as he makes a tradition of maintaining magnificent rigid display in all public matters, so too it is a tradition that in private he don, not spotless white flannels to look smart, but his well-worn old tweeds.

If you were caught speeding, no English policeman would dream of shouting at you or even asking you where the fire is. On the contrary, while he was writing out your ticket, he'd probably call you Sir. Nor would he feel that such politeness was either ineffective or that it was lowering to his self-esteem. The English system of titles works not, as many Americans think, for the glorification of the upper classes, but for dignifying all classes. Thus, while there are about 5000 Britons with actual titles from the lowest Sir to a Grade A Duke, every humble tradesman is addressed as *Mister,* your cook is not Maggie or Hilda but always *Mrs.* You never shout *Waitress* or *Maid* but always *Miss,* every trained nurse is *Sister,* and finally every so-called gentleman without a title nevertheless must always have *Esquire* or *Esq.* after his name in writing, while in conversation you recognize his position by calling him by his last name only and never *Mister* unless you are a woman or he your senior. Yet the piquant part of the title system is that, where we frown on it as a bit imperialistic, the English solemnly believe it is democratic! And, curiously enough, for the Englishman it does seem to work that way.

Even doormen in England have a position of unusual dignity. When you arrive at your hotel or department store or bank, the door is opened by a chap in black uniform with a sort of Sam Browne belt and a string of medals across his chest like a general: the Corps of Commissionaires—or doormen deluxe —which sprang into being after the War, comprised only of those veterans who were cited for bravery and whose wounds prevent them from heavier work, has over 3000 members in London alone and regards the duties of doormanning with such earnestness that it has won an annual inspection by the King each July.

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But where these and other American traditions are few and far-between, they are the very fiber of English life. Where we have, for example, only a few national holidays, seldom solemnized by anything which pulls us all up for a moment in proud memory of our past, in England there must be twenty or thirty fête days when the entire nation turns out.

On the King's Birthday, loyal Britons drink His Health in every corner of the Empire. Such a grip have ceremonies like this upon all of Great Britain that when, for example, you get on a liner from Bombay to London, you invariably run into a chap who talks your ear off about "going home," only to discover that he has never been to England in his life before! High in the Himalayas you will find some "second son" who left England thirty years before and, like thousands of Englishmen at "home," couldn't be persuaded to wear anything but his Old School Tie if you made him a gift of it. And in New York you will find English firms actually closing for the English Bank Holiday (equivalent to our Labor Day), though the loyalty costs them hundreds of dollars in business time.

So, when and if communism comes to England, we can probably count on it that the revolution will be led by the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking at the famous Marble Arch in Hyde Park in his most resplendent scarlet robes, while the crowds of uniting workers glance nervously at their watches to see that they don't miss their tea!

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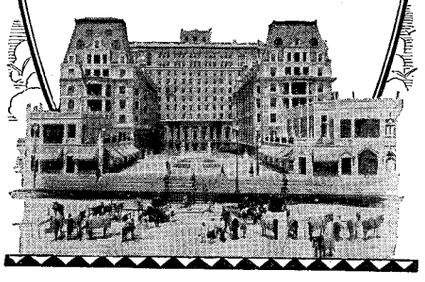

to spare there are, for instance, two tours that leave on the S.S. *Statendam,* May 1, and include not only the Coronation but trips into rural England and thence to Holland and Belgium. Then there's the *Kungsholm* cruise that departs May 2 and takes in Gothenburg, Rotterdam, Southampton, and Cherbourg, after the London festivities. A feature of this cruise is the housing in England—no hotels for the *Kungsholm* cruisers. The ship will anchor in the Thames and serve as hotel itself! For the convenience of her passengers, however, there will be lounging and cocktail rooms with eating facilities ashore.

Travelers with more time to spend will find excellent cruises that cover the Continent after the Coronation and English sightseeing is done.*

Solving the hotel problem is probably the most acute situation that confronts the independent traveler. Two ingenious means are announced in London that promise great appeal. The Port of London Authority has approved a plan for cruising vessels to moor between London and Tilbury, turning the Thames into a stream of floating hotels. For example there will be the S.S. *Orion,* flagship of the Orient Line. She will pick up passengers at Southampton on May 10, then lay by at London from the eleventh to the night of the fourteenth. Accommodations on her begin at $75 and include room, breakfast, dinner, transportation to and from London, and gay evenings of music and entertainment on shipboard. The other plan to relieve the pressure upon London hotels comes from the British Railways. Camping coaches will be placed in outlying districts of London and should certainly appeal to those with a yen for unusual experiences.

The traveler who is preparing his own itinerary will find not only excellent short excursions arranged by the British and Irish Railways to places of historic and sentimental interest throughout the Islands, but a host of special May and June events. Here is a sampling: The Shakespeare Birthday Celebrations, Stratford-on-Avon; at Canterbury, the Cathedral Drama and Music Festival; "The Coronation Cup" racing at Epsom; Royal Air Display, Hendon; the Coronation Opera at Covent Garden, where Doctor Furtwängler will conduct the Wagnerian "Ring"; and the Coronation Exhibition at Lincoln, where ceremonial robes, personal equipment, plate, furniture, and other Coronation memorabilia will be displayed. —K. K.

* *For a more detailed account of such cruises write the Travel Editor stating the time you wish to spend.*

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Child on a Barge (*See cover*)

For some time the editors have been interested in the people living on the many barges plying about the waters of New York Harbor, and more recently discussed with Mr. Henry Waxman the possibility of a cover portrait of one of these seafaring people, perhaps a portrait of a little girl. Mr. Waxman recalled that a good-looking model he often used for debutante fashions was either born or bred on a barge. Miss Wilma Bard was drafted at once for the job of locating the kind of child we had in mind. She took the ferry to Weehawken and the New York Central's barge colony on the riverfront there. Using the password "I'm the daughter of Captain Bard" she soon found what we wanted on a barge tied to Pier 9—Gloria Ryan, daughter of Captain and Mrs. George Ryan. Miss Bard brought mother and child back to New York, where Mr. Waxman equipped his studio with a hundred-pound bag of sugar. It is against this bag, a loan of a nearby grocer, that Gloria is leaning in the picture on our cover.

The next day we set out to learn more about this little girl. We ferried the Hudson in a heavy fog, tramped a mile through a labyrinth of railroad tracks, and walked up a steep gangplank from Pier 9 to the barge *Ansonia*. We were then in the freight-house of the barge, from which a door opens into the cabin. Mrs. Ryan took us into the kitchen, where we warmed our snow-bitten feet over a great coal stove on which Gloria quickly placed her own flat-iron. Brown plank walls cut the rest of the cabin into a living-room, a small bedroom and a still smaller bedroom—all connected by doorless openings hung with red drapes. The curtains at the windows were freshly ironed, and the brass ship-clocks on the walls were shining bright. These clocks and the kerosene lamps were about the only touch of the sea. We had an over-stuffed chair, Gloria had its twin, and Mrs. Ryan sat on a large divan. Beside us was a nine-tube radio from Sears Roebuck (run by batteries) and on the table were books given as premiums by Mr. Stern's *Post* and Mr. Hearst's *Journal*. Mrs. Ryan said that the magazines she read were *True Story* and *True Romance*, but she laughed at herself when she said it.

The first thing Mrs. Ryan told us about Gloria was that she was born with a caul. So was David Copperfield, and perhaps it's still lucky to be born that way and perhaps it still saves people from drowning. Gloria will be six on April 14. She has a brother who is twelve and a little David himself, if one can judge from his pictures and school record. Mrs. Ryan brought out a punctuality certificate issued to him by the State of New Jersey. Each morning he has to climb 230 steps to get to the school on the Weehawken heights. There were two other children but they are gone—one as the result of a freight boat cutting through a barge Captain Ryan was bringing down the river. That was in 1922.

Gloria herself has never lived on a barge in active service. The *Ansonia*, her home for five years, is a retired vessel which the New York Central has turned over to the Ryans rent free, Gloria's father now working for the Central on lighters plying the harbor waters. He gets $5.37 a day, has six days of work a week at present, owns a 1935 Hudson sedan, belongs to a union, and is a Democratic party worker.

Gloria is a thin child, soft-voiced and keen. At first awed by strangers, she gradually warms to them and, unless we err, uses them with charming strategy to gain her own little objectives. She showed us her Christmas dolls, revealed her ambition to be an actress, and frankly announced, "I can't dance as well as I can sing." When asked whether she had ever seen Shirley Temple she said "No"—emphatically. Mrs. Ryan told us that Gloria had seen Shirley half a dozen times and was simply trying to advertise the fact that she hadn't seen Shirley Temple in her *latest* production.

Hollywood Triumphs

There is probably no man more highly thought of in the theater today than Arthur Hopkins, whose article appears in this issue. And among the dramatic critics there are no two men more highly thought of than Burns Mantle of *The New York Daily News* and Brooks Atkinson of *The New York Times*. So the editors thought SCRIBNER readers would like to read what comment the latter gentlemen might have on the theme of Mr. Hopkins' article, since all are equally interested in revitalizing the American theater.

*

Mr. Burns Mantle says:

Mr. Hopkins' statement of the case for the defeatists of the theater is both interesting and completely enveloping. All that he says is true. Most that he implies is true. All that he concludes is possible. Hollywood has, from his point of view, which is that of an actuary vitally concerned, taken over the theater in the sense that Hollywood influences are at the moment the most subtle and potent influences to which the theater is reacting.

So what? As some intelligent observer of life has remarked, we cannot start from where we were, or from where we should be. We are compelled to start from where we are. All right, the movie masters came, they gobbled, they conquered all that money could buy. They are still rampaging up and down the theatrical marketplaces grabbing here, grabbing there, ruthlessly. Being of even shorter vision than the theater tycoons whom they chased or are chasing out of the business of play production, they are belittling and destroying their greatest and most natural sources of supply as rapidly and completely as possible. They are buying up dramatists and actor talent as they bought up legitimate theaters a few years back in applying a *coup de grâce* in their extermination of the road.

And still they have not killed the theater.

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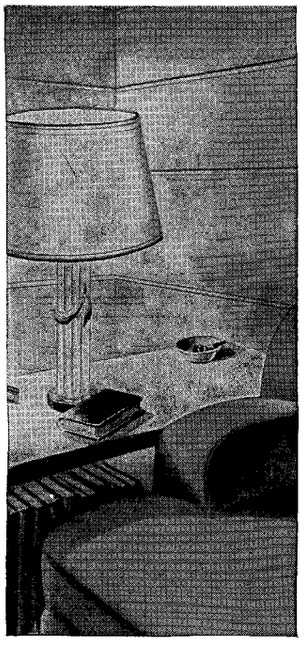

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Nor the urge, both primitive and cultivated, that demands the theater. Nor have they materially affected the support of any theater that provides those emotional satisfactions for which playgoers are willing to pay, when able. (Aye, there's a rub!)

I agree with Mr. Hopkins that the theater can have little or no social or cultural significance in the face of this attitude. But my disappointment in this particular is considerably assuaged by the fact that after thirty-five years of observing the theater rather intimately I have failed to record any particular time when either social or cultural significance was the concern of the theater's play producers.

There never has been a time in my theater experience when I could not count on the fingers of one hand, without seeming to include the thumb, those producing managers who harbored so much as a thought for the cultural and social significance of the theater. Fortunately for the theater, Mr. Hopkins was and is one of the few.

"It leaves the theater with only one mission, salesmanship," declares Mr. Hopkins. If there has ever been a time when the theater has had another mission I have missed it. Fine, significant plays have been produced, and have succeeded. Usually to the complete surprise of their producers. Fine, significant plays have been produced and failed. Usually to the complete disgust and resentment of their producers. One good play has bred another. Usually two or three others. The success of an *Abie's Irish Rose* has flooded the town with others just as bad.

I agree with Mr. Hopkins that the tastes of Broadway are not the tastes of American theatergoers in general. I agree with him that there are forces in the newer theater that have coarsened and cheapened every play and every art they have touched. I agree with him that the struggle, on the part of New York play producers, to provide hits and the frantic urge to proclaim a "smash," on the part of the New York reviewers, are common and of questionable inspiration. But I defy him to tell me a time when these conditions and customs have not obtained. Obtained, at least to such extent as fitted the period of their indulgence.

I agree with Mr. Hopkins that if the producers of plays had been men of greater vision and possessed of even an infinitesimal urge toward the salvation of a socially and culturally significant theater, much could have been done to keep the pictures out of the hands of the furriers who took them over. But, although the approach would have been different and the progress achieved might reasonably have been expedited, I doubt if we would have been further advanced artistically, either in the theater or in the pictures, than we are today.

I agree with Mr. Hopkins that the screen can exhibit a Garbo in a thousand cities simultaneously, and a Cornell in but one. Which does make the screen of seeming greater social significance than the stage. Particularly if you like Garbos. Or what the Garbos are doing on the screen. But I still insist that, in spiritual inspiration and the stimulation of social and cultural forces, one Cornell is worth a wilderness of Garbos.

I regret with Mr. Hopkins the passage of the theater of our earlier devotions and enthusiasms. But I find satisfaction in the thought that this great new audience that is now coming into the theater, plus the demands it will make and the new producers it will create, will eventually rebuild the theater and lift it to even greater heights and accomplishments than either he or I ever dreamed that it could attain.

Hollywood, at the moment, may seem temporarily to have taken over the theater as Mr. Hopkins says. But the theater, even now furnishing Hollywood with its better dramatists, actors, and directors, may quite conceivably one day take over Hollywood. And for keeps.

*

Mr. Brooks Atkinson says:

Since Mr. Hopkins is writing chiefly about the business of the theater and the motion pictures, there is one point worth even greater emphasis than he has placed on it. In the business of mass entertainment the motion-picture industry is logically supreme. For fifty cents the cinema can put on a show that the theater cannot possibly equal at the same figure. The motion pictures produce a great many films that are far from cheap artistically, and the stage continues to put on a good many plays that are artistically much too cheap to be sold for one dollar and a half or two dollars, for even now many producers do not realize what has happened. Although some of them may still regret that they were not smart enough to maneuver themselves into the motion-picture business years ago and make a lot of money, they may as well stop crying over spilt milk now, for mass entertainment belongs logically to the screen, which can do the job well and at low box-office prices.

The theater costs too much. Many people would prefer to go to the theater if they could pay the high prices. The WPA theater has proved that, and has given satisfactory, and in some cases, distinguished drama to thousands of people for a top price of fifty-five cents. As a theater, the WPA project lies under the artistic handicap of being fundamentally an emergency labor program, for there is no reason under the sun why the government should underwrite the commercial theater. Most of the WPA entertainments have been given free, but for the small number of plays to which the Federal Theater has charged fifty-five cents as top admission price, it has collected in one year over $650,000. Although Mr. Hopkins does not think much of the Federal Theater, I believe that, quite apart from its usefulness as an emergency labor project, it has discovered some very useful things about the public's interest in theatergoing, and the commercial managers might profitably take a keener interest in what it is doing.

Mr. Hopkins is quite accurate in his explanation of how the screen has taken over the business of mass entertainment, which I do not much regret, and how it is also draining the theater of its actors and writers, which I do regret, although I do not know what can be done about it. When the actors and writers leave the theater, most of them depart wailing and lamenting, although I suspect they are playacting a little in a self-righteous frame of mind. By and large, a real artist does what he wants to. But this much I do know—that the present merchandising method of the theater is silly. Buying a script, buying actors for a gambler's chance of playing two weeks or two months or two years is a sidewalk-merchandising scheme that worked in the bonanza days but that now has no relation to a living theater.

What a theater needs is a rounded organization based on a permanent company of actors under highly talented and versatile leadership. A theater should be an acting institution toward which audiences can feel a personal loyalty apart from the entertainment supplied by a fugitive play. Although this scheme has been tried two or three times, and has failed, I believe that the leadership has never been big enough in character. Even if such a scheme succeeded, it would never make money, and that is why no commer- (*continued on page* 88)

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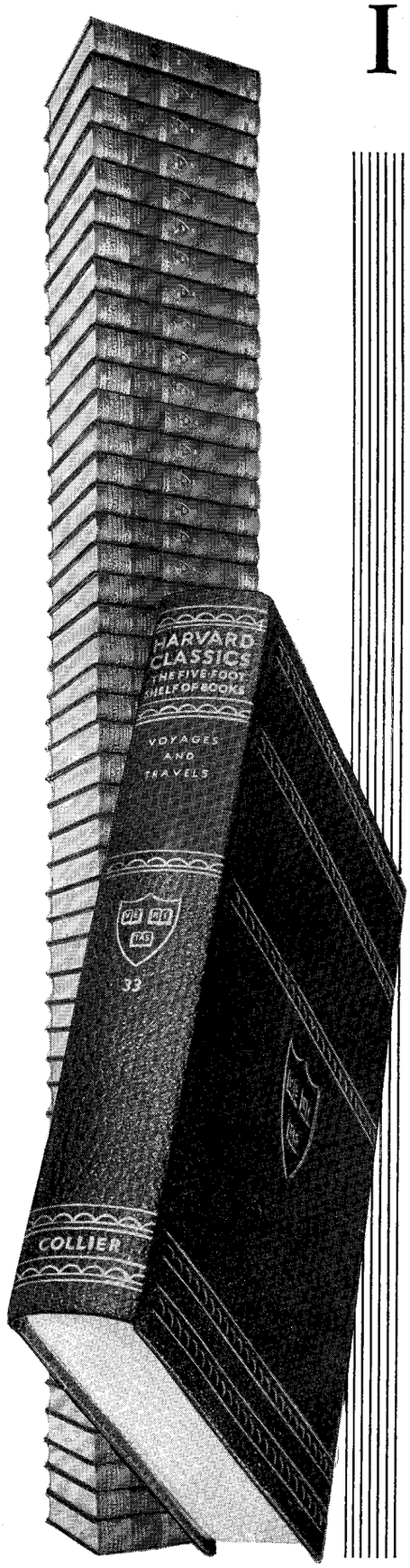
How to get rid of an

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck



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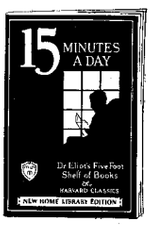

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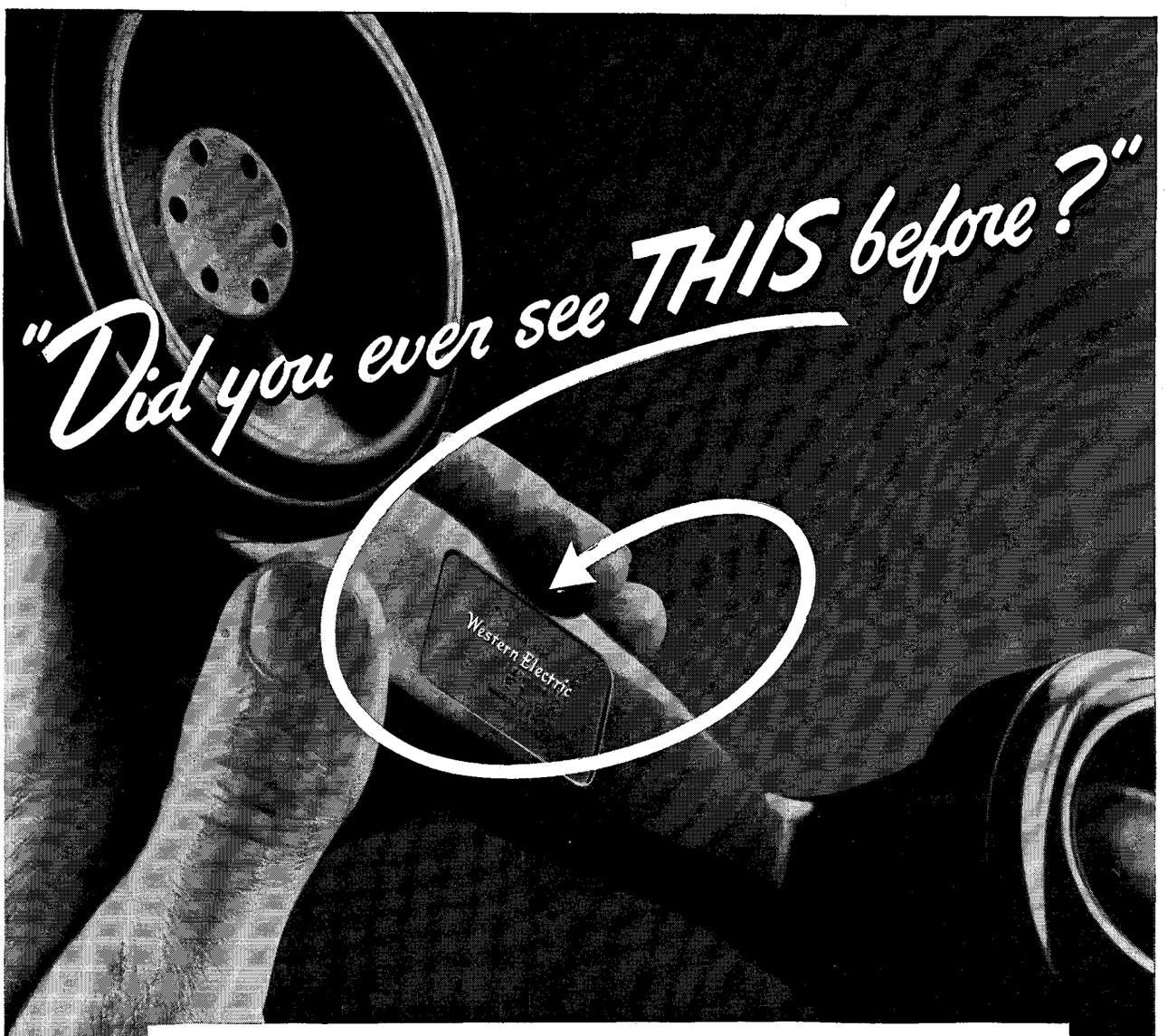

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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
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Hollywood Takes Over the Theater

While the Broadway impresarios slept, a handful of inexpert, untrained men captured, without a struggle, the amusement business of the country

BROADWAY was once a power that controlled the amusement business of America. Broadway is now a street chiefly conspicuous for its motion-picture palaces. By what spell was Broadway induced to sleep while strangers, inexpert and inexperienced, without funds or connections, took without a struggle the amusement business of the country and of a large part of the world?

Only twenty-five years ago the legitimate theater thrived in all parts of the land. Large fortunes had been accumulated by Klaw and Erlanger and their syndicate associates, by the Shuberts, and by others. Hundreds of companies toured annually to great profits. Theaters in all the large cities were at a premium, with profitable attractions clamoring for bookings. It was possible for touring attractions to spend the entire season in such limited territories as New England, the Middle West, the Southwest, the South, the West Coast, the Northwest, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. There were thousands of theaters where business was to be found. Today there are hundreds of cities that do not see five attractions a year. There are thousands that see none at all.

ARTHUR HOPKINS

One of the theater's most talented producers; among his plays are Anna Christie, Burlesque, *and* What Price Glory

Twenty-five years ago vaudeville thrived in all the fair-sized cities of the country. Great fortunes were amassed by the Keith, Williams, Orpheum, Kohl & Castle, and other interests. Today there is no vaudeville.

Where did the business go? What were the strong men and rich men of the theater doing as they saw their fortunes slipping away? They could easily have secured whatever financing extended enterprises required. Why did they make no effort? The only answer I know is vanity. The invasion that was to overtake them was cheap business, and though all of these men had begun in humble ways they had come to look upon cheapness with disfavor.

B. F. Keith founded his fortune in a Boston dime museum. E. F. Albee was his manager. Percy Williams sold liver pads from the tail end of a cart. A. L. Erlanger was an advance agent for fly-by-night troupes. So was Marc Klaw. The Shuberts ventured out of Syracuse with little money and high hopes. It could not have been only vanity that deterred these men. Perhaps their lack of vision was due to their comfortable prosperity, a prosperity to which they could see no end. They did not have the experimental urge of a restless man in Pittsburgh who had already lighted the fuse that was to destroy their business.

He was a nervous, reaching sort of man. To him activity was the only reason for living, yet his fields of activity were proscribed since he was a man of no special training—business, professional or otherwise. Yet he had to be doing things. He had found his way into the vaudeville business in Pittsburgh, and his activities had grown. He also operated stock companies, dabbled in baseball, took concessions at summer parks, and in one way or another built up substantial interests. He branched out into real estate and was considered rich.

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For some time in his vaudeville theaters there had been operating a special wonder feature called variously the Kinetoscope, Kinetograph, and other pretentious names. In reality it was a jumpy, jittery, palpitating device which came to be known as a moving-picture machine. On a bulging white sheet, scampering figures moved about uncertainly and waveringly. From the projection machine in the balcony came the sputterings and hissings of congealed carbons, accompanied by the very audible cranking and whirring of noisy sprockets. Frequently the screen went suddenly blank. Something had gone wrong in the projection machine. After hasty mending and pasting, the whirring of the sprockets resumed and once more the figures danced crazily across the fluttering sheet.

Yet in all of this crudity there was wonder. Here were pictures of people who moved and breathed, people who walked with a quick, stiff-legged gait, who doffed hats with lightning speed, who tripped and fell and bounced up again as if striking rubber earth. Everything about them was unreal, yet they were obviously living people moving in some new dimension. There were usually policemen and almost invariably a chase. One of the earliest thrillers was a locomotive coming head on. As it raced closer and filled the sheet, people in the front rows ducked low to escape the onrushing monster.

Stories were devised for the new medium, crude and sketchy stories with hasty flirtations, five-second courtships, unexpected interruptions, fights, pursuits, street commotions. And then some master conceived the screaming possibilities of the custard pie, and underpaid actors took nourishment in their stride. It was all crude and crazy and exciting.

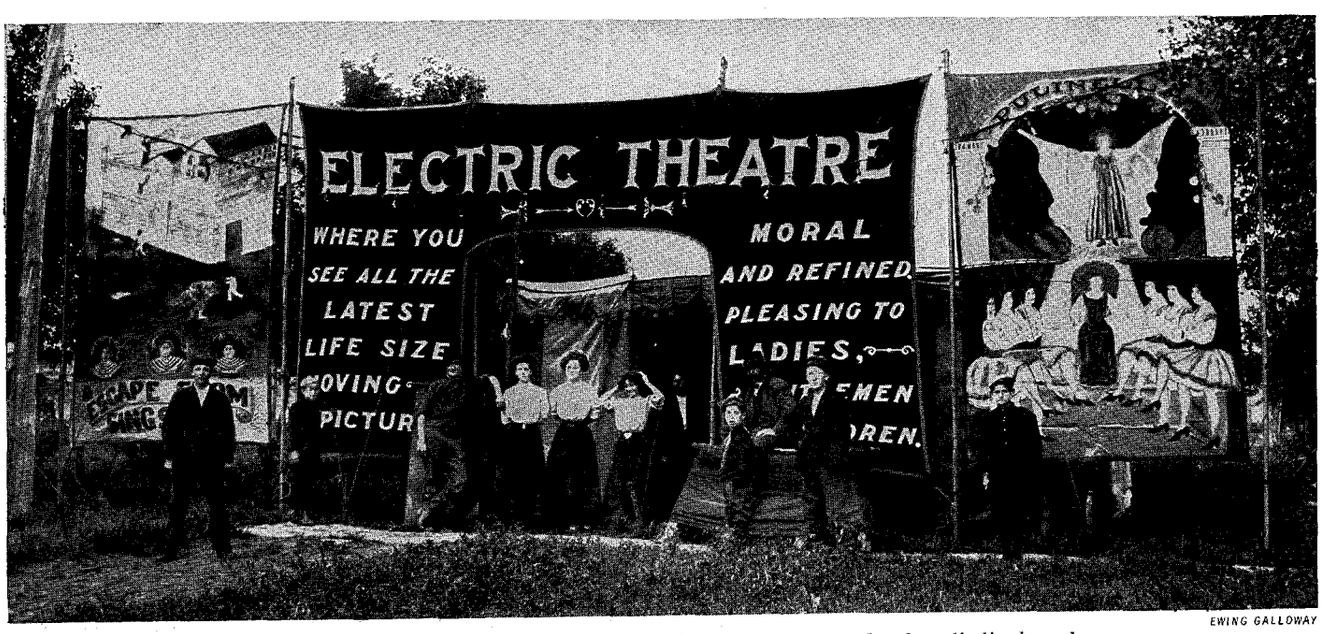
Our nervous man decided that the new wonder deserved a home of its own. Either that, or he had a vacant store on his hands that he wanted to make use of. In any event he hung a sheet at one end of the store, put in several hundred kitchen chairs and a projection machine, hung red flannel over the front windows, put a ticket booth in the front doorway, charged five cents admission, and put on a picture show that lasted thirty minutes, repeating it without interruption from early morning until late at night, thus giving birth to the moving-picture industry of today. Crowds filled the store, partly out of curiosity, partly to kill time. They must have been amused, for they came back. The pioneer was Harry Davis, now long dead.

Word of his success soon spread, and nickelodeons, as they came to be known, sprang up throughout the country. The copyists even then indicated their inclination toward the garish, which was later to result in palaces of Oriental splendor, by replacing the simple red-curtained front with papier-mâché grottoes illuminated with red-eyed gargoyles.

This new group of inconspicuous theater operators sprang from strange sources. None of them had been previously connected with amusement enterprises. Most of them were Jews who had previously been engaged in mercantile pursuits. Here was a cash business that could be started with a few hundred dollars. Duplication was easy. With one store established, others followed. In this inconspicuous way various circuits were started, in different parts of the country, which were sold to the bankers not many years later for millions.

Among the newcomers who began operations in New York were three unknowns who were later to become Titans of a world industry. They were Adolph Zukor, Marcus Loew, and William Fox.

Zukor, just out of the fur business, had a penny arcade on Fourteenth Street. He cleared part of the arcade and opened a nickelodeon, beginning the foundation of a fortune for which he later refused forty million dollars. Loew, also graduated from the fur business, opened a



EWING GALLOWAY

A traveling "flicker" show in 1910, with the moral standard well displayed

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store on Fourteenth Street which was the beginning of the Loew Circuit and also a fortune of fantastic proportions. Fox, formerly in the cloth-finishing business, opened a store in Brooklyn, to be rapidly followed by others, and he, too, was on his way to millions. It was a coincidence that Zukor and Fox were born in adjacent villages in Hungary and spent their youth in surroundings where money was unknown.

Perhaps it is not strange that theater managers were not attracted to this lowly business, but as picture theaters grew in size and number and the demand for their product increased daily, one would think that here the experienced theatrical producer would have seen a wide field of operation for which he was especially equipped. But neither the legitimate nor vaudeville manager made a move.

EWING GALLOWAY

A 1913 nickelodeon: Camp chairs, a white sheet, and no ventilation

Picture-producing companies began operations in various lofts and unused crannies, and the most unexpected people found themselves enmeshed in the excitements of creative and lucrative art. There were Biograph, Vitagraph, Lubin, Essanay, and others meteorically prominent, now long forgotten. There was a great scurrying for patent rights, a partially successful attempt to pool them, but early masters of production were soon edged out, and for years there has been no trace of them.

The chief producer of the Biograph Company was an inconspicuous actor named D. W. Griffith. He was the first to sense the possibilities of the new medium and the first to realize the value of picture personalities. In a brief time he gathered about him the people who were to rule the screen in their day: Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh, Robert Harron, Blanche Sweet, Lionel Barrymore, Henry Walthall, and others.

Soon came a director with the ideal low-comedy sense, Mack Sennett. If any one can claim to have rolled audiences in the aisles, it is Sennett. His Keystone pictures were completely uninhibited. He knew no restraint. To him a laugh was a laugh, no matter how far he had to go to get it. If a taxicab with policemen rolled up, forty policemen emerged. His chases went through judges' chambers, the mayor's office, his wife's bathroom, the governor's love nest, or wherever they could be most embarrassing. After these arduous and overheating pursuits, Sennett refreshed his actors by having them chase each other into a pond. Among his early standbys were Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, and Mabel Normand.

In the heyday of the legitimate theater the Knickerbocker Café on West Forty-second Street was the favorite luncheon place of the legitimate managers. It was here that they compared their huge grosses and spoke of their great plans.

Occasionally an inconspicuous, modest little man would be seen there at lunch time. Someone said his name was Zukor. Someone else said he was a nice little fellow who did something in pictures, and then the conversation veered back to the more important things: what *The Follies* had done in Atlantic City, or what star was to replace Milly May, who had walked out. The lone little man was dreaming dreams that were to reduce the legitimate theater to a faint shadow of its current importance, but none of the shrewd ones sensed doom in that unpretentious presence. Any or all of them could have been his partners. He would have been glad to have had them; he was seeking helpful connections. But his was looked upon as a cheap game.

He formed the Famous Players Company, the very name of which indicated his aspirations. He engaged such legitimate stars as would condescend to smear their art with celluloid. He engaged one of the foremost legitimate stage directors, Hugh Ford, and began making full-length pictures of successful plays and novels. In those days technical equipment was crude, but in spite of countless imperfections Zukor began turning out pictures which quickly found their market.

Following close upon him in the production end of the business was Jesse Lasky, a vaudeville producer, who turned to pictures in association with Cecil DeMille, an actor and dramatist, and a glove salesman named Sam Goldfisch who, in later days, became Sam Goldwyn. The Lasky pictures revealed new merit, and soon Zukor and Lasky joined forces. Later Zukor bought control of a distributing organization known as the Paramount Company, and from then on his ascent was rapid. The legitimate and vaudeville managers looked on and made no move. As yet their business had not been affected.

Marcus Loew, like Zukor, was a modest and unpretentious man, not given to the boastings and claims usually associated with show business. He bent all his

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MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Theda Bara, glamour girl of 1917

Top left: The blackguards have caught up with Mabel Normand, and the situation is definitely tense. But if the hero doesn't save her, you will get your money back. (*Museum of Modern Art*)

Upper middle left: A typical Mack Sennett scene, with the bathing beauties spying on Gloria Swanson as she listens to the villain's honeyed words. (*Museum of Modern Art*)

Lower middle left: To save the gal and chee-ild, William Farnum sealed the cave with a twenty-ton rock, thus thwarting the ornery rustlers. Now that the rustlers have cursed and departed, William is pushing the rock away. (*Underwood & Underwood*)

Bottom left: D. W. Griffith directing Henry B. Walthall in a dramatic scene which might be entitled *The Wrong Number*. (*Keystone*)

Opposite page: A studio shot from *Bride of the Regiment*. Today Hollywood thinks little or nothing of gigantic scenes calling for elaborately constructed sets, hundreds of actors in costume, and a small army of directors, technical advisers, camera men, sound recorders, and script girls. (*Culver Service*)

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Arbuckle and Chaplin in the same boat

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MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

The Birth of a Nation *established the screen as a vital force, to be reckoned with by the stage*

CULVER SERVICE

But it was The Jazz Singer, *first talking picture, that doomed the legitimate theater*

energies toward building up a circuit of theaters. He progressed from nickelodeons to outlying theaters that were on the market. Associated with Loew were two able and inconspicuous brothers, Nicholas and Joseph Schenck, former druggists, whose amusement experience had been limited to the operation of a summer park. The progress of this trio was rapid.

Loew began to augment his picture shows with vaudeville. E. F. Albee, president of the Keith Circuit, issued an order barring from all Keith houses any acts that played for Loew. Loew sought an affiliation with Albee, offered him free an interest in his business. Albee, usually a shrewd businessman, and not as a rule unwilling to take anything he could get for nothing, spurned Loew's offer. What might have been a sensible affiliation turned into a fight from which Loew did not seem to suffer in the least. He continued to get the acts he wanted and before Albee's death he saw the Keith theaters reduced to pictures, while the biggest vaudeville acts were playing for Loew.

The old-timers would not, or could not, learn.

Later Loew purchased control of the Metro-Goldwyn Picture Company and in association with Irving Thalberg, Louis B. Mayer, and J. Robert Rubin began the development of a history-making company.

William Fox, playing a lone hand, had in the meantime taken theaters in New York, opened a film exchange, and later in association with Winfield Sheehan, an ex-newspaperman, organized the Fox Film Company, which soon became a world factor in the business. Thus three men from the nickelodeons—Zukor, Loew, and Fox—had openly captured the amusement business of the country while the moguls slept.

Except for a brief flurry by William A. Brady and an unsuccessful attempt by the Selwyns, the boat had come and gone without any of the established managers even trying to get aboard. They had looked upon it as a cheap, upstart game, as a fad, like roller-skating, that would soon run its course.

Strangely enough, the only man connected with the legitimate theater who participated in the movie bonanza was an actor, David Warfield, and that was by pure accident. Warfield owned an apartment house in the Harlem section of New York that had not been doing well. He went one Sunday afternoon to inspect it, and fell into conversation with the owner of the adjoining apartment house, who happened to be Marcus Loew. Loew told him of the new business he had gone into, this thing called pictures. Warfield was impressed by Loew, and became one of his earliest partners. His holdings in the Loew companies eventually ran into millions.

There was a step in the motion-picture development for which none of these men was responsible. It was the building of the first of what are now known as motion-picture palaces. An exhibitor from Buffalo named Mitchell Mark came to New York, built the Strand Theater on Broadway, installed an expensive pipe-organ, put in a large concert orchestra augmented with soloists, and gave the first costly and impressive surroundings to the lowly moving picture. This was a long way from Harry Davis' red-curtained store in Pittsburgh, but in principle it was the same, a continuous grind show from early morning until late at night. The setting was richer, the pictures were better, the prices were higher, but it was still the Harry Davis idea.

When Mark opened the Strand he put in charge of his shows a man named Samuel Rothafel, who later became known as "Roxy." Roxy, with but a smattering of musical knowledge, had a flair for arranging exciting programs. An ex-marine, he introduced military courtesy to the house staff, and the whole thing was pretty impressive to the customer, who, for fifty cents, not only saw the best in pictures and heard good music, but found himself treated as a visiting celebrity. Roxy's rise was

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pyrotechnic. Soon a theater was built and named for him. Then the Rockefellers built an amusement city for him. The latter was his undoing, for he installed a policy that failed. Had he been given time, he would have righted himself, but with strain and illness and no little humiliation, he sickened and died. In some ways he was a preposterous figure, but it was he who showed the way that the others have followed to their great profit. It was he and his methods that took the cheapness out of picture theaters. It was he who started the carriage trade. Some day the picture industry will erect a monument to Roxy and if they want to please him they will put his name on it in very large letters.

With a movie palace on Broadway playing to gross receipts that far exceeded the legitimate or vaudeville theaters, one would think that finally old managerial eyes would have opened. Even then it would not have been too late. Much of the havoc that followed might have been averted, but the managers slept on.

If the theater men's failure to realize the vast potentialities of pictures had only resulted in failure to profit from the new medium, there would be scant reason to complain, since in the end it matters little which group shall profit as long as new fields have been opened.

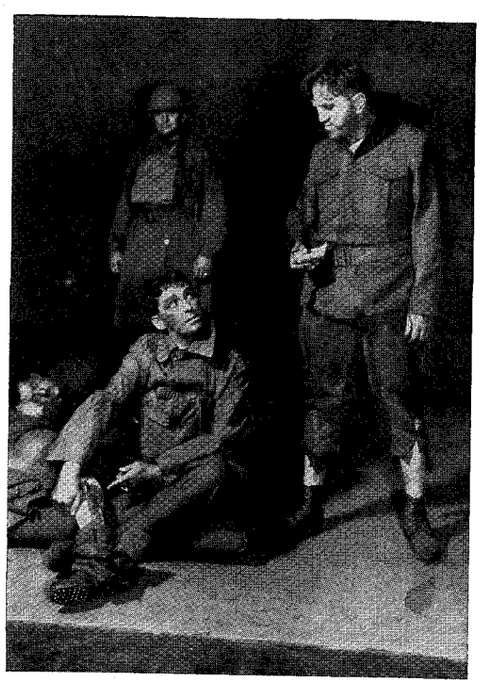
The point, now too painfully clear, is that a vast new social influence in entertainment had taken form in which theater men took no part. They failed to realize the possibilities of reaching millions instead of hundreds of people. They failed to see that all great movements of a new era are mass movements. It is clear now that all tendencies, political, social, and economic, are toward wider and wider bases. The activity that stands on a narrow base of restricted participation will topple of its overweight; it has no broad stance to support it.

There were social implications in the growth of pictures not sensed by their sponsors. Pictures were one of the precursors of mass benefits. How unimportant the greatest play seems when at best it can be seen by only a few thousand people a week in one restricted building!

Pictures, good or bad, are shown in thousands of cities in all parts of the world. The theater was intended for audiences. Without them it has no significance. What significance in a mass sense can the legitimate theater have in the face of its physical limitations? It is like comparing McKinley's front-porch campaign speeches to President Roosevelt's nationwide broadcasts.

The theater in its prosperous commercial era had further restricted itself by placing more and more emphasis upon Broadway's verdict of what the country should see. There was an earlier day when New York was of no more importance than Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and a number of cities that maintained permanent companies. The stars of another day, such as Booth, Irving, Mansfield, O'Neill, John Drew, Otis Skinner, Nat Goodwin, Ethel Barrymore, Sol Smith Russell, Modjeska, Maude Adams, and William Gillette, played only limited engagements in New York and regularly toured the cities of the country, large and small. It did not disturb these artists in the least to curtail a Broadway run that could easily have been extended. They did not think of themselves as artists seeking New York records. New York was just another stand to be played. They, and many others, gave the theater a national significance.

With the coming of the high-powered commercial theater all of this was changed. The Broadway run became the important goal to such an extent that many successful plays were to be seen in other cities only when



CULVER SERVICE

Mr. Hopkins' play, What Price Glory, *was sold to William Fox for $100,000. The picture made $1,500,000*

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played by second, third, and even tenth companies. Obviously, these carbon copies were less and less legible and infinitely less impressive.

This left an opening for pictures for which the legitimate theater had no answer. Wherever a picture was seen, the actors were the same, the settings were the same, the performance was the same. There were no substitutions in cast, no let-down in playing by actors weary of their rôles. None of the actors appeared on the screen suddenly incapacitated. The actors on the screen did not mutilate the performance by indulging in sly little pranks of their own, in which they found childish amusement, much to the irritation of the audience. Once the performance was on celluloid, it was there to stay. The farmer, the sheepherder, the mill hand, the cotton picker saw exactly the same performance in his tiny theater as was being shown in Broadway palaces. Here was an integrity that the theater could not match, and it spread throughout the earth. In far and strange places backward people had magic brought to their door.

Theater people protested that mechanics could never take the place of flesh and blood. In some respects that is true, but on the other hand mechanics can achieve marvels that flesh and blood cannot hope to attain. It is possible to perfect mechanics. And here is where the great strides began early to be made.

The first crude photography was quickly improved. Better cameras, better film, better developing processes, better lighting, better projection were rapidly attained. Mechanically, pictures can reach perfection. Their imperfections are in those parts that cannot be mechanized —writing, acting, directing—the elements with which the theater must contend without benefit of mechanical aid.

While the theatrical skeptics went into a deeper doze, D. W. Griffith kept forging ahead, finding new and more flexible uses for the camera. On one historic night he revealed at the Liberty Theatre, under the Klaw and Erlanger eaves, a picture grandiloquently called *The Birth of a Nation*. It may not have been the birth of a nation, but it was definitely the birth of a new era, and, as we look back, the death of an old one. Here were drama and spectacle as the tiny stage could never hope to reveal them. Here was the pointing finger that theater men failed to interpret. Here was the end of the commercial theater, that bulwark that innovation could not threaten.

Erlanger and the Shuberts and their cohorts went into deeper involvement, buying more theater properties, signing long and prohibitive leases that were finally to strangle them, and staking their fortunes on "flesh and blood."

Zukor, in the meantime, had expanded. Loew and Fox had expanded. Laemmle was actively acquiring theaters and producing pictures. Other companies, like Triangle, came and went. Negative costs mounted, features that had been limited to thirty thousand dollars were expanded to fifty, sixty, and as much as a hundred thousand dollars. Little Mary Pickford's salary was increased to a thousand, two thousand, and finally ten thousand dollars a week. So with Thomas Meighan, William Farnum, Theda Bara, and others.

Meighan, an unrecognized actor, was appearing in a play of mine, *On Trial*. At the end of the run in Chicago he bade me goodbye, saying he was going to California to do something in pictures for Lasky. He said he would be back soon. He never returned to the stage. Within a few years he was a fabulous figure, known throughout the world.

The last time I had seen William Farnum I arranged a vaudeville tour for him at a small salary. After the tour he went with Fox. Within a few short years he was receiving ten thousand dollars a week. Little Viola Dana, who had played for me in *The Poor Little Rich Girl* for seventy-five dollars a week, became a picture star before she was twenty, receiving thousands a week. Douglas Fairbanks, a promising juvenile, told me one day that he had been offered a few hundred dollars a week to make a picture. The money seemed enticing, but he wanted to be in the theater. He took a flyer in films, and the theater never saw him again. William S. Hart was playing in a vaudeville sketch of mine when he had a Los Angeles offer. He became a world figure, gaining recognition that the great stars he had once supported never dreamed of.

The growth of the business was incredible. Its basis was simple: duplication. One performance was multiplied by thousands. If any of the ten-thousand-dollar stars had been paid for each performance of his picture, he would have received less than a dollar a performance.

There was a dream quality about silent pictures that quickly made idols. As they could not speak, the spectator spoke for them. The spectator endowed their inscrutable faces with such thoughts and emotions as even a Shakespeare would find inexpressible. There was something about that challenging close-up that demanded collaboration. One could not look at that dazed or stricken face without supplying words. Each spectator became his own author.

Picture palaces sprang up throughout the land. From the centers they spread to the suburbs. The store shows disappeared. There was a constantly mounting demand for more product. Zukor, whose chief desire was to produce pictures, found himself forced into the theater end. He felt that the independent exhibitors were trying, too successfully, to dictate prices paid for pictures. Once embarked in a theater-owning project he moved rapidly.

Loew had built up his theater circuit before entering the production field. His producing affiliation with Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg, and J. Robert Rubin was favored from the beginning, and soon Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stepped into the front rank of production, a position that has been unswervingly held ever since. The producing genius of this combination was Irving Thalberg, a sensitive, retiring, artistic, dynamic young man in his early twenties. Until his recent and too early death he set the pace in pictures. He dreamed the impossible

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CULVER SERVICE

The pictures of Greta Garbo are seen by millions of people, and Mr. Hopkins points out that although the influence of Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes is very great, their plays are seen only by thousands

and found ways to accomplish it. He insisted on perfection and would spare neither time nor money to attain it. He and Chaplin are probably the modern world's first artists able to express themselves completely with unlimited resources.

Fox, after building up his theater chain, went into picture production with Winfield Sheehan. There was little distinction, but they did turn out a wealth of product which found profitable markets throughout the world. In the meantime what were theater producers doing in the midst of this new and exciting world? Just what they had always been doing: looking for that hit or that actor or that good route, and occasionally waxing jubilant over the sale of picture rights to a play at a price that was comparatively paltry. I sold the picture rights to *What Price Glory* for $100,000 to Fox. Later he told me that the picture had made $1,500,000 and that its sequel, *The Cock-Eyed World,* had made $2,000,000.

The legitimate theater, in the numbers of theaters and companies operating, reached its zenith in 1920. The picture business began to find its stride in 1920. The number of legitimate theaters and companies steadily decreased from that time. The number of picture theaters and productions steadily increased from that time.

The one-night stands were the first to disappear, then the two-night, the three-night, and finally the week stands. The theater lines kept falling back until they reached the largest cities and here, in turn, shrinkage set in. Chicago dwindled from a dozen theaters to three or four; Boston from ten to four; Philadelphia from ten to four; New York from sixty to thirty. In the meantime picture theaters in these cities had increased tenfold. They had taken over completely the one-night, two-night, and three-night stands, and almost completely the week stands.

What were the theater managers doing? Looking anxiously over long leases that they had personally guaranteed in theaters that were now dark, wondering when this picture fad was going to subside. And about 1927 there were signs that the silent picture business was beginning to recede. Legitimate managers began to take hope, but their anticipation was short-lived. Suddenly the pictures began to talk.

The Warner Brothers, one of the lesser producing and theater-operating companies, had induced a New York investment house to finance sound experiments that had originated in the laboratories of the Western Electric Company. There had been previous experiments with sound, among them one by Edison, but all of them had been unsuccessful, and the picture business had turned a chilly shoulder to the whole idea. The Warners, however, felt that the possibilities had not been fully explored and, finding themselves on the right side of Wall Street, decided that nothing could be lost by trying. The experiments were costly, and Wall Street soon found itself sending good money after bad, a chafing position for Wall Street, but a perfect one for the experimenter.

After making a few short operatic and instrumental subjects, Warner Brothers felt that the equipment was ample and the time right for a long picture with song and dialogue. They owned the rights to a play called *The Jazz Singer,* in which George Jessel had appeared. They engaged Jessel for the picture, but when he learned he was expected to talk and sing he thought he should have additional pay. The Warners, who have since demonstrated that they turn restive under new demands by actors, dropped Jessel and engaged Al Jolson. At the time Jolson had considerably more ready money than the Warners, and the story is that he helped finance the picture. Anyway, the picture was made, and for a few anxious weeks the fortunes of the Warner Brothers hung in the balance. The picture was shown in New York. Not only was it an emphatic success, but it was a bombshell to the moving-picture producers, all of whom were without sound equipment. It was a greater bombshell to the legitimate theater, since the picture industry could adjust itself to the new medium while the theater could not.

For a time the picture producers hung back, and then as one man they saw that the silent pictures were doomed. It must be said to their credit that in an un-

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believably short time they equipped their studios for sound, and soon all actors were hollering down rain-barrels, or at least that is how they first sounded. But sound was mechanical and whatever is mechanical can be largely perfected. The best sound engineers worked day and night in Hollywood, and soon voices began to seem almost human. The experimentation still continues, and sound reproduction improves each year.

Up to this time the pictures had not drawn heavily on theater talent. Most of the silent-picture actors had little or no stage experience; it wasn't necessary. But when they had to talk, the mortality among them was high; silent stars under fabulous contracts were useless before the microphone. These heroic figures could only squeak, so the great raid on theater talent began and, from present appearances, will never let up. Picture scouts haunt the legitimate theaters, ready to pounce on any undeveloped talent that can walk and speak. Against their inducements legitimate managers cannot compete.

There is only one training ground for the stage actor and that is the theater. He can never learn his business in dramatic schools. He must play parts with experienced actors. Before pictures, aspiring actors found their way into stock companies and road companies. Here, if they had ability, they could develop. They could find assurance, repose, and the way to project their meanings. It was given to few of them to become artists, but at least they could become dependable journeymen actors. These were the essential ones to raise the platform on which the artist shone. The artists, too, came from the stock companies. Out of one Milwaukee company came Ruth Chatterton, Pauline Lord, and Lenore Ulric. Where are the Chattertons and Lords and Ulrics of today to try their wings? The pictures have driven out the stock companies. They have driven out the road companies. The theater's breeding grounds have been destroyed.

If we assume that actors of little experience will appear, who by sheer native talent can succeed, we must realize that these will be the first to be pounced upon by the movie hawks. It is significant that theater adherents now maintain that the picture companies should support production in the theater in order to develop talent for themselves. Just where does that leave the theater? Is it to develop talent only to lose it?

I am one who does not believe that even that servile mission is important to the picture companies. I think that theater requirements do not obtain in picture acting. The number of picture stars with little or no theater experience is evidence of that: Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Katherine Hepburn, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlowe, Joan Blondell, Carole Lombard, Shirley Temple, and Freddie Bartholomew, to mention a few.

I have no doubt that in Hollywood there is enough undiscovered picture talent with no stage experience to stud the marquees of the world for some years to come. The answer is simple. In pictures, the less acting the better. Pictures require only personalities that project. Projection and personality never have been and never can be taught; people have it or they haven't. It is just as true on the stage or screen as it is in a drawing-room, or a swimming-pool, or a nursery. Without any charge to Hollywood, I will give them priceless advice. Never mind talent. Look for personality. Look any place at all; in restaurants, department stores, buses, prize-fights, tennis courts, police courts, any place where people are.

When the pictures began to talk, Hollywood discovered that some one had to write something for the actors to say, so they naturally turned to the people who had had experience. The next great raid was on the dramatists. Before talking pictures, dramatists were for the most part simple people who had no dreams of riches, and to their unaccustomed ears came siren calls—one thousand a week, two thousand a week, four thousand a week, twenty-five thousand for a single chore. Dramatists are people, too. They do not live in turtle shells. They are easily prodded into that dream of a later security for the little woman and the children, with the result that the "Chief" rarely steams into Los Angeles without a tense man emerging from it with a portable typewriter slung over his shoulder.

When he returns from Hollywood, he talks of the sordidness, the humiliation of it all, and then excuses himself to call up his agent to see what's doing on that new contract with Paramount. With dramatists and actors picking golden apples from the Hollywood tree, it is not difficult to see why the theater's weeping willow was largely deserted.

The theater lives on talent. If it is denied full opportunity to develop and keep talent, it must go hungry. There is unquestionably a large potential theater audience, but with what is it to be served? What influence can the theater have when its sole creative activity is confined to a few blocks in Manhattan where the chief concern is economic survival, where the chief quest is for a hit? In the past there have been many successful and admirable plays that were not hits. The hit mania has spread from the ticket speculators to the critics and to that first public which largely determines the fate of a play. Critics ruefully report that this is not the hit the season has been awaiting, or joyfully proclaim that long delayed smash.

How can the theater have any social or cultural significance in the face of this attitude? It leaves the theater with only one mission, salesmanship. Actors must sell themselves. Directors must hawk their wares in strident, Coney Island voices, and above all there must be speed, not imagination or creation, but speed, selling speed. It is not strange that the wares of Broadway have been rejected by the rest of the country. There are gentle, relaxed, discerning people in the land who are not bowled over by the obvious, the raucous. If the theater had maintained the distinction it once had, the movies could not so easily have annihilated it. The New York theater is a provincial enterprise whose fate is largely in the hands of people who are not representative of the taste and thought of a great public that (*continued on page* 74)

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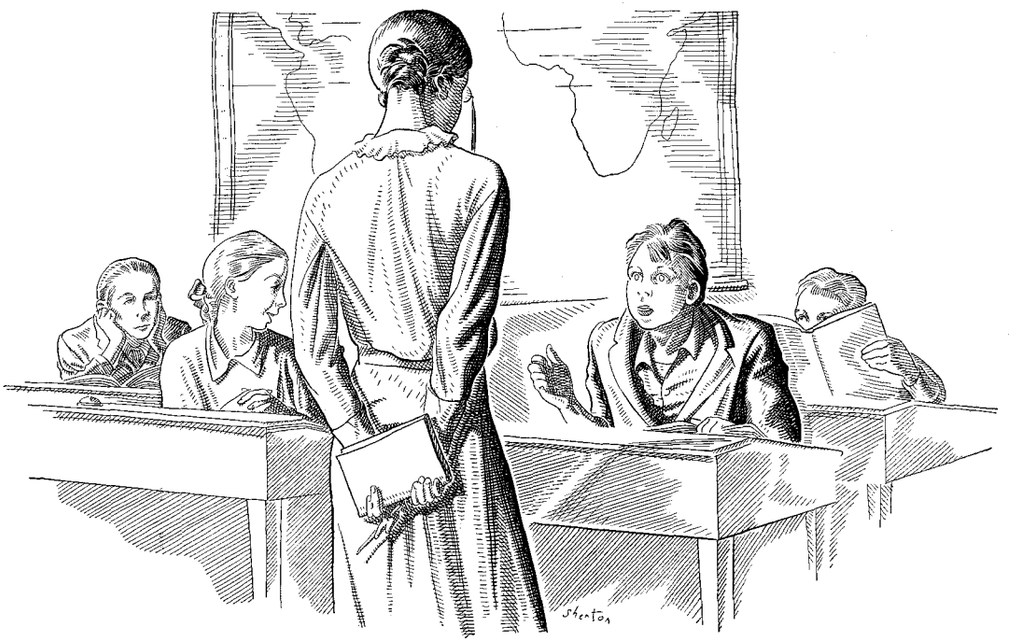
SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS *each month a short story by a new and talented writer whose work has never before appeared in print . . . see following page*



Miss West and the Listenbees

IMA WEBSTER

Miss West picked up a small note-book and started on her morning round of the schoolroom. An expression of annoyance flitted across her narrow face. Sam Listenbee not there again. She pressed back the covers of the note-book grimly. The excuse Sam might have for his tardiness this morning filled her with vague alarm. She adjusted her glasses with a quick, irritable motion and started taking the daily notes that would later be compiled into case histories.

She was making a final check of individual postures when the door creaked slowly open. Sam Listenbee slipped in and tiptoed to his seat. His stiff shoes scraped across the splintery floor. The children tittered and turned wide, conjectural eyes toward Miss West. She tucked her note-book under one thin arm and walked forward to Sam's seat.

Sam pulled out his reader and bent over it. His oversized coat bulged above the low seat. Miss West often thought the origin of Sam's clothes might make interesting data. They were remarkable. He wore a greasy, corduroy hunting-jacket that hung from his lank shoulders like a gunny sack. He managed to keep it on by wrapping an empty cartridge belt around his skinny waist. His pants were navy-blue corduroy, fitted around his spindly thighs and billowing into flaring cuffs above his ankles, the kind of breeches Ozark hill dandies wear on festive days. They always reminded Miss West of plaintive fiddle music and the circling figures of the square dance glimpsed from open doors when she drove through the surrounding upbrush country. Sam moved uneasily and looked obliquely at Miss West's straight, severe body. He had round, blue eyes and straw-colored hair.

"Sam Listenbee, you are tardy again." Miss West stood tapping a long pencil against her pointed chin.

"Yes'sum, Mis' West." Sam raked his heavy shoes across the floor and shifted in his seat. "I didn't aim to be late again, but Pa's over Coon Holler way huntin', and our cow got lost last night and I had to go fetch her, which taken a much longer spell an I'd reckoned on. I reckoned on a gittin' back afor school tuk up."

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"Sam Listenbee!" Miss West bent toward Sam threateningly; her glasses slipped off her quivering nose and dangled from a long, black cord. "Don't you lie to me again! You know no cow kept you out all night."

"Mis' West." Solemnly Sam watched the glasses swing back and forth. "I wan't honin' to stay out thar in them dark woods, I shorely wan't, but when I found that thar cow-brute, she was stuck in the openin' of a ol' shed back in the hills, so all-fired bloated from eatin' fodder an' drinkin' branch water that she couldn't budge one way or t'other. We'uns dasn't leave that thar cow-brute unperteckted." Sam tilted back his head and his eyes began to glisten. "She was bodaciously bloated," he went on, "but I knowed at onct what it wuz. Fodder and branch water. I gin her a right smart shove. Hit didn't budge her. Thar she wuz stuck tighter'n a tick in a houn' dog's hide. I sot me down, knowin' I had a right-smart spell to wait and wishin' I'd been a thoughted enough to fetch along a passel of buck shot and Pa's ol' gun, cause when I see'd a full moon comin' over the scrub oaks, I knowed that would happed that I wouldn't relish." Sam stopped for a minute and pulled the empty cartridge belt tighter around his stomach. "Nothin' brings wildcats out quicker'n a full moon," he said, "an' I knowed when one got scent o' that thar cow-brute, hit ud take all we'uns strength to keep hit off. I pulled two good sizable scrub oaks up by their roots an' stood a-waitin'. T'warn't long afor I seed glarin' eyes a-comin' through the underbrush. That thar cow-brute jumped an' started bellerin'——"

"Sam Listenbee!" Miss West started desperately toward the door. "This is the third time you have lied to me in two weeks. You know there hasn't been a wildcat seen near here for over ten years. I'm going in and report you to Professor Whittle."

Sam, his face full of childish resentment, sucked in his cheeks and traced imaginary figures across the pages of his reader with one grubby, persimmon-stained finger.

"Clyde Barnes," Miss West motioned to a boy in the back of the room. "You sit at my desk and take charge of the room until I return. If one pupil whispers or leaves the room while I'm out, you take his name. Sam Listenbee," Miss West stood with her hand on the doorknob. "You get out your tablet and pencil and write 'I must not lie' one hundred times."

Miss West glanced threateningly over the class and walked toward the principal's cubby-hole of an office.

Professor Whittle sat in a swivel-chair before his cluttered desk, gazing through the window at the red and gold maple trees outside. His pudgy, red hands lay relaxed against his slack stomach. The tails of his Prince Albert coat had slipped through the back of the chair and swung an inch above the dusty floor. When the click of Miss West's heels was just outside the door, he moved his hands slowly to the arms of the chair and jerked it forward.

"Well, good morning, Miss West." He stood up and smoothed down his coat tails. "Come in. Nothing wrong, I hope."

"Yes, it's that Sam Listenbee again." Miss West sat stiffly on the edge of a chair beside the desk. "He's ruining the record of room 5B. It's the third time he's been tardy in less than two weeks, and I can't teach him not to lie about it."

Professor Whittle settled comfortably back in the swivel-chair. "Hum, Sam Listenbee? Comes from over Ellem Hollow way, don't he?"

"Yes, I believe so." Miss West spread her thin, bloodless hands in exasperation. "I simply can't cure him of lying. I've talked to him, I've kept him after school. I was going to send a note to his mother, but he tells me she can't read."

"Yes, it's pretty baffling, Miss West. It's the children from such families that cause the most of our trouble."

Miss West bent earnestly forward. "I'm very anxious to understand these people, Professor Whittle. I've always taught in the East, but I felt there was important work to be done here in the hill country. But of course"—Miss West's body stiffened—"I can't condone lying."

"Oh, no, no, Miss West, we can't condone lying. Send Sam in, I'll lambaste him good."

"No, Professor Whittle, I can't feel that would solve the problem." Miss West hesitated, then continued in a more confident voice. "Why don't I try to make a contact with Sam's family? I've never met his mother. Perhaps if I went to see her and found out something about his background or——"

"Well." Professor Whittle pursed his lips doubtfully. "You go ahead and try if you want to."

It was after four o'clock when Miss West walked across the fields back of the schoolhouse and took the road that led down the mountain into the hollow. It was a steep, rock-strewn road flanked by deep gulleys and overhung with swinging oak branches and dangling ropes of grapevine. In the hollow

IMA WEBSTER

Ima Webster, the author of the Ozark story *Miss West and the Listenbees,* which SCRIBNER'S presents this month, was born in Siloam Springs, Arkansas. Her father, a doctor, traveled about the hills in a buggy, calling upon his patients, and often took his daughter with him. Later she taught school in the Ozarks, and such children as appear in the story were in her classroom. Out of these early experiences and memories the author has written a number of Ozark tales, of which this is the first to be published. *Miss West and the Listenbees,* it might interest contributors to "SCRIBNER'S Presents" to know, was written over and over again, both for a class in fiction-writing at New York University and after it was thought ready for scrutiny by editors. Miss Webster, who is now Mrs. William Theile and lives on an island near Mamaroneck, New York, plans to use the Ozark people as the source of more tales; she will not, she says, write a novel.

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DRAWINGS BY EDWARD SHENTON

"Right then I sez to myself—wildcats!"

below, curls of smoke hung like conical clouds above the shabby, scattered houses. A crude brush arbor had been constructed near the center of the little settlement for religious services. Here and there a patch had been cleared for corn, but the gray dilapidation of neglect hung over most of the hollow.

Miss West leaned over and shook the loose gravel out of her shoes. Sam, she knew, lived back of the brush arbor. A few steps more and she came to the paintless, boxlike house perched on a sharp incline. She stood with one hand on the rickety gate.

Behind the house, there was no stack of firewood and no crib of corn. No row of cushaws hung against the wall. None of the things that show that hill folks are settled was in sight. A tall woman appeared in the doorway. A flimsy, colorless dress clung about her pregnant body. She looked blankly toward Miss West. Four or five children thrust themselves in the doorway beside her.

"Git back. Git back thar, the last one o' you young-'uns," she yelled at the children.

"I'm Miss West. I'm Sam's teacher," Miss West called out, "I—I came to see you."

"Why, howdy." Mrs. Listenbee motioned to Miss West with one hand. "Come in and set."

Miss West walked through the hard, weed-grown yard. At the low stoop she stopped and held out her hand. Mrs. Listenbee took it and pumped it up and down a few times, then stood abashed, her red hands limp at her sides.

"I came to see you about Sam," Miss West began.

Mrs. Listenbee's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "What's he been a doin'?" she asked.

"Well, Mrs. Listenbee, he—I—I like to get acquainted with the mothers of my children. I just wondered if we couldn't have a little talk together."

"Why, yes'sum, Miss West. Sammy seems to set a heap o' store by you'ans." Mrs. Listenbee turned and Miss West followed her into the house.

From a flat-topped stove in the center of the room, came the acrid smell of boiling herbs. Miss West could hear the cries and high, thin laughter of children outside. They were taking turns clambering up on an empty goods box and pressing their peaked faces against the window.

"You'ans," Mrs. Listenbee waved her arm at them

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threateningly, "git back thar afor I skin the hides offen you." She turned and stirred the concoction boiling on the stove with a long-handled spoon. "Set, Miss West, take that thar chair by the window."

Miss West cleared her throat nervously, paused, and then said embarrassed, "I—I didn't know you were expecting, Mrs. Listenbee." She looked back through the window and counted six unwashed, matty-haired children rolling in the dusty weeds.

"Yes'sum, Miss West. Seems like soon's one's out from under foot, along comes 'nother." Mrs. Listenbee gazed out at the brush arbor. "Don't think," she added quickly, "I'm a-questionin' God's ways."

Mrs. Listenbee pushed a pair of mud-caked boots off a chair, tucked her coarse, uncombed hair back of her ears and sat down.

"This un," Mrs. Listenbee continued, "is comin' along anytime now. I tell you, Miss West, I heard it sneeze distinct three times this morning."

Miss West stared at Mrs. Listenbee and thought of nothing to say in the face of this biological phenomenon.

"Yes ma'am," Mrs. Listenbee went on, "three times." She pointed one long, red finger toward the stove. "That's why I'm a-gittin' that thar horehound tea in readiness. Finest thing on earth for a cold."

"Is that so?" said Miss West lamely

"I allus keep it on hand." Mrs. Listenbee gathered up the loose ends of her hair and tucked them into a knot in the back. "I been forehanded ever sinct the fust come along so suddent. That un wuz Sammy."

"Oh, so Sam is the eldest?" Miss West leaned forward.

"Yes'sum, Sammy he wuz the fust." Mrs. Listenbee got up and lifted a long-handled gourd from a hook back of the door and dipped it into a wooden bucket in the corner. "Mebbe you'ans ud like a drink o' good, cold spring water atter you'ans walk down here." She held out the dipper in a hospitable manner. Miss West took it and sipped the water cautiously, the gourd dipper strange and pungent against her startled face. "Yes'sum, that were a awful night," continued Mrs. Listenbee, "that thar night Sammy come along so suddent."

Miss West gave a short, (*continued on page* 76)

Scribner's American Painters Series

No. 1 — "FALL PLOWING," BY JOHN COSTIGAN

With this issue SCRIBNER'S begin its series of reproductions in color of the work of ranking American artists. Each month for twelve months SCRIBNER'S will present the work of an outstanding painter, printed in color on special paper, suitable for framing.

John Costigan, who did the watercolor "Fall Plowing," to the right, is a good artist to lead off the series. He is as American as the skyscraper or the Fourth of July. In painting life around him he has avoided making that the life of either the Parisian cafés or the Greenwich Village tearooms. Like Thomas Benton putting Boss Thomas (Big Tom) Pendergast into the murals at the Missouri State Capitol, like Grant Wood in Iowa, Costigan has recognized that there is a richness in our land and time worth capturing before it is gone. He lives on a farm in upstate New York, paints what he sees around him, and thinks of the cities as marketplaces for what comes off the land, be it pigs, oils, or water-colors.

Costigan was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1888. He showed an early interest in art and for a short time attended the Rhode Island School of Design. This appears to be his sole formal training. There is no record of his studying any master or of his coming under the influence of any school.

At eighteen he went to work in New York. For almost ten years he did posters for the theaters then centered around Herald Square. There was some leisure in those days, and Costigan seized upon it. Slowly he began to evolve—or, perhaps, there began to evolve—the style of painting that is peculiarly his own and that demarcates him from his fellows, particularly in the field of landscape. He was feeling his way when the World War intruded, pitched him into a cantonment, and hurled him overseas. His expedition was brief and unimportant, except in marking, roughly, the change from urban to rural life. Costigan says that his contact with Europe had no influence on his development as an artist.

Shortly after his return, he married and moved to a small farm at Orangeburg, New York. He has lived there ever since. His wife and his children are dramatis personae of his paintings; the milieu in which they are presented is that of the forests and meadows of his small property. Here he has created for himself the simple existence of a farmer who paints because it is the thing he likes best. It has been said that the date of a Costigan painting can be determined by the size and number of the children in it.

During the past few years, Costigan has tended more and more toward simplicity. He has retained all the vivid coloring characteristic of him, reduced the actors in the drama to a small few, and placed them against a starkly and powerfully conceived background. "Fall Plowing" is an excellent example. It was painted in 1936.

Costigan is a member of the National Academy. He is represented in private collections as well as in museums in New Orleans, Nashville, Los Angeles, Providence, Brooklyn, Washington, and Chicago. SCRIBNER'S is here privileged to introduce him to American homes by means of a reproduction so faithful that it becomes a work of distinction itself. Our hope is that what we are starting as a monthly series we can ultimately issue in portfolio form as a significant document on the art of America.

"Fall Plowing" is reproduced here by courtesy of the Babcock Galleries.

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Welcome, Hanny

JUDITH KELLY

HANNY had made oyster stew because Jeff had once told her that he loved it, and she brought it out now, carefully so as not to spill any of it, and set it with the bowl of salad, the coffee, and the brownbread, on the long, low bench by the fire, for the bare attic studio was chill in the September dusk.

She peered through the shadows for Jeff and when she saw him, a tall, dark bulk against the oblong of smoke-gray sky in the north window, she put her hands into the pockets of her smock and went over to him, shaking back her long, thick black bob.

"Supper, darling," she said.

He nodded and slid his arm through hers, but he kept on staring out the window, and she laid her cheek against his sleeve. "It's terribly good, Jeff, you'd better come."

He only nodded again, still without speaking, and her gaze followed his out to the crowded magenta and purple-blue blocks, the winking yellow lights, of the city below. After a moment Jeff said, "You own a fine view, sweet. But let's live in the country when we're married."

She did not move. "Yes."

"And never come to the city. For anything."

"Never, Jeff."

"So that I can sit still and look at you, Hanny." He turned and leaned against the window, facing her. "Tonight I don't like the world," he said. "It's a madhouse, if you want to know."

She looked up at him quickly, but he was neither laughing nor angry, he was—and this was scarcely her fiery Jeff—merely matter-of-fact, morose. "Jeff, what's—" she began, and then stopped herself. "You must eat," she said. "Please, darling. Because you'll feel better afterward, I know you will."

She dragged him toward the fireplace and made him sit on the floor; then she filled his bowl and began to fix a brownbread-and-butter sandwich for him. "It tastes much better this way, darling," she said, "much. . . . You should have been at the atelier today, it was wonderful. Everybody worked and kept still; it's the first time they have. . . . And what do you think, darling? Last night Emlem came to call. . . . And I bought a new sweater today, sort of yellow, it's my autumn wardrobe. . . . I almost bought some asters too, but then two cans of soup were the same price; I like food best. . . ."

But she saw, when she looked up, that the talk was doing no good; Jeff was hardly eating at all, and his blue direct eyes were still somber. She put some salad on a plate for him, hunting for something else to say that might distract his mind; and remembered finally a joke that she had heard, a silly pointless joke about some Indians. Gaily she told it to him, with a great flourish on the inane last line, and waited eagerly to see if he would laugh. For a moment he looked stunned, and then, overcome solely because such innocent and dull witlessness could exist in the world, he lay back on the floor and let out one, and then another and another, of his great roars of jubilating laughter. Hanny, pleased with her success, tried by rubbing diligently at a clay stain on her smock to keep from laughing too; but it was no use against his welling roars, and she collapsed beside him. They lay there laughing idiotically together until her side began to ache and she had to stop and sit up.

Jeff himself stopped at last and sat up too. "Oh my," he said, "oh my. I guess I love you, Hanny," and went back to his oyster stew.

But he grew somber again after that, and Hanny sighed and began to eat her salad. No use, she thought; whatever it is goes deep. I'll be quiet instead and let him eat, and then——

She put down her fork, for suddenly she knew what it must be.

How silent now the great, dark room!

And there above her lowered once more the vast, ancient, menacing hate in all its historied imagery, threatening (as it always threatened, but awake, stirring now, not somnolent, ignored) to destroy with sickening blows all love, beauty, security she had found in the world. Her heart lurched once, in swift uncontrollable terror; lurched a second time; and then came the pride, rolling up, the suffocating pride which smothered terror. Her head lifted and her back went rigid; she sat tense and still with the pride rolling up within

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her like fire-filled smoke, until she could scarcely breathe or see, could scarcely even hear through its thickness. She did not know, in this suffocation of pride, how long it was before Jeff spoke, but when at last he put down his bowl and gravely said, "We've got to talk about something, Hanny," the words came through to her deadened and blunted. And when he said, "I told Mother about us last night," her own voice in answer was labored to her ears.

"Did you tell her that I am a Jewess, Jeff?"

When the answer "Yes" had got to her, she asked, still in the difficult voice, "Was she unhappy, Jeff?"

"She sent you her welcome, sweet," he said.

It took almost a second for her to understand; then the suffocation broke, vanished, was gone, and she was free, free, the pride forgotten, the historied menace somnolent once more. "Oh, Jeff," she whispered, "Jeff, I—I . . ." His arms were around her, his cheek hard against hers. "Hanny," he was saying, and there was to be room made for her, his mother had made it, and she would be always beside him, welcome. Welcome! A word—so beautiful, so rich!—to make pride ungracious, churlish. Her heart was winged with its beauty and richness and her eyes were stars. The door not shut but open wide, I am welcome, welcome, the beautiful word. . . .

"Hanny," he said again, and she nodded, dumb with happiness, against his cheek. "Will you come with me to see Mother tonight?"

"Oh yes," she whispered, "yes, Jeff, I will."

He kissed her mouth. "Did you think whether Mother welcomed you or not I would have let you get free of me?"

"No," she whispered, "but it would have been, it might have been—hard. My people—I'm proud, Jeff, I——"

His arms tightened. "Hanny," he said. "Hanny." After an instant: "Go and get ready, sweet."

"Yes."

She stood up and for a moment looked down at him, the rich, the beautiful word singing in her heart and shining before her eyes; then she shook her hair back and ran down the long room to the screen behind which were her dressing-table and cot. But she was too dazed with her happiness to notice how she was getting dressed, so that when she went out again to Jeff he looked at her and began to laugh.

"What, darling," she said, "what's funny? Please."

"You might change your sneakers, sweet," he said.

So she ran back, laughing herself, and pulled her shoes from under the bed. But suddenly, with one shoe in her hand, she stopped. Because Jeff, just for a second and before he had begun to laugh, had had the same somber look again in his eyes.

She sat down slowly on the edge of the cot, looking at the shoe. Why was he so sad if his mother welcomes me? Why? . . . Her eyes widened. Jeff, are you— But she steadied herself. He couldn't lie to me, not about this. He wouldn't. He's never told me a lie, he'd never tell me a lie.

Then why? What? He said the world was a madhouse, he— She pressed her hand against her mouth. I'm being Jewish, oversensitive, he said she welcomed me and so it's true. That's all.

For a moment she sat there, eyes closed, hand pressed against her mouth. Then she bent down and put the shoe on and shook back her hair. But when she was once more

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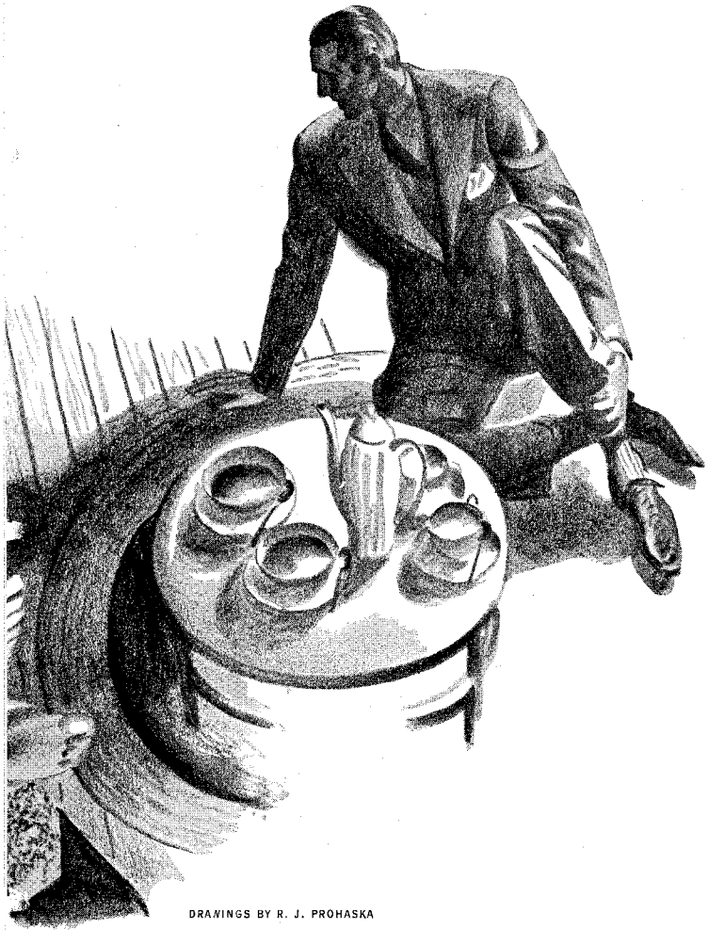
"You might change your sneakers, sweet," he said.



DRAWINGS BY R. J. PROHASKA

in front of Jeff she looked up at him falteringly; only this time it was all right, his eyes were clear, and he kissed her and took her arm and hauled her down the long, dim-lit, creaking flights of stairs so fast that she nearly fell, and in the taxi he began to laugh again over the Indian joke, so that she had to laugh again too. After that he told about a taxi ride he had once, accidentally, been forced to take with an angry goat; but before the story was finished the cab had stopped and he was getting out. Hanny, laughing still, stepped out into the clear, blue September night, and there before her was Jeff's house.

It was made of some pale stone, perhaps granite, wedged perpendicularly between other houses of the same pale stone. The lemon-colored street-light flickered against a heavy glass door with a black iron grille in front of it, against tall windows, a small, smooth plot of grass. After an instant she began to move slowly toward the granite steps, gazing up at height and city elegance; and suddenly, without warning, she felt smaller, shabbier, nearer to being that hated creature, a suppliant, than she had ever felt in her life. I am here, her heart cried out, before a Gentile fortress, betraying my race, begging to be let in, to——

But Jeff took her hand. "I'm so proud to be bringing you here, Hanny," he said. "So damn proud." And the hot Jewishness cooled gratefully, and she remembered once more that she was welcome, welcome here in this house.

The door opened and an elderly butler, peering at Hanny from under pale, wrinkled lids, said, "Mrs. Chapin is upstairs, Mr. Jeffrey."

"Thanks," said Jeff, and led Hanny up the vestibule steps and through a wide, white hall and up a curved stairway carpeted in red. At the top of the steps he caught her arm tightly under his and then, with Hanny's heart beating hard from the climb and the moment that it was, they crossed a threshold into a large, dark-walled room dimly lighted by a table-lamp at the farther end and the reflection from a fire.

A second's silence. Then: "Here we are, Mother," said Jeff.

At once there was a movement by the fireplace, and from a wing-chair which stood with its back to the door a woman rose and came quickly toward them. She was of average height and carried her still excellent figure well; of her face Hanny could make out very little in the shadows, save that it was small-featured and smiling. She wore a beautifully cut suit with the jacket open over a white, square-necked blouse.

"Come in, Hanny," she said in a rapid, bright voice. "I'm so glad you've come." And she held out her hand.

"Thank you, Mrs.—Mrs. Chapin," said Hanny, swallowing a little.

"This is very exciting," the woman said. She patted Jeff's arm quickly and began to walk toward the side of the room. "We must sit over here," she said. "It's so cold for September I had a fire lighted. I never can resist it when there's the least excuse. Hanny, sit on the sofa, you'll be much more comfortable there." She sat down herself in the wing-chair, resting her head and shoulders against its chintz-covered back. One wing cast a shadow across her small-featured face, but her smile was visible. "This is so exciting," she said again. Her hands were clasped together in front of her and were very still.

"It—it is exciting," Hanny said. "I hope—I hope it isn't too sudden for you, Mrs. Chapin."

"Of course not," Mrs. Chapin said quickly. "Wait until you have a son. You get used to suddenness; you have to. It's a condition of living."

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"Cigarette, Ma?" said Jeff.

"Yes, please, and give one to Hanny too."

In silence Jeff lighted his mother's cigarette and then bent over Hanny with the match. It took her two attempts to get the light and she looked up at him shyly, ashamed of her nervousness.

"And now I must find out all about you," Mrs. Chapin said in a bright rush, one hand poised over a crystal clip at the square neck of her blouse. "Jeff told me nothing, or almost nothing. You're a sculptress, he said."

Hanny flushed. "I'm only beginning, I——"

"Jeff says you're very talented, and I'm sure he knows. I have the greatest faith in his judgment, the very greatest." In the shadow her smile went on. "Do you do animals at all? I have such a sweet old horse down in the country I'd love to have done before he dies—I'll commission you, will it be your first commission?"

"I'd rather just—just try and then if it's any good give it to you," Hanny said. "I'm not good enough yet to be commissioned, not nearly, there isn't any reason why——"

"No, it must be by commission," Mrs. Chapin said. Her smile faded for an instant and then came back again. "And now more vital statistics. Jeff says you want to be married soon, very soon. When do you——"

"Next month," said Jeff.

"We can wait as long as you like, Mrs. Chapin, we——"

"No. No, you must go ahead," Mrs. Chapin said. She put out her cigarette abruptly and clasped her hands together again. They were very still for an instant; then she separated them. "You must go ahead," she said. "You must do whatever makes you both happiest." And getting up quickly she went to a table by the wall and picked up a thick, silver box full of cigarettes. "Hanny, will you have—oh. You've still got one." She took one herself and returned to her chair, sitting well back in its shadow.

She's terribly nervous, Hanny's mind said rather carefully; it's perfectly natural that she should be, I am, too, anyone would be——

"Hanny," said Mrs. Chapin, "Jeff tells me your parents are dead."

Hanny flushed again. "Yes, Mrs. Chapin."

"I'm so sorry." Her quick, bright voice had slowed to gentleness. "Perhaps we can make it up to you a little. Can we?"

"Thank you, I—I'm sure you can."

"We'll try. We'll try very hard." She

"You've gone through enough. I'm taking you home"

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paused, then went on rapidly. "Are you a born New Yorker? You must forgive my asking all these questions."

"But please—please ask anything you want. My family were from San Francisco."

"Really?" Mrs. Chapin straightened up from the chair's back. "Really? It's the most heavenly city. I used to visit there when I was a girl at the Tom Curtis's. Of course you know them, they—" She sat back quickly. "Such a lovely city," she said, "there's no place in America, not even Boston, with such charm, such feeling of tradition."

"It's very beautiful," said Hanny. "And I've heard of the Curtises because everybody in San Francisco has, but I don't know them."

"But there's no reason at all why you should know them," said Mrs. Chapin, and her voice grew gentle again, as when she had spoken of Hanny's orphanhood. "In a city of that size it's impossible to know every one, perfectly impossible. People so often ask me about friends of theirs here, and nine times out of ten I simply have to say I don't know them, although I may have heard of them. It always makes me feel so stupid."

There was a little silence, and Hanny looked down at the floor. Does she think I'm ashamed because my family didn't know the Curtises? Does she think. . . . She looked up again. One of Mrs. Chapin's hands was fingering the crystal clip at her neck, the other was lying on the arm of the chair and seemed to be trembling slightly. Her face was still only a small-featured disc with no expression visible in the shadow save its now-returning smile. Welcome, Hanny thought uncertainly; she has made me welcome, she has, and yet . . . and suddenly she found herself asking awkwardly, passionately: "Mrs. Chapin are you—are you unhappy because Jeff, your son, has fallen in love with—with a Jewess?"

"Hanny," said Jeff, his eyes flaming, "of all the—" But Mrs. Chapin had bent forward. "You mustn't think that, child. I'm happy for Jeff, for myself, and if Jeff's father were alive, he would be, too. Families need new blood, new life, and you, the finest type of Jewess, the . . . happy . . . please. . . ." The words went on, but Hanny was not listening. She was staring, frozen, at the face which had for the first time come out fully from the shadow—at the swollen eyelids, at the eyeballs veined and hazed with red, at the reddened, powder-caked base of the nose, the strained look of the moving mouth, the cords that stood out taut from the neck. It was a face to see in a nightmare, and worst, worst of all, was the bright valiance in the swollen eyes.

The voice stopped, and Hanny groped for answering words. "Thank you, thank you—very much," she whispered, staring still at that face. It means so much to her, such misery, such. . . . Welcome! The beauty and richness were gone from the word; it was thin now, ragged, with a knife-edge sharp behind it.

Mrs. Chapin's face jerked back into the shadow. "And now, where will you live?" her voice asked, bright once more. "In the country or in town?"

"In the country," Jeff said, and dazedly Hanny turned her head and met his eyes. They had a species of shamed hope in them, and she looked slowly away again and down at her lap. Yes. That's what was wrong, is wrong. Yes. He knew his mother was . . . he was afraid she couldn't fool me, no matter how she tried. Welcome. . . . How quick the knife!

"Where in the country?" Mrs. Chapin said.

Hanny did not hear Jeff's answer. The pride had begun. It isn't real, it's only pity. Let me get out of here. Let me get out.

"Yes, I do think Connecticut," Mrs. Chapin was saying. "Then you'll be near . . . countryside . . . houses. . . ."

The pride was rolling up now, rolling up over the knife. Get out, she thought blindly, somehow I must get out, get free. The pride—so fierce, so ancient!—was suffocating in her nostrils, in her ears, behind her eyes. Welcome! There is no welcome here, a pretense, a farce, she is miserable, she thinks of my people, my magnificent people as suppliants, ragpickers, beggars, cheats whom she and every one she knows despise, she a Gentile—she pities me, calls me "the finest type," she is miserable, she will be ashamed before her friends, she will explain to them, call me "the finest type," she—let me get out, get free——

"Hanny, don't we?" A loud voice.

"I—I didn't hear," she managed somehow to say, over the pride, the suffocating pride, "I——"

"Don't we want to live in a place that has a river and some hills, sweet?"

Let me get out, get free, free of this Gentile fortress, let me—but it had been Jeff's voice, and there had been something queer in it, something—let me get out, get out. . . . She lifted her eyes to his face.

The something was fear.

Silence. And the pride was stilled.

Jeff, she thought slowly, slowly; Jeff—I forgot about you, about love. "Yes," she said, "yes. Hills and a—a river." And she gazed at him dumbly, at his burning blue eyes with the fear in them. Jeff—who is a Gentile, too. Her son.

"Perhaps Westport," Mrs. Chapin was saying. "There are such attractive people there, artists and writers for Hanny to enjoy."

She means people who aren't prejudiced against my people, she means—but Jeff's burning eyes were still on her, seeming to wait, seeming to say: You know the truth now, I'll come with you if you want to go.

Silence.

He is afraid. Because he loves her, because he is all she has in the world. She is his mother. I would be taking away her son.

The bright, quick voice was speaking again, but Hanny did not hear the words. His mother. . . . But to stay in this Gentile fortress when she is miserable, when she despises my people, my magnificent, deathless people, to stay here, knowing, seeing—I can't——

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She looked at them there across from her. They were talking, Mrs. Chapin brightly, Jeff giving answers and filling in gaps. The woman's hands lay very still in her lap, the crystal clip glinted in the firelight; above it, hidden by the chair wing's shadow, was the ravaged face. How she must have cried! thought Hanny suddenly, blindly. All last night, even all today, to do that to her nose, her eyes. . . . She has tried, she isn't to blame if she's failed. She knows nothing real of us, of what her people are to us, she only believes what she has been taught to believe, she isn't to blame. And she is Jeff's mother, it is she who created him, bore him, he is all she has in the world, and she has tried to be kind. She isn't to blame. I must stay here because of that, because she is Jeff's mother, because she isn't to blame.

Clear for an instant were the words. Then the pride revolted, rolled up over them, up and up against this woman, this Gentile, this uncomprehending member of the gigantic race whose historied, murderous jealousy and hate lower always over the tiny race of the Jew. She is to blame, cried out her heart, she is to blame, she is one of them and she has no right not to know what they are, what they have been! She has no right not to look behind the sneers and contempt for the hatred they hide, the hatred and jealousy of our peacefulness, intellects, eagerness for work, she has no right not to know, she whose people have fallen on us like wolves, like coward craven packs of wolves at every crisis in the world, fallen on us because we are too few to defend ourselves, because they can purge their fury safely on us, beat us, plunder us, torture us, tear us from our homes, our loves, our every tie! She is one of them, one of them who have murdered us by thousands for floods, drouths, plagues, wars, money panics, she is one of them, and she dares look down on a Jewess, she dares be ashamed before her friends that her son is to marry me when it is I, I who am stooping to marry a Gentile, I who am betraying the pride of my people, the pride that makes us deathless. . . .

"Hanny." Jeff's voice, and he was here beside her. "You're white," he said, his eyes blazing. "You're like a sheet. You've gone through enough. I'm taking you home."

Home, yes, home, free of this uncomprehending pity, this knife-edged welcome. There was a movement somewhere beyond Jeff, a sound that got through the pride.

"Jeff," Mrs. Chapin had said, and she was standing now a foot from the wing-chair, stone still, her face no longer hidden, and fear—her turn for fear!—stark on it in the light. Her lips moved. "Hanny might not want to go home. She might only feel tired, faint. A glass of water, brandy—Jeff, one of those might do."

"Sorry, Mother, they wouldn't do. I'm taking her home."

"Jeff, I've tried—Jeff. My son."

Hanny felt Jeff bending over her, felt his hands under her arms. "You're going home, sweet," he said, but she was staring at Mrs. Chapin, at that fear-filled face. The pride was fierce in her, demanding her to go, to get free, to get free, but that face—to see that face, to leave her thus alone and never to be able to forget that face, that human face suffering for tragedy not her fault (but it is, it is! raged the pride, she has never questioned, it is her kind, the kind who smugly accept the world's judgments, they do the harm, they let the hates go on, bolster them, strengthen them, condone murder and bloodshed with smugness), not really her fault, she has tried. She only believes what she has been taught to believe, this—this is Jeff's madhouse world, where they teach us to despise and destroy each other for class, race, religion, where the human value is spat upon and creeds and formulas are the inhuman, self-righteous gods. . . .

She caught at Jeff's shoulders. "I don't want to go home," she whispered, because her throat was choked with the pride. My people, my people—but this is worth more, this is human being to human being, this is the way out of madhouses, this—"I want—I want to stay here," she whispered. "Jeff, I want to stay here."

Rabelais

WITTER BYNNER

Let life laugh loud, since laugh it must
Before it seal our mouths with dust,
Let life laugh low when it shall laugh
Our simple mutual epitaph.
For we shall lie together, friend,—
It's yours as well as mine, this end
Of old obscenities and young.
So laugh until your bell has rung.

No more compete, no more compare,
But gaily seize in empty air
These moments given you or me
In which to tease eternity.
O laugh your very loveliest
For both of us! And may your zest
Loose one last coil in my dead throat!
So have I lived and so I wrote.

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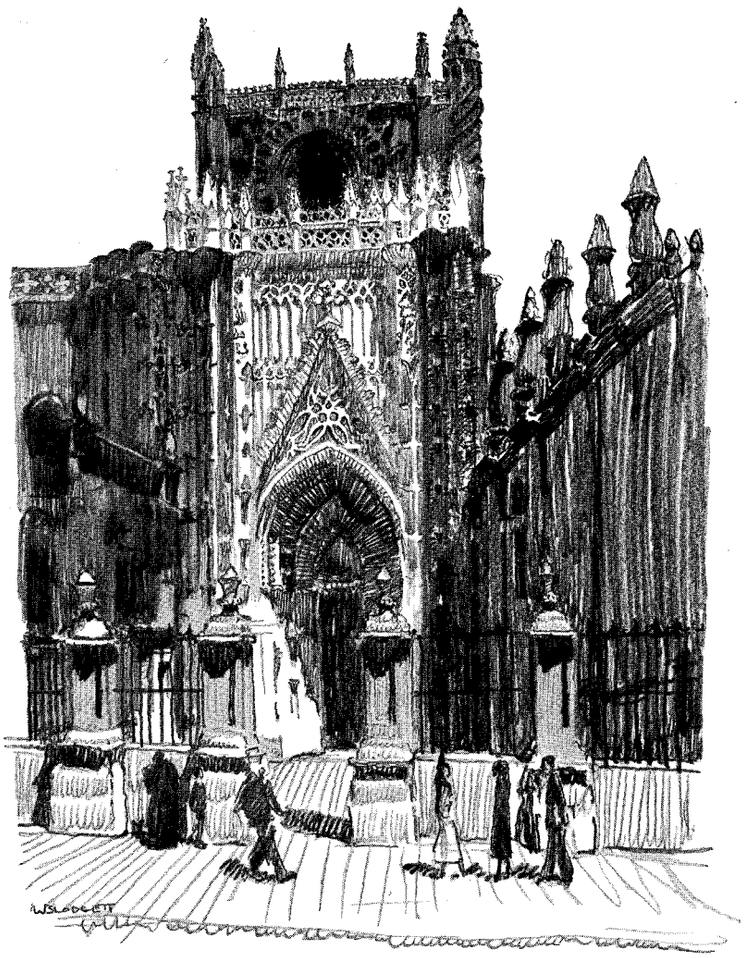

Cathedral, Seville

Beleaguered

A STORY BY RION BERCOVICI

DRAWINGS FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF WALTER BLODGETT

THE Ambassador, his wife, his daughter, the Chancellor, the secretary, and the guest were grouped around the tiled fountain in the patio. The Ambassador's mother, smaller than her black dress, was rocking in a chair.

The man-servant passed black coffee in exquisite little cups, then he handed glasses and brandy to the men. On the tray was a box of cigars. The men smoked cigars, the women sat on the narrow couch, knitting and talking. The cool, blue tiles reflected the gurgling water and the large red fish.

"You know," said the daughter, in French, "we had good news at lunch. From home. More men joined the army from abroad. Planes came. And the enemy were stopped on the Southern Front."

"Yes, you told me," said the young Chancellor.

"Oh, yes, I told you. Excuse me. I forgot that I told you, but it was good news."

The Ambassador looked up from a cable he was reading, smiled benignly, smoothed his carefully trimmed gray-black beard, and pored over the cable again.

"Now in New York," began the daughter to the guest. . . . And the ring of the 'phone invaded the patio like a bayonet piercing the clamorous silence.

The young Chancellor excused himself, bowed, and went into the neighboring room. He spoke in English. They stopped listening. The Chancellor came back. His arched eyebrows said that the call had not been from home.

The talk went on. The Ambassador said that Washington was a beautiful city, one of the most beautiful he had ever seen. His wife agreed, but she wanted to

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know if all of the town was as formal as this street on which the Embassy was located. She had not had time to do much exploring. The Ambassador said that there were slums, of course, but not terrible slums. He wanted to know where the El Greco was, in the Corcoran or National Gallery? In the National, said the Chancellor, but, of course, it cannot compare to those in the Prado. Ah, yes, said the Ambassador's daughter, the Prado. . . . She brushed her eyes. The trouble with Washington, she told the guest, was that so few plays were put on here. Unlike . . . unlike most capital cities, no? For instance, that play by Sinclair Lewis, *It Can't Happen Here*. She would like to see it. She had read the book. Did not her father agree that it would make a most interesting drama? Most interesting, agreed the father, if it followed the book, which he had liked.

The daughter stopped knitting for a moment, and closed her eyes. Then she opened them and looked out beyond the walls of the patio, beyond the street, beyond the ocean. The Ambassador talked seriously, in a lowered voice, with his secretary. The Ambassador's wife, beautiful in her black-and-white way, asked her daughter if she could guess who had bought the moccasin shoes that her father was wearing. The girl guessed until she discovered the donor.

Then they all kept quiet, and in silence joined the millions at home in patios like this, who had sat, talked, drunk coffee, and smoked. And in the silence they joined those whose patios were hospitals, or cemeteries. This patio might have been in their home. It was a perfect reproduction, said the guide-books. At home, men and women like themselves were waiting for the enemy, gun in hand. Here, they were waiting, fighting their country's fight, which had become the world's fight, with brains instead of guns. But they knew that death was outside the patio, waiting to drink coffee, too.

Outside the Embassy purred the sleek cars belonging to ambassadors, senators, society women, and tourist agencies. The sightseers looked with curiosity upon the building representing the much-discussed, war-torn country, disappointed in its monumental indifference. "Why," said one visitor from Ohio to another, "you couldn't tell the difference if them there Fascists was holdin' the place."

The telephone sound invaded the patio, and this time the Ambassador himself made his excuse hurriedly, then went to answer. He came back in a few minutes with a frown, and nobody spoke for a while.

His wife looked at him, but the Ambassador shook his head. He smiled at the guest. "It is nothing," he said, "nothing. We cannot always expect good news, can we?"

The daughter knit rapidly. In the corner, the grandmother rocked. The water gurgled, and in the silence the gurgle grew and grew till it sounded as loud as a waterfall.

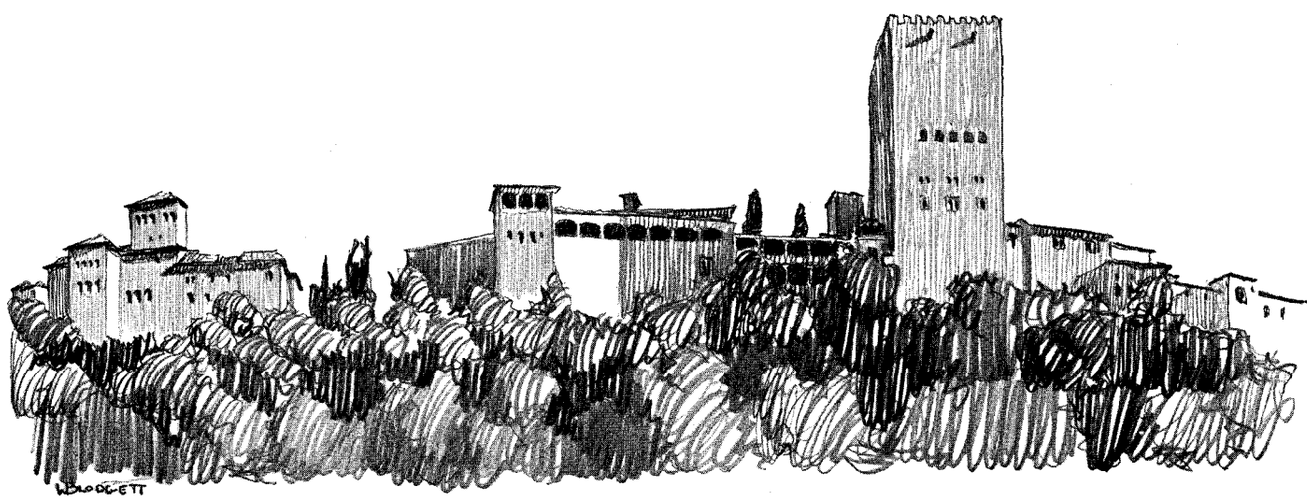
There was a consciousness in the patio of the telephone, crouching in the room around the corner, ready to leap at them all.

Relaxed, eyes expressed what minds repressed, what lips refused to shape. Pride rode them, with the bit of self-control, the martingale of manner. Their country was nearby, connected to this spot by the umbilical cord of the telephone wire, leading now to a building where men and women were fighting, were planning how to run the battle that had grown from a spontaneous explosion of indignant greed to a conflict whirlpooling the world into its depths. The world was dividing into two; here was the beginning of the fight. They were all in a long trench, fighting the battle of life against death. This patio was just an indentation in the trench.

The water gurgled, and they all kept quiet, looking at one another in love, giving one another assurance. Behind his glasses, the Ambassador's eyes were hard as rock, his lips were straight behind the mustache.

Outside the Embassy purred the cars, paused rubberneck wagons while guides barked.

On the black desk in the other room crouched the telephone. One end of the telephone was in the hearts of these people, the other end was in their hearts also.



Alhambra, Granada

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Inn of Cervantes, Toledo

Cathedral Tower, Cordoba

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GERDA FULDER

Skater

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Conflict on the Campus

J. C. LONG

The demands of vocational carpetbaggers and the decline of authoritative teaching are the cause of great confusion in higher education

I SEE by the papers, by the lectures of Doctor Hutchins of Chicago, by the outcries of bewildered parents, and by my own observation of today's college graduates in business, that there is a species of anarchy in education which has added to the general chaos of the last few years. There is an unsettled conflict on the campus, spreading its disturbances everywhere.

The spectacle of the academicians pulling at each other's robes and of various teaching groups struggling for dominance might be amusing, except for the effect on the lives of the young people who look to the schools for enlightenment. I suppose one should not blame the teachers for being as confused as the rest of the world, but to this layman, at any rate, some of the current errors in educational thinking and the possible remedies appear so obvious that it seems a duty to speak out.

To be specific, I have seen college-bred cub reporters trying to appraise current events while obviously lacking an inner knowledge to measure them by. I have seen scores of young men in business who approached their jobs with a vagueness that bespoke an inner vacuum. And, still more difficult, there are others fresh from the universities, who wish to pursue their own ways without realizing that human enterprises must observe some degree of method in order to function.

I am thinking, for example, of a certain young graduate with a brilliant record who entered the business of a friend of mine. From the start, he wished to do only those things that appealed to him, none of the duller tasks. That had been his training. He had been brought up on the elective system and when he faced a situation where it was necessary for him to grapple with uninviting subject-matter, he simply walked out.

Then there is the case of a young woman, honor student from a state university, with preparatory work in a "progressive school," who had the opportunity to be a secretary in an American embassy abroad. Her only missing requirement was to learn the language of the country, but she found it too much for her. From the cradle to the sheepskin, she had never been burdened with formal grammar and knew nothing of the structure of language. Yet she was a bachelor of arts. I would have expected, erroneously, that that degree stood at least for a grasp of how language is put together; but the more I have seen of today's college graduates, the greater is the sense of uncertainty as to the nature of their training.

In short, education today may mean anything or nothing. Such has been the trend of the colleges in being all things to all people that rarely does the label of the institution or of a specific degree give assurance of an education of any determinable sort. And when I speak of the failure of colleges to clarify the minds of men for their jobs in life, I am not referring to vocational training. The basic work of education has nothing to do with making money. In fact, after the experience of the depression, we may say that its most useful function may be to teach men how to lose money courageously—to give them a content of thought, a point of view, and an inner stability to meet any situation.

Now this is all very well as a purpose, but has there actually been any change in the trend of education which gives any cause for alarm? It would seem so, from the record.

II

THE late Dwight Morrow found that the study and knowledge of history was the best measuring-stick for the problems of the present. To understand the confusion in which education finds itself in America, it is necessary to see how this has come about.

The decline of authoritative teaching in this country had its beginning some sixty years ago, when Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard, introduced his elective system. Eliot had the theory that the pursuit of learning through the boy's natural interest was better than learning through compulsion. In practice, however, this may have some strange results. The youth of today in many a college can choose courses in advertising, astronomy, accounting, journalism, and comparative religions; and those five units are equal to any other five units in making him a bachelor of arts.

Doubtless there are some mature undergraduates for whom the elective method is good. Very possibly at Harvard there have been boys from Groton, from Everett High School, and elsewhere who were better fitted to choose their own Five-Foot Shelf than the Titans on the

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Harvard faculty were to prescribe for them. But such was the prestige of Harvard that this abdication of its authority over the design and content of its own college course became a fascinating endorsement of the cafeteria scholarship. The concept of the college as a formulator of education was weakened everywhere.

Moreover, if this self-direction were to be permitted to the undergraduate, if his college course were to be a matter of individual choice, there was clearly less ground for insisting on fixed requirements for entrance. And, as a matter of fact, a benign catholicity in this regard came quickly into practice. As early as 1912, the *School Review* was able to comment editorially on a survey of required preparation, saying, "The trend seems to be toward putting the emphasis upon character and acquired habits of thought and study more than upon specific attainments."

Brown University was among the first to permit optional units for entrance, and soon there were colleges which were willing to accept, as adequate, a certificate from the applicant's principal that he was a "bright boy." Even the more stalwart small colleges of New England have given ground. As late as 1934 Williams abandoned its four-year Latin requirement, and Amherst, that Plymouth Rock of the classics, has similarly struck its colors. I happen to know at the moment of several youngsters who are "shopping around" among the college catalogues, not for the best courses, but to see where they can matriculate with the least effort. Conscious that this practice is not uncommon, the colleges plead that they must relax entrance requirements to meet competition. Thus the Eliot plan of surrendering educational authority to the undergraduate has gradually yielded place to the dominance of college policy by the sub-freshman.

III

I HAVE said that there is a species of anarchy in education, but perhaps it would be more accurate to say that education in its old sense of training for living has been gravely threatened and a new dictatorship has arisen. As the arts faculties have relaxed their sovereignty, the vocational men have moved in boldly with their carpet-bags.

The idea of the school or college as a place of vocational training has grown up in the past fifty years. Formerly, the student attended his schooling as long as circumstances permitted, and then became apprenticed to his trade, whether in a carpenter's shop or a law office.

Of course, there is need for the trade school, both mental and manual. New techniques must be developed continuously to train men to master the new technology in the physical world. But this comes on top of the basic education, where the student expects to study something of the history and current workings of his universe and his place in it, entirely apart from the problem of how to cadge the dollar. It is education in this sense which is imperiled.

I am aware that the outside world of business and the professions has been guilty, along with the colleges, in talking about the cash value of education. I have seen somewhere the statement that college education may be estimated to have a currency value of at least ten dollars for every day spent in the classroom. The hordes of college graduates who walked the streets during the depression must have regarded rather sadly the statistics they had seen as to the average income accruing to the college degree. John R. Tunis has shown how fraudulent such figures can be and, in any case, they are not pertinent in the present discussion. Nevertheless, the country's graduate schools still continue to woo the dollar diplomacy of success and to seek, more and more, to dominate undergraduate education to the destruction of its true function and purpose.

Today, indeed, the greatest menace to a liberal curriculum is made up of the bold demands of the graduate schools. The medical departments demand so many units of pre-medical work. The law and engineering schools insist on their requirements, and even the schools of pedagogy do not hesitate to warp the undergraduate's training by staking out their special claims upon the work he is required to do in college.

It is high time for the undergraduate colleges to say to the graduate schools, "You do your job when we give you our alumni. They will be better all-around persons if they have a general preparation first, unhampered by requirements for a specific field. Your authority and responsibility begin when they have matriculated with you, and not before."

I am assuming, of course, that both the college and the student accept the fact that education—defined as the training and development of the intellect—is the prime purpose of the college. Those who evaluate the campus chiefly in terms of extra-curriculum activities and social contacts are filling their pockets with fool's gold—which is another story.

The independence of the undergraduate college in the pursuit of its true purpose, free from the growing domination of vocational men, will not be easy to maintain. Especially is this true of the undergraduate school, within university walls, where the very teachers of the undergraduates have a divided allegiance.

The universities must grasp the fact that their graduate departments of pure science and other forms of advanced scholarship are just as much in the category of mental trade-schools as is the dental college. The men who are devoting their lives to the study of the gamma ray or to the Elizabethan stage are engaged in vocational work, and they are constantly under the danger, perhaps even the duty, of being so imbued with their special purpose as to be blind to the function of general education. There is always the hazard in university life that the world-famous specialists on the faculty may be less undergraduate teachers than they are evangelists for their particular cause.

The universities themselves feel that there is something wrong with their current attempt to cope with their un-

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DRAWING BY IVER ROSE

Today the greatest menace to a liberal curriculum is made up of the bold demands of the graduate schools

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dergraduate schools. They are wistful in the loss of the days when the undergraduate school was the core of their being, when the professional colleges were the appendages. They seek to recreate within their own organization the simplicity and the unity of the small college.

Harvard and Yale are trying to develop the small-college advantages by means of the Harkness group-residence system. This pre-fabricated house plan has been acclaimed as comparable to Oxford and Cambridge. The colleges of the English universities, however, are self-ruled bodies, solid in tradition, implacable in conviction, choosing to be united in a university group, but each retaining its own identity in its own consciousness and before the public.

The university can do much for the undergraduate body by limiting its size, by better organization of the faculty for the purpose of undergraduate teaching, and by protecting the student from the rapacity of the graduate schools.

I mentioned this subject not long ago to the head of a thriving state university, and he threw up his hands in despair. The competition! If his undergraduate college did not yield to the demands of the graduate schools, the students would go elsewhere. The regents would criticize him. After all, the entire investment, the present set-up, was a *de facto* situation. Furthermore, the students who did not expect to do graduate work were accustomed to the freedom of choosing their own courses at will.

I can sympathize with the realities of this man's situation. But the plea of existing commitments isn't essentially valid. Somehow or other, education must learn to be at least as liberal as business. If a machine is not doing its job right, it has to be scrapped in favor of something else, and the cost charged off. I do not expect that many of the universities can reconsider their educational policy and reform their liberal-arts course along lines wholly independent of pressures from without. Yet the stronger universities could meet the situation by reserving the B.A. degree as the award for a specified course of undergraduate education, and give other degrees for other work. The B.A. degree would gradually come to stand for something; at least some of the confusion as to the meaning of this degree as granted today would disappear.

Such is the conflict within university walls, however, between powerful graduate schools and the colleges, between the ambitions of professors in graduate work and the requirements of undergraduate teaching, that it seems inevitable that the leadership of general education in the future must come from the independent small college.

I am aware that Professor T. J. Wertenbaker of Princeton has expressed the view of many in characterizing the small colleges of America as "our intellectual graveyards."* His attack should be presented, bound in morocco, to every college trustee, for the difficulties of the small colleges are not intrinsic. Endowments must be larger, salaries higher, libraries improved, equipment adequate, and, above all, the teaching schedule must be light enough to permit the professor to keep abreast of his own subject and general learning.

The professor in the small college may miss the daily challenge of numerous specialists in his own field, but he must face the wider competition of experts in other departments of knowledge, relating his activity to other branches of the curriculum. He must deal with the world outside of the ivory tower of his own subject. He, too, can shine in his specialty. He has the same vacations as the university man, with access to the world's laboratories and the world's libraries. There is no compulsion for him to join the army of the unburied dead.

The small college, indeed, which has a vital teaching staff and good facilities, is better equipped than any other institution to provide a liberal education. That is its one purpose. It accomplishes this purpose within a compact framework. It deals with a small body of students, in close contact with the faculty and with each other. It avoids the bewilderment, the loss of identity, and the diversity of large size. It can give the undergraduate what he needs, concentrating wholeheartedly on this single task.

IV

THE college—not the graduate school, nor the student's unguided whim, nor the emptiness of the sub-freshman's pate—must determine the undergraduate course of study.

The undergraduate student—and by this I might include every schoolchild up to the time of his embarking on his vocational training—is entitled to conviction, guidance, and the right to challenge.

The right to challenge the accepted truth of our forefathers, and of current authority, has been so well acclaimed in the past quarter-century that it needs no reaffirmation. But in the excitement of permitting to every student the right to go his own way, we have neglected to give him anything positive against which to rebel.

That type of modern education which turns over to the student the complete responsibility of discovering truth for himself is ignorant of human psychology and need. The history of the race from the beginning of time has been for each generation to teach its children the truth about the world as discovered up to that time. Each new generation modifies and expands the knowledge it has received from the generation before it, but it starts out, at least, with a body of knowledge on which to work. If the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?

Granted that the college should give the student the technique of finding out things for himself, granted that the truth of today sometimes becomes the fallacy of tomorrow, granted that there is room for the experimental college which frankly avows that it is working on tentative hypotheses, the fact remains that education is a failure unless it can set before the student a program of study in which it believes. I would like to see these

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elements accepted as the indispensable basis for the B.A. degree: a thorough grounding in an ancient language, English literature including grammar, the history of the world with emphasis on American institutions, a science, and an introduction to philosophy. Yes, there is room for argument there, but at any rate the demand is upon the college to make a unified and coherent approach to its job.

If the college of the past could offer a way of life, it can be done by the college of today. Those who shrug with Pilate may doubt that any college can stand for anything. There is general assumption today that the certainties of the past have been completely exploded. Education in former times could be formalized and unified, it is said, because the entire world accepted certain verities, and education could be built within that framework.

We are told that things are different now. The American Historical Association has given its blessing to proposed courses of study which will prepare the student for a new economic world. We find that no less an academy than Andover has recently abandoned Latin as a required course, and, according to *The Boston Evening Transcript,* will place increased emphasis and study on "the physical and economic world in which we live."

This notion of the newness of the present and the static quality of the past is a fallacy. A turning of the pages of history will recall that in 1807 a Mr. Whitbread arose in Parliament and advocated a law to establish a minimum of wages. At a slightly earlier period, Dunning, in the House of Commons, offered his famous resolution that the influence of the Crown "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." The protection of the underprivileged, the dangers of executive power, and the need to readjust society to changing conditions are important matters for study, but they are no warrant for ripping out the foundations of educational policy.

"To assess traditions in terms of future values, to cherish those which have enduring worth, and thoughtfully and slowly change those which no longer fit our circumstances—that is social intelligence," said Dixon Ryan Fox, President of Union College, before the New York State Association of Deans. I believe that America must find its answer to its educational doubts by holding fast to the principle affirmed by Doctor Fox.

On a visit to Union College last summer I found this policy in operation. The college gives a traditional education, modified in the light of its particular opportunity to serve. I talked with students in government who were amplifying their courses in theory by required summer employment in the offices of New York State. I saw the Mohawk Drama Festival, under the direction of the Coburns, with a professional acting company, and the affiliated Institute of the Theatre, having a faculty member as chairman. Here the facilities of the college are utilized during the summer in furtherance of the educational interests of the community. Here is the unique example of a college sponsoring a professional theater and successfully tying it in with a collegiate curriculum.

So when I urge emphasis on tradition, I am not suggesting that the door be closed to new things. But these new things must grow out of the tradition and will of the college, not from the dictation of competition.

Williams, to cite another instance, has its Institute of Politics (likewise Virginia). This is no kowtowing to the demands of expediency, but a contribution to public knowledge. The relationship of this summer conference to the regular college course may be indirect, but I imagine it gives the undergraduate a pride that his Alma Mater is doing something for the world; and the conduct of this enterprise by an old-style classical college gives it an influence which it could not otherwise have.

Swarthmore, under President Aydelotte, has placed great emphasis on the tutorial system, on the method of the student working with the professor as a fellow-man, rather than under his dictation. The success of this enterprise is due in no small measure to the Quaker honesty which pervades the institution and makes its education a living thing rather than a new scheme. The passionate provincialism of Chapel Hill gives vitality to such enterprises as the Carolina Playmakers.

Harvard's own elective system, which has had such a debilitating effect elsewhere, has become traditional for Harvard, bolstered here by the historic influence of scholarship which tends to prevent the system from becoming a shambles.

America has developed widely diverse schools and colleges, representing varying traditions and habits of thought. They have succeeded or failed largely to the extent in which their faculties have been able to relate their particular course of education to the living world.

Their value has been threatened by the effect of the elective system, which has called into question all educational policy; by the encroachments of the professional and other vocational schools, with their specialized demands; by the unwieldy size and multifariousness of the modern university, which has tended to rob undergraduate teaching of its primary importance; and by the fallacious popular impression that all the current problems of mankind are different today from what they have ever been before.

It would be pertinent for every school in the country to challenge and to reappraise every change which it has made in the past twenty years. Those changes which have been valid need not fear the limelight. Many of the modifications will have proved their worth and perhaps many will not.

Let each college reexamine its policy and affirm its conclusions in the light of its particular tradition and contribution. The sub-freshman or undergraduate who seeks a different course of study can go elsewhere. Between Brookwood, Reed, Colgate, Clark, Yale, and Johns Hopkins no mind need be without its natural home. But each individual college can achieve power and validity for its undergraduates only by building on its traditions and offering the form of education in which it has solid belief.

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RINGLING BROS. AND BAR

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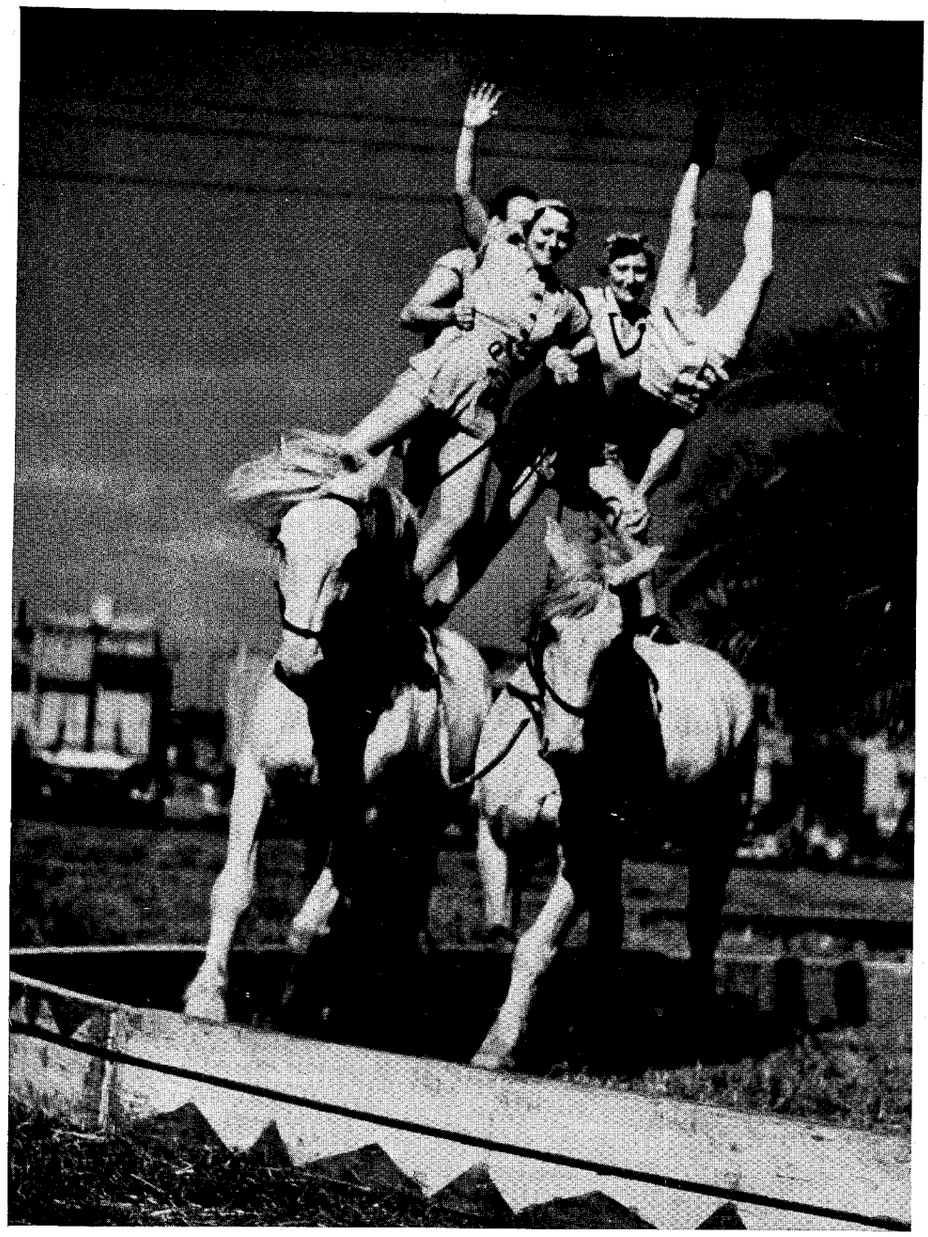
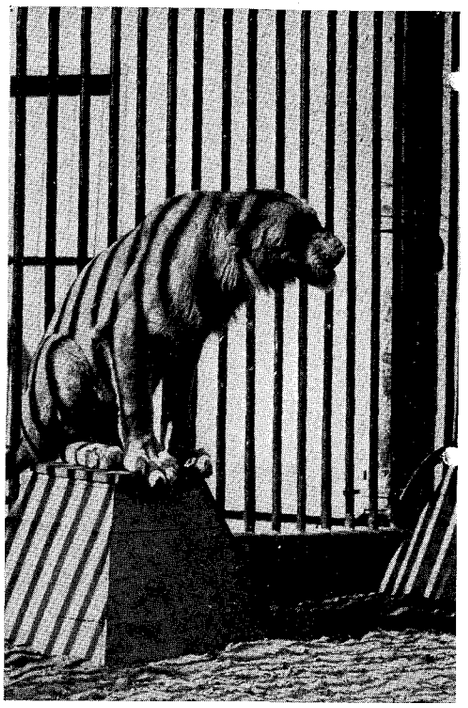
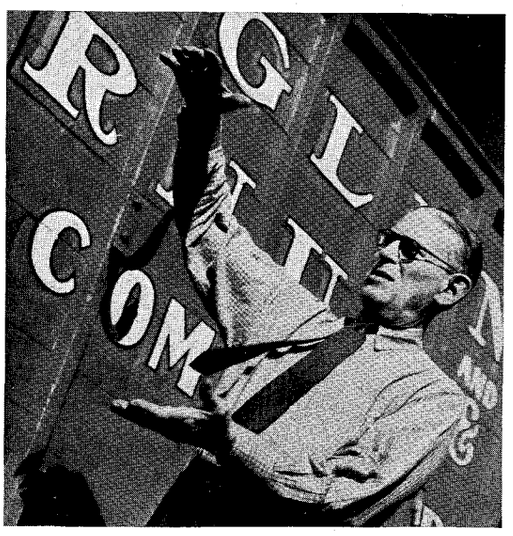


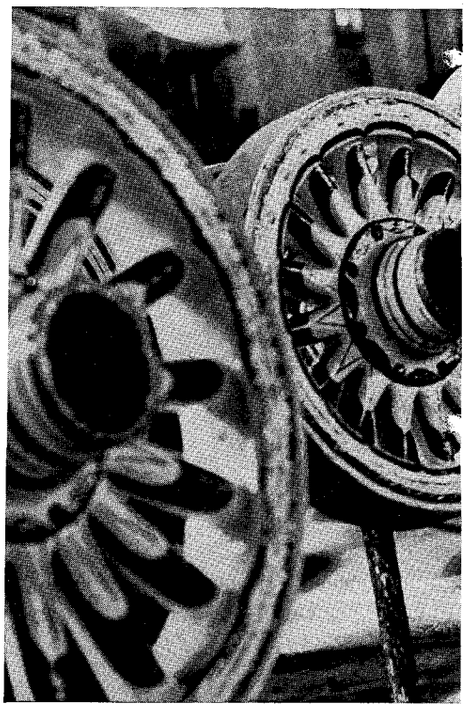


Franz Woska training the King of Beasts



ABOVE: The Rieffenach Troupe rehearsing sensational and graceful feats of equestrianism at the Ringling winter quarters in Sarasota, Florida

LEFT: Samuel Gumpertz, irrepressible cowhand who became general manager of the Big Show, signaling to a faithful performer near the elephant house



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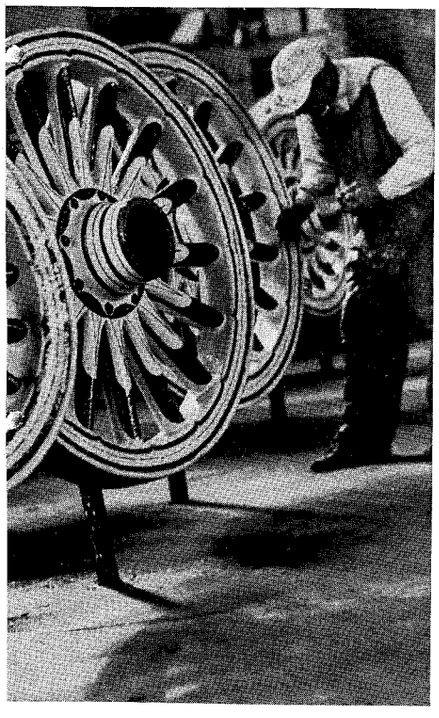
breath-taking exploits behind the bars



ABOVE: Three-ton hippopotamus emerging from a fresh-water bath in her mammoth outdoor tank

LEFT: Striping the wheels in the paint shops where wagons, cages, and trucks are brilliantly refurbished for 16,000 miles on the road

RIGHT: Roland Butler, versatile press representative, designing a 24-sheet for The Greatest Show on Earth

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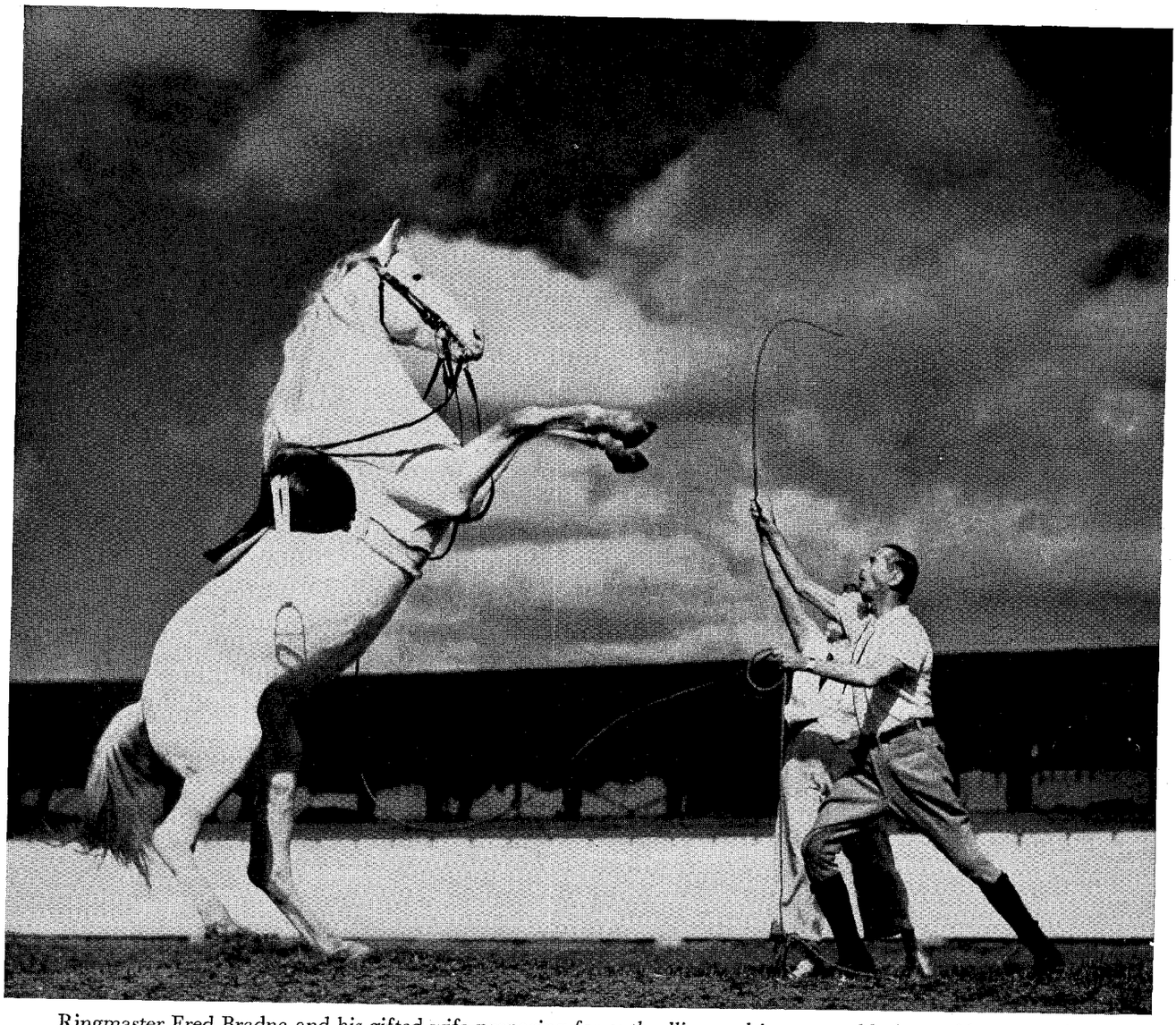
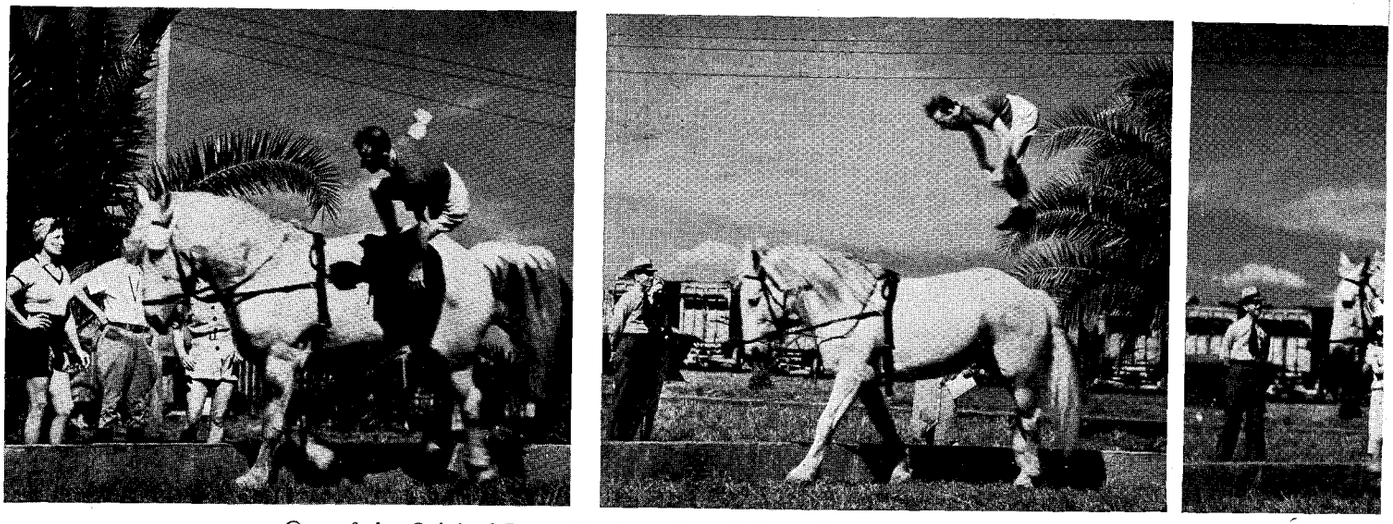


Ringmaster Fred Bradna and his gifted wife preparing for enthralling and incomparable feats of horsemanship



One of the Original Bruce Brothers, famed throughout the two hemispheres

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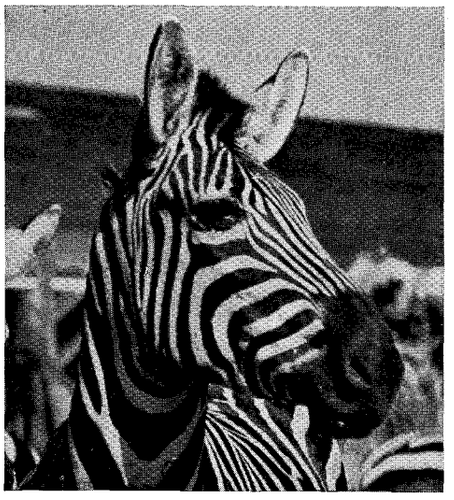
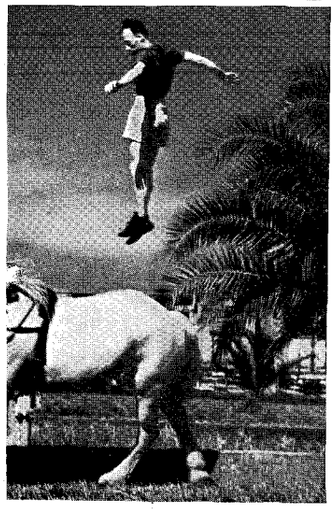
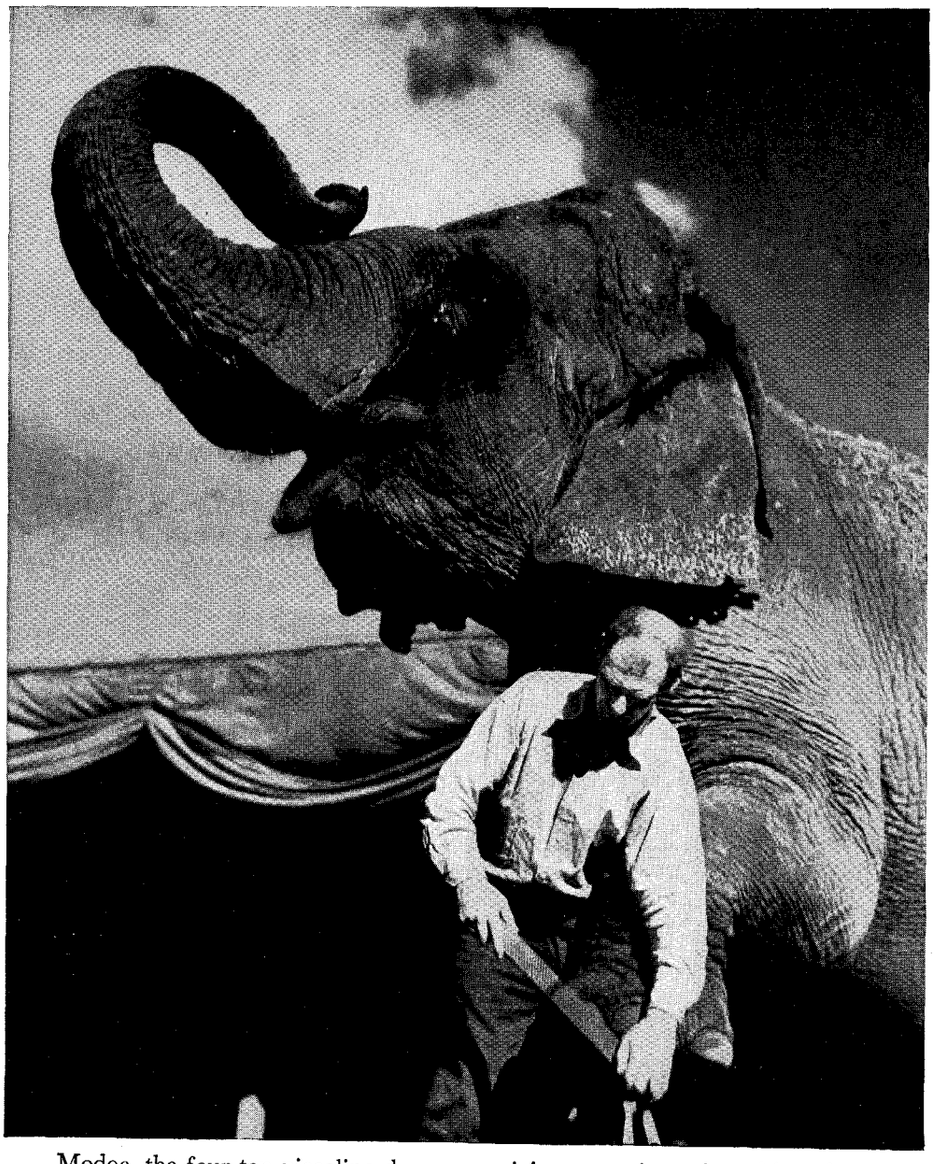


Chimpanzee and zebra fattening in the world's largest traveling menagerie

Wagon detail, elaborately executed

Mr. Coplan, entertained by Felix Adler, after photographing the circus in rehearsal





Modoc, the four-ton piccolino dancer, receiving a manicure from his trainer

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Caesar at the Feast

JO PAGANO

THE first inkling my parents and I gained of the picnic being organized by my father's *paesano* and boon companion, Gianpaolo Maccalucci, occurred during one of our usual Sunday-afternoon visits to the Maccalucci domicile—a visit which, as it happened, was coincident with the finish of Gianpaolo's seasonal wine-making.

In years past, our *paesano* had used to make the wine by hand (or, more precisely, by foot, stomping the juice out of the grapes with his bare feet in the traditional method employed by the peasants in his native Italy), but he had recently become the proud possessor of a regulation commercial wine-press, which had enabled him this year to make double his usual amount of wine. For the past week, assisted by his sons, Gianpaolo had been feeding grapes into the grinding gears of the masher, mixing succulent blue-black Zinfandel with the larger, purple Black Mission, in order to give the finished product that incomparable dusky body for which his wine, among all his friends, was famous; and he had pressed the last cluster not two minutes before our arrival.

"Ohé, paesano!" he cried, upon espying my father, followed by me and my mother, coming around the back of the house. *"Benvenuto, benvenuto!* I have just finished making the wine," he added, still speaking Italian. "Come, take a look at the magnificent new wine-press I have acquired!"

"Sangue de la Madonna!" cried my father, staring at the wine-press wonderingly.

"Then you like it?" chortled Gianpaolo. For five minutes we stood chattering excitedly while Gianpaolo explained how the press worked ("Joosta turna the wheel, that's all there'sa to it!"); and then we repaired to the cellar, in order to take a look at the wine.

Here, in the cool, stone-buttressed, half-dark sanctum, stood, amidst a sour stench of mash, the wine-barrels. Beaming proudly, Gianpaolo took us on a tour of inspection, lifting the lids from the casks and scooping up handfuls of the dripping mash to show us how rich had been the vintage this year—"Eetsa gonna be the best wine I ever make!" Then, since the stench was becoming too much for my mother, we went back up the steps into the fresh air, and so into the house.

While Gianpaolo washed his hands at the sink, Mrs. Maccalucci bustled about getting glasses and a pitcher of wine; in a moment more we sat down at the table.

It was then that Gianpaolo told us of the proposed picnic. He was planning, said he, on having a great celebration to commemorate the wonderful outcome of the wine-making. He knew an ideal place up in the mountains, and he was inviting all his friends. He himself would furnish the wine, a twenty-five gallon cask of it, left over from the year before.

"You don't needa bring nutting," he added, looking furtively at my mother. "Maybe a coupla sand-weeches, that's all. Everybody bringa his own."

My mother (whose mouth had begun to purse ominously at the first mention of the picnic) said nothing; my father, however, let forth an enthusiastic bellow of approval.

"Then you'll come?" said Gianpaolo in Italian, with another timid glance at my mother.

"Come!" echoed my father. "You betcha my life we'll come!"

"Now Luigi . . ." said my mother, shifting slightly in her seat and turning an icy gaze to my father. "Don't be too sure. You know very well how afraid I am of the mountains."

"But *no, cara signora,"* cried Gianpaolo, leaning for-

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ward in his seat and blinking his eyes at her from behind his big nose. "No mountains, no mountains! A leetla hill maybe—that's all!"

"Well . . ." said she, shifting again in her chair and again glancing icily at my father. "Perhaps. But we can't promise. . . ."

"Pay no attention to her," grunted my father, winking slyly at his *paesano* and lifting his wine-glass contentedly. "We'll come, all right. . . ."

II

And, of course, he was right, for it was not conceivable that we should refuse to participate in what was to our *paesano* so profoundly important an occasion.

The picnic was set for the following Sunday, and from early morning of the day before, my mother was in a fever of activity, preparing the "coupla sand-weeches" to which Gianpaolo had alluded. On these picnics each family prepared a basket which was offered, community fashion, to the common store, and there was considerable rivalry among the women, each of whom tried to outdo the other. My mother was famous for her chicken, her stuffed peppers, and for those flaky, crumbling, fried pastries, drenched in honey and sprinkled with chopped nuts, called *pizze-fritte;* and so, though she was never asked to contribute these three articles in so many words, it was nevertheless tacitly understood that she would do so—an understanding she would not have dared violate, for her baskets by long custom had come to form the very mainstay of these banquets.

"This is absolutely the last time," she grumbled to my father over her pots. "I've said so before, but now I mean it!"

Despite her complaints, however, she threw herself into her cooking energetically, and by the time she was done the kitchen table seemed ready to collapse.

"Per Bacco!" cried my father, centering a hungry gaze on a fat, golden-brown chicken leg. "It's a feast for a king, all right! When it comes to cooking——"

"Never mind," grunted my mother. "Not *one bite* until tomorrow. . . . And now, help me put it in the basket, because if we've got to be at the *paesano's* at seven o'clock, like he said, we'd better get to bed early."

III

Promptly at seven o'clock next morning, we drove up to the Maccaluccis'. A dozen or more cars were parked in front of the house; inside, a similar number of families were gathered. They numbered perhaps twenty adults and twice as many children, and they were all bustling about and chattering excitedly. My mother and father were greeted enthusiastically, and we set our basket alongside the other baskets on the kitchen table.

Gianpaolo, who had been in the back yard with his sons, loading the wine-barrel into the family Ford, came rushing in, panting and perspiring.

"Eet's all ready!" he shouted, wiping the sweat off his forehead. He greeted my parents warmly, then looked about at the assembled guests with wrinkled brow. And where, he demanded, was Cesare Battista?

At the mention of this name, my mother's face changed expression.

"Battista?" she echoed. And then, with pursed lips—"But I did not know *he* was coming!"

"I did not know so myself," said Gianpaolo, turning to her apologetically. She could be sure he did not want him any more than did she! But last night he had dropped in on them while they were getting their basket ready and —well, she knew how he was! With his usual nose for ferreting out other people's private business, he had suspected that something was up and had given them no rest until they finally had to tell him of the picnic. And, of course, as usual, he had invited himself. What could they do?

"If I had known *he* was coming, I would not have come myself!" muttered my mother.

"Cara signora, don't be upset," he begged. "If necessary, we will leave without him!"

"Oh no," said my mother decisively. She would not think of such a thing! Only, she added ominously, he had better not tell any more of "those stories."

"Don'ta worry!" said Gianpaolo, scowling darkly. "If he does, I'lla break his damn' neck!"

His wife called him to help her with something, and I asked my mother who this Cesare Battista might be, and what were the "stories" to which she had alluded. She turned to me with an expression of distaste. Had she never told me about him? He was an undertaker, and he was always "poking his nose" into their various gatherings, perhaps in the interest of future business. As for the stories he told—well, I could imagine what they were like!

At that moment, on the front porch, we heard the sound of hurrying, nimble footsteps. The door opened, and in stepped a short, stubby man, as big around as he was tall, with a bright, red-cheeked face and a forked, black mustache, reminiscent of the former Kaiser.

"Bon giorno—good morning!" he cried, including us all in his greeting. The other guests nodded coolly, but he, all undaunted, went from one to the other and shook their hands vigorously. "And *Signora* Altieri!" he said when he came to my mother, bowing in military fashion from the waist and surveying her with a professional eye. "Well, I hope?"

"Yes indeed—very well, thank you!" said my mother hastily, drawing away from him with an involuntary movement.

"Good!" he said heartily. "I had heard that you were suffering from a bad cold last week. All gone now, I hope?"

"Oh yes, oh yes!" said my mother vigorously. "It was nothing, nothing at all——"

"I am very happy to hear it," said he. "Very happy! So often, a little cold—you know how it is, it seems nothing, then before you know it—*poof!"* he said, pursing his lips and whistling softly through his mustache. He lifted his eyes dolefully. "What are we in this world? Nothing,

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nothing. . . . Believe me, *signora,* it takes someone in my business to realize that! Why, only last week I had a case——"

"Yes, yes," broke in my mother hastily. "And now, you must excuse me, I want to get my basket to the car——"

He looked at her with disappointed eyes.

"But it is such an interesting case, *signora!* You remember Angelina Daneti? One week she was alive as you or I, healthy, happy as a bird, and the next—" He shook his head. "And what do you suppose was the cause? A pin-prick! Just imagine! She was cleaning out a drawer of old clothes and she stuck a rusty pin in her thumb—naturally, she paid no attention to it, but . . . one day the thumb began to swell, and—first the thumb, then the arm——"

"Yes, I know, I know," broke in my mother. "But you *must* excuse me—the basket—come, Robert, help me carry it to the car!"

And jumping up confusedly from her seat, she fled in the direction of the kitchen table.

IV

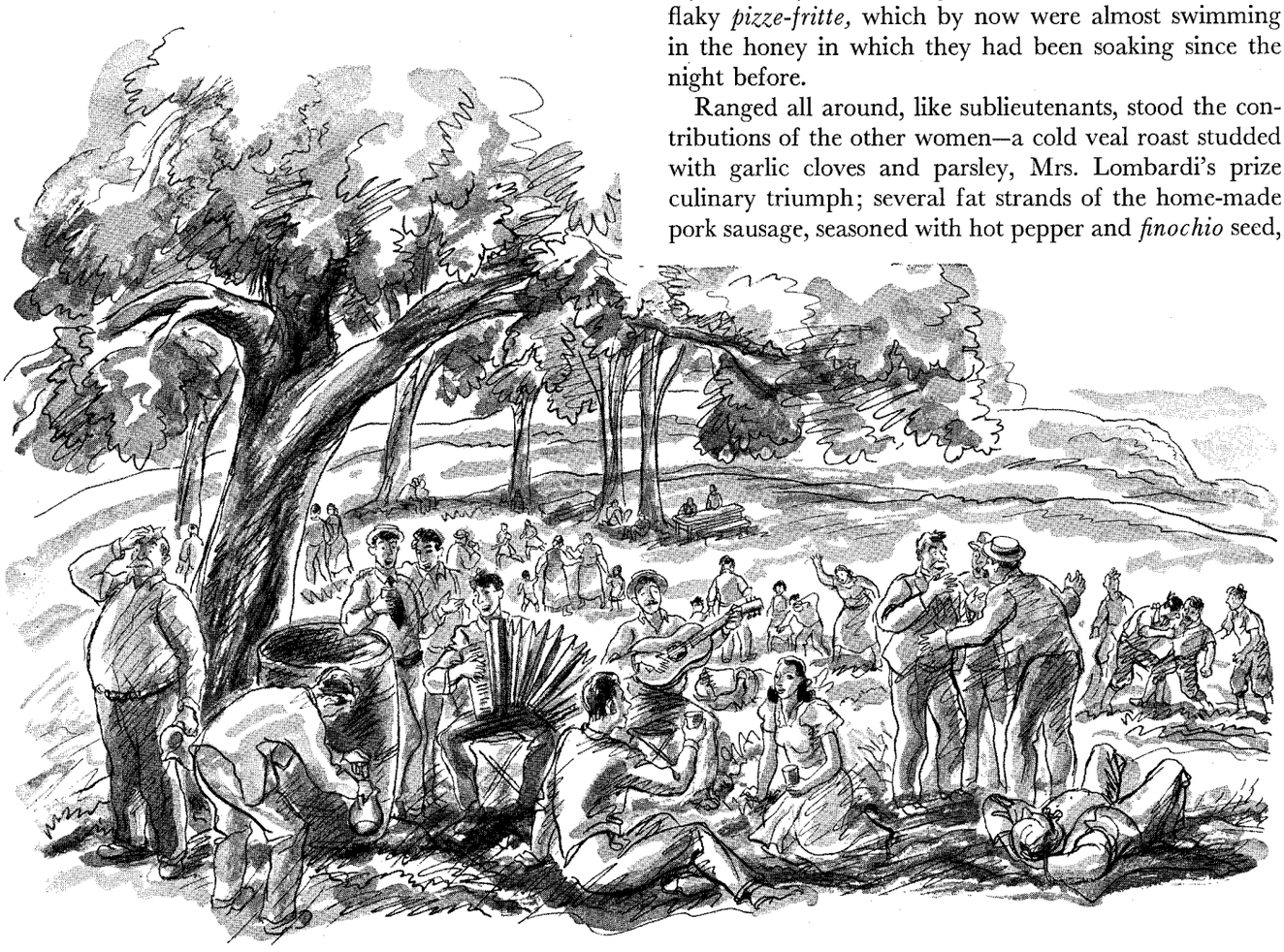
By now, the last of the guests had arrived, and all was in readiness for the journey to the "leetla hill" of which Gianpaolo had told us.

The spot Gianpaolo had chosen for the celebration was a public picnic-ground, some forty miles or so from the city, high up on a towering mountain-range. Here were stone ovens and rough tables, a babbling stream, and a couple of wooden outhouses at which Gianpaolo pointed pridefully.

We were not the only merrymakers to have chosen this rustic retreat for our festivities: another party of picnickers had already arrived, but the grounds were so spacious that a dozen parties could have been accommodated without crowding. We chose a quiet spot overlooking the stream, near a group of tables, and while the women began emptying their baskets, some of the men were delegated to gather firewood. Gianpaolo, meanwhile, assisted by his sons and my father, got the wine-barrel out of his Ford and braced it against a tree.

Fifteen minutes after our arrival, a fire had been built in the stone oven to boil water for the spaghetti and to heat the sauce, the tables had been set, and the baskets enthusiastically emptied. Occupying the place of honor, in the center of the serving-table, was my mother's contribution—three great platters of fried and roasted chickens, the latter stuffed with a sweetly aromatic filling, the chief ingredients of which were spinach, cheese, and eggs; an equal number of platters heaped with bursting stuffed peppers, roasted in oil, cut crosswise to reveal their crumbly, anchovy-laden filling; and, of course, the bowls of flaky *pizze-fritte,* which by now were almost swimming in the honey in which they had been soaking since the night before.

Ranged all around, like sublieutenants, stood the contributions of the other women—a cold veal roast studded with garlic cloves and parsley, Mrs. Lombardi's prize culinary triumph; several fat strands of the home-made pork sausage, seasoned with hot pepper and *finochio* seed,



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for which Mrs. Pegardo was famous, and which would be roasted on the oven and served piping-hot with the spaghetti when the feast was ready; a great platter of the stuffed artichokes which were the pride of Mrs. Cantello's heart; bowls of salad, dried black olives redolent of oil and orange-peel, celery from Giorgio Rocco's market, platters of pungent cheese and Italian ham and salami, fragrant loaves of Italian bread contributed by Pietro Tomasino, the baker; a great round blob of sweet butter from Tony Bucci's dairy; spiced cookies. . . .

By now, the great cauldrons of water for the spaghetti were bubbling merrily on the stove; Gianpaolo had drawn several gallons of wine from the barrel; Pietro Tomasino had brought out his accordion, Giorgio Rocco his guitar. . . . The wine was passed around, we all drank a toast to the success of Gianpaolo's wine-making; and then the music began.

For nearly an hour, while the sausage was roasting and the spaghetti was being cooked, we drank and sang songs: the women bustled about the stove with flushed faces: the children played games, waded in the creek, climbed tree-trunks in search of bird's-eggs. . . . The smell of the bubbling spaghetti-sauce and the pungent aroma of the broiling sausage filled the entire hillside, and even my mother had to admit she was having a fine time.

At last the spaghetti was ready—four great platters of it, swimming in thick tomato-sauce and blanketed with grated Roman cheese; the children were called, the parents gathered around; and amidst great lip-smackings, we sat down noisily to eat.

Battista, as it happened, was seated opposite my father. He tucked his napkin into his collar gingerly and glanced at the groaning board with shaking head.

"If," said he, helping himself to an olive, "you *only knew* how many deaths are caused from overeating——"

"Ma statte zitto!" said my father jocularly. "What better death could you ask for? Eat, eat!" And spreading his mustache out of the way, he lifted a forkful of tangled, juice-dripping spaghetti to his mouth.

Battista's eyebrows lifted cynically.

"You think I am joking?" he inquired politely. "Only last week I had a case—believe me, my good friend, I know what I am talking about!—Francesco Sylvano, you doubtless knew him—as fine a man as you could wish to meet, strong, healthy—but, alas, too fond of eating—you know how it is, spaghetti today, spaghetti tomorrow: soon the weight begins to climb, the heart, it has too much work to do. What happens? One fine day, there is a pain in the stomach. It is gas, you think—and so it is. But that is only the warning. It gets worse. You can't sleep. At night, there is a smothering sensation. And then, all of a sudden—*poof!*" said he, making again the horrible whistling sound between his mustache and fixing his eyes on my father with a gleam of triumph.

My father dropped his fork onto his plate.

"My good friend," he began, emphasizing each of his words heavily, "I have no doubt that all you are saying is true. At the moment, however, I am eating, and I would prefer not to hear about it. Do you mind?"

Battista shrugged his shoulders.

"As you wish, as you wish. Only don't ever say I didn't warn you!"

V

For upwards of an hour we sat and gorged ourselves, and when we were done, not one solitary morsel of that unforgettable feast remained—not a cheese, a *pizze-fritte,* a dried olive, or celery-sprig—nothing save a few crusts of bread, a heap of walnut shells, a pile of salami peelings and chicken bones. Stuffed to the gills, the men reclined

DRAWINGS BY DONALD McKAY

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beneath the trees, smoking cigars and gazing at the scenery through thick-lidded eyes; the women commenced heavily to clear off the tables; the children renewed their games. . . .

"Ahhhh . . . ," sighed my father, loosening his belt, "it was a feast for a king, all right!"

Battista, who, after carefully dusting off the surface of a stone, had sat gingerly down upon it with a handkerchief spread protectingly between his buttock and the boulder, wagged his head forbiddingly.

"I cannot understand," said he, "how any one can be so indifferent to the simple laws of health. Any doctor will tell you that there is nothing worse than stuffing your belly full and then lying down. Believe me, my friend, I know what I am talking about! You should get up, walk around, take a little exercise! I will never forget a case I had last December—no, November—wait, let me see . . ." He narrowed his eyes reflectively and leaned his chin on his palms. "It was in *October* that I attended the poor daughter of Enrico Sabbatto, who was horribly mangled in an automobile accident—then after her came . . . Well, no matter! This man—his name was Giuseppe Forte, you perhaps knew him—a fine specimen of a man, big, strong like yourself—he was a stone-cutter, a hard worker, you understand, plenty of good healthy exercise—then his wife's aunt died and left them a little piece of money. So what did he do? He was only sixty—younger than you, my friend—but he quit work and, says he, *'Now I will enjoy myself.'* Well, you know how it is. When a man has worked hard all his life, he develops a big appetite, the body needs food—but it is the work, the *exercise* that demands it. Without the exercise, the belly gets overstuffed, the blood grows sluggish, the liver and kidneys become overworked. I myself warned Forte. But no, he would not listen, he ate the tremendous meals to which he had been accustomed. And after each meal, he took a nap—and all the time, inside his stomach, the food was churning, churning. Well, you know how it is. First a hiccup, then a sour taste in the mouth . . . In one year, *one year,* mind you—*poof!*—he was gone——"

My father, who during all this had been staring at Battista with glazed, fascinated eyes, twitched involuntarily.

"And that is *not all,*" continued Battista affably. "Believe me, my friend, I could go on for hours——"

"I don't doubt it, I don't doubt it," grunted my father, climbing heavily to his feet. "And now, if you will excuse me, I think they are going to play some cards. . . ."

And so they were. The tables cleared, Gianpaolo had brought out some playing-cards, and a game of *Tre-sette* was about to begin.

He lifted a forkful to his mouth

Battista's eyes followed my father's back reflectively; my father, on his part, glanced furtively at Battista over his shoulder as he sat down. Their eyes met. My father jerked his glance away uncomfortably.

"Well! And how about some wine?" he asked—without, however, his usual heartiness. A glass was passed. He lifted it to his lips and started to sip it, then with another sidelong glance at Battista, set it suddenly down.

"What'sa matter?" asked Gianpaolo. "Why you no drink?"

"Later," said my father, picking up his cards with a preoccupied expression. "I think I've had enough for the moment."

At that moment, his stomach bounced, and he let loose a resounding hiccup. A startled expression came to his face. He sat rigid for a moment, his features paling, then looked furtively at Battista.

"Play!" said Gianpaolo. "Eet'sa your turn! What'sa matter?"

"What? What?" muttered my father. Again he hiccuped. His face turned a greenish color, and he dropped the cards.

"What'sa matter?" cried Gianpaolo.

"Madonna mia . . ." muttered my father, clasping his stomach suddenly. "I—I think I'm sick."

"Sick!" cried Gianpaolo. "What'sa matter?"

Without answering, my father sat rigidly, crouched above his stomach as though listening. Suddenly another hiccup broke from his lips. He jerked his head up in terror. "I *am* sick!" he bellowed, jumping to his feet in panic. "Auw, auw! Auw, auw!" And holding his stomach in his hands, he commenced dancing around.

The other players jumped up from their seats: the women, attracted by the commotion, came running from their dishes; my mother, at the sight of my father holding his stomach and bellowing agonizedly, began to scream and wail.

"I *told* him, I *told* him!" shouted Battista above the din. "Quick—some hot water and a cold cloth! It's gas on his heart—quick, quick!"

Gianpaolo pounded my father on the back; the rest crowded around confusedly, men and women both, yelling and shouting.

My father had turned dead white, and the perspiration stood out on his brow. Moaning and groaning, he hung onto his stomach as though for dear life, looking through glazing eyes at the others, as though for a last glimpse, on this mortal earth, of his friends. They tried to get him to sit down: each time they pushed him down, he let forth a bellow and bobbed up again. Suddenly he espied the outhouse.

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"Look out!" he yelled; and pushing the others aside, he ran across the grounds and into the rickety structure. Gianpaolo and a couple of the others ran after him; my mother, wailing and weeping hysterically, sank down onto a bench, with Mrs. Maccalucci and the other women crowding around consolingly.

"Como voglio fa!" moaned my mother. "I *told* him we shouldn't come! If he had only listened to me, this would never have happened—and now—oh, oh, oh!"

Pale, his face dripping perspiration, my father staggered from the outhouse, supported between Gianpaolo and Nicolo Lombardi. He was led, like a wounded general, to a cool place beneath a tree, and persuaded to lie down with his head against the trunk.

"He's allaright," said Gianpaolo to my mother. "Eet'sa nothing—too mucha wine, maybe, that's all."

Battista grunted cynically.

"That's what *you* think," said he, fixing my father with a professional eye and taking hold of his wrist in order to feel his pulse. My father regarded him apprehensively. "Hmmm . . . ," said Battista. He stood there for a moment, feeling my father's pulse, then—"Hmmmm . . . ," he said again.

"Well . . . ?" said my father weakly. "What you think?"

Battista shook his head.

"I don't know," said he. "I would not care to say—you know how it is; I don't want to alarm you, but—" He took hold of my father's limp wrist again. "Yes," he said, shaking his head. "The heart——"

"Go on, go on!" said my father.

We all stared anxiously at Battista; my mother commenced to sniffle again.

"Well . . . ," said Battista; and at that moment we heard a voice, an American voice——

"Can I be of any assistance?"

We all jerked our heads around, to behold a slender, gray-headed man with glasses whom we recognized as one of the other party of picnickers.

"Excuse me," said this man affably, "but I happen to be a doctor. Is someone ill?"

"A doctor!" we cried with one voice; and—"Yes!" shouted my father—*"Me*—I'ma sick—quick—for the love of God, help me!"

We made way for the doctor; he stepped up to my father.

"And what seems to be the trouble?"

"It's his heart," volunteered Battista.

"His heart?" said the doctor, looking sharply at Battista. He bent over my father, lifted his eyelids, then took hold of his pulse. He stood like that for a moment, then let my father's wrist drop. He bent over my father's chest, bared the shirt, and placed his ear against my father's breast. My father stared at him apprehensively. The doctor straightened up. "Amazing . . . ," he muttered. He looked at my father, then—"Tell me, my friend, how old are you?" he asked.

"Me?" said my father weakly. "I'ma sixty-seven."

"Sixty-seven!" ejaculated the doctor. "Incredible! Why, you've got the heart action of a boy of twenty!"

My father stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"What you mean?" he said. "Then I'ma not sick?"

"Sick!" said the doctor. "Who ever put that idea in your head?"

The color swept back into my father's face. He looked at Battista with narrowing eyes.

"So!" he said; and putting his palms onto the ground, he commenced to raise himself up. Battista edged away uncertainly. "My heart, huh?" said my father. "Don't eat too much, huh? Don't lie down, huh?"

He was on his feet. Battista whirled, and pushing the others aside frantically, began to run. Bellowing like a mad bull, my father started after him. Gianpaolo and Nicolo Lombardi grabbed his arms. Still bellowing, he pulled and tugged and tried to get away. Battista jumped into his car, and before my father could get free, his engine started and he was off.

"Stop!" yelled my father, pummeling the air with his fist. "Coward! *Ruffiano!"*

The others milled around, trying to quiet him.

"Eet'sa too late now," said Gianpaolo placatingly, pat-

Bellowing like a mad bull, my father started after him

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ting him on the back. "Some other time! Too late now!"

"Sure, sure!" said the others. "No harm has been done! Good riddance to bad rubbish!"

"That's right, that's right! Come on, let's get back to the cards——!"

My father stood for a moment longer, staring in the direction Battista had fled, then wagged his shaggy head and looked at the empty dishes mournfully.

"Povero a mé—poor me!" he sighed.

"Come on, come on!" said Gianpaolo. "Have a glass of wine—you'll feel better."

My father grunted.

"So be it!" he said, straightening his shoulders philosophically. "What is done, is done." He shook his head again, then cast a wheedling glance to my mother. "Oh, Marietta! Is there anything left for some sandwiches?"

Careers in Government

LEONARD D. WHITE

Rarely spectacular, but often personally satisfying, careers in government are being increasingly followed by young men and women—and with reason

EVERY week letters come to my desk in the Civil Service Commission asking about the new opportunities in civil service. College and high-school students all over the country are thinking about public service as the place in which to make their contribution to their day and generation. They want to know about these opportunities, their parents want to know, and Americans interested in the progress of government also want to know. My experience in both public service and the universities has convinced me that today these opportunities are more significant than perhaps ever before in our national history—because government is now affecting our lives in so many vital ways. And unless I misjudge the signs, these opportunities will become even more significant.

During the past few years I have been in close touch with many of the young men and women who have come to Washington to accept appointments earned in open competition. They begin at the bottom of the official scale at $1440 or $1620 or, in professional positions, at $2000 a year. The most capable are rising rapidly; their responsibilities are increasing; and their future is bright. They are finding careers.

In the cities, too, career opportunities are expanding. Here the most spectacular career-men are the city managers. I could draw up a long and impressive list of able men capitalizing opportunities in the municipal field. It would include Clarence A. Dykstra of Cincinnati, John N. Edy of Toledo, and Louis Brownlow, one-time commissioner of the District of Columbia, later manager of Petersburg, Virginia, and Knoxville, Tennessee, and more recently adviser to President Roosevelt on reorganization of the national administration.

The depression, of course, is partly responsible for the growing interest in the public service. As the depression wanes, will civil service retire to the relatively modest rôle which it played in the booming days of prosperity? I think not. The ringing message of the President to Congress on January 12, asking for a new order in the administration of public affairs, and the pending extension and improvement of the civil service look squarely in the opposite direction.

Today the affairs of the national government are administered by about 835,000 men and women, excluding military and semi-military forces. This number will doubtless be reduced as the emergency passes, but the long-time trend is toward an expanding payroll. To maintain our federal staff, the civil service places about 40,000 persons a year. The exact number in the state and city services is not known, but the estimates place the total civil personnel at about three and a quarter millions. How many thousands enter state, county, and city service each year cannot even be estimated, but the figure would probably run close to 100,000.

The idea of careers in the civil service is not new. Progressive leaders were talking about it at least fifteen years ago, and there has been a good deal of quiet but sound development. The classic illustration in the federal government is the foreign service of the State Department. Theodore Roosevelt laid the groundwork, and in 1924 Congress set up a real career service—open competitive examinations, a graduated scale of pay, regular raises (except in depression!), freedom of transfer, possibility of advancement to positions of responsibility and prestige. When foreign-service examinations were resumed in 1936, more than seven hundred highly trained college and university graduates competed for about thirty appointments.

The forest service in the Department of Agriculture is another excellent example of a career bureau. Two years ago, while en route from Chicago to Washington, I hap-

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pened to make the acquaintance of a young junior forester. His infectious enthusiasm for his work is still fresh in my mind as a symbol of the *esprit de corps* of this splendid organization. He was so interested in his first view of the trees on the Indiana prairie that he could hardly endure the falling of night.

The demand for foresters is steady, and at present greater than the available supply. Each year we find it necessary in the Commission to announce an examination for junior forester as well as for the related job of range examiner. The examination is a stiff one, virtually necessitating professional training in a forestry school. Forestry is rapidly tying in to soil conservation, land purchase, and large-scale planning. When my friends in the forest service describe the scale and complexity of their present duties, I am convinced that here lies one of the most challenging opportunities for young people with a sense of social responsibility and a love for the out-of-doors.

The Civil Service Commission offers one examination not requiring special experience, known—perhaps for lack of a better term—as junior civil-service examiner. This title is somewhat misleading because in actuality the examination leads to appointments in almost every department of the federal government. It is designed to give non-specialized college graduates a chance to enter public service along with their college mates who specialized in chemistry, bacteriology, statistics, accounting, or whatever. The examination was first given in 1934, drawing a class of more than 7000 college graduates, of whom about half flunked. More than 1200 eligibles have since been appointed to junior positions usually paying $1440 or $1620 a year.

What kinds of jobs have these junior examiners been taking? Some, of course, are in the Civil Service Commission, handling examination papers, but others have "graduated" to more difficult tasks. Fifteen became field personnel officers in the Farm Credit Administration, after an introductory training course in this subject; a large group are handling simple statistical work in the Bureau of Labor Statistics; others are working as student fingerprint experts with J. Edgar Hoover. In short, they are doing all sorts of non-professional work, with a chance to transfer to the special kind of employment in which they are interested and to take advantage of the educational facilities of Washington.

The examination was given again in the summer of 1936 in order to establish a new register, and this time over 21,000 collegians tried their luck. The young men and women who stand at the top of this examination represent the best of American college and university education, and it is a matter of great gratification to the Commission that they are turning to the public service for a career. How broad an opportunity opens up from this examination is suggested, not only by the number of appointments made, but also by the variety of subjects in which the appointees majored.

While this examination corresponds roughly to the foreign-service examination, nevertheless one cannot yet say that we have a career service in the home departments corresponding to the career service in the State Department. The pressure for better career opportunities, however, is unremitting, and the more progressive departments are already beginning to develop career ladders.

So far as the scientific and professional positions are concerned, the examination system is well adapted both to the needs of the service and to our educational system. The junior professional examinations are based on a college major and do not require any practical experience. The entrance salary is $2000 a year, a figure set to correspond to the salaries of young college graduates going into teaching or into professional work in industry.

Thus the college graduate majoring in bacteriology is eligible to take the examination for junior bacteriologist, success in which may lead to an appointment with the United States Public Health Service, the Department of Agriculture, the Health Department of the District of Columbia, or the Veterans' Administration. In like manner, a "major" in mathematics or statistics qualifies for the examination for assistant statistical clerk or assistant statistician. The successful competitor may have a chance to work in the Bureau of Labor Statistics, in the Central Statistical Board, in the Tariff Commission, or in other important statistical units of the federal government.

One of the real advantages of working in the scientific and professional bureaus in Washington is the association with real leaders in the field. The practical training in statistics which can be had under the dynamic personality of Isador Lubin in the Bureau of Labor Statistics is priceless. I have often heard Lewis Meriam, a distinguished member of the staff of Brookings Institute, tell how much he owed to the training he received as a young man in the Census Bureau, working under Doctor Joseph A. Hill.

Many legal positions in the federal service are exempt from examination requirements—whether because the lawyers write the civil-service statutes, we need perhaps not inquire. Legal positions with the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Veterans' Administration, the Federal Communications Commission, the Employees' Compensation Commission, and the Maritime Commission only partly fall under the merit system.

The Tennessee Valley Authority also is exempt from civil-service requirements, but in fact TVA has built up an excellent personnel system of its own in which politics is conspicuous by its absence. The immense scale of operation of TVA, its broad social objectives, and its long-range program have stirred the imagination of many young people. Opportunities for social pioneering in this organization are perhaps unparalleled in any other organization in the federal constellation.

Professional and scientific examinations similar to most of those described above are offered from time to time by many of the state civil-service commissions and by commissions in the larger municipalities. Unfortunately, the large majority of the states and almost all the counties still lack the merit system; and appointments are made

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in these fields by various methods. With rare exceptions, a young man or woman desiring a career in the public service will be well advised to look elsewhere for an opportunity.

Career opportunities in municipal public health offices are excellent. The degree of Doctor of Public Health, awarded by several universities, is the fundamental educational prerequisite, although many doctors enter the field with the usual medical degree. The local-residence requirement is often waived. For example, when it became necessary two years ago to fill the position of health officer for the District of Columbia, a nation-wide inquiry by a special advisory board resulted in the appointment of Doctor George C. Ruhland, at that time health officer of Syracuse, New York.

If I pass over career opportunities in education in city and state, it is only because they are widely understood and appreciated. The bold fact which needs constant reiteration is that the city hall is becoming professionalized in considerable part, and is developing career opportunities under the steady and progressive influence of organized municipal officials.

In the lower brackets of employment, the local-residence rule often hampers an easy start. Once an individual is established as an "expert," however, in any one of these departments of municipal activity, opportunity is good. Two illustrations must suffice.

Some years ago a keen young man, O. W. Wilson, joined the police department of Berkeley, California, that unrivaled practical police school then presided over by Chief August Vollmer, since retired to serve as Professor of Police Administration at the University of California. While pounding a beat in this university city, Wilson also studied police administration. He is now the successful chief of police of Wichita, Kansas, and a leader in the movement to improve police service. His force is so well organized that he recently took a leave of absence for special study at Harvard University—in itself an index of both the man and the type of opportunity now at hand.

I haven't space to tell the story of the municipal internes in Los Angeles—eight nominated this year by the four universities in Southern California; of the significant contribution of William E. Mosher and his colleagues at Syracuse University in preparing young men for the public service; of the graduate seminar in public administration of the University of California, from which Samuel C. May has sent many able young men to the state capital at Sacramento; and of many other equally important ventures in public-service training.

But a word about the foundation of the Graduate School of Public Administration at Harvard University. The broad purpose of this foundation, established by Mr. Lucius N. Littauer in 1935, is to promote the science and art of government administration. The school will not offer vocational courses intended to prepare a young man to become a city manager, a field representative of the Social Security Board, or a warden of a state penitentiary. Neither will it be concerned with the theory of government and of social organization, subject-matter which is already admirably dealt with by other departments of the University. Its aim is to give men a deep and realistic insight into the problems of modern government as well as some knowledge of the methods of large-scale operations characteristic of present public administration.

Watching the government in operation, I have come to the conclusion that career opportunities demand greater facilities for continuous training after the first job has been won. New employees come to Washington knowing a good deal about test-tubes and flat-bed bookkeeping machines, but little about practical government business, and often little about the complex games of teamwork in a going concern. They need training in the practical aspects of their job.

Henry C. Wallace, father of the present Secretary of Agriculture, saw this fifteen years ago. As Secretary of Agriculture, he pointed out that, to maintain efficiency in a scientific organization under civil-service regulations, some provision must be made for the adequate training of those who enter the service in the lower positions. The Graduate School of the Department of Agriculture, founded by Secretary Wallace, is today the most extensive and successful of many in-service training facilities in Washington, which in recent years have expanded prodigiously. Last year it offered over forty courses, related to varied technical work of the Department, with an enrollment of over seven hundred. While this is the best known of the in-service training facilities in Washington, it is only one of twenty or thirty official programs designed to make employees more efficient.

A corresponding development is taking place in the field of municipal government, sponsored chiefly by the state leagues of municipalities and professional organizations of municipal officials. Here the lead was taken ten years ago by the conference of mayors of the State of New York. Short-time institutes for policemen and firemen were quickly extended into other fields. Zone schools were invented and located about the state to meet the needs of all cities. Recently these training facilities were chartered by the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York as the Municipal Training Institute.

In cooperation with the mayors' conference the Institute held training schools during 1936 for policemen, financial officials, assessors, public-works officials, civil-service officials, food inspectors, firemen, purchasing officials, city and village clerks, public-welfare officials, milk and dairy inspectors, and water superintendents and plant operators.

While New York was leading the way, inspired by Capes and Hall, Virginia was close behind with Wallerstein and Baumes; and notable progress has been made along similar lines by Smith in Michigan, Lambie in Minnesota, Maclarty in Illinois, MacMillin in Wisconsin, and Stutz in Kansas.

Meanwhile, with Emery Olson at the helm, the University of Southern California was developing the first

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major demonstration showing how a university can stimulate interest in further education and training throughout a wide variety of state, county, and municipal employees in a metropolitan center. The success of this demonstration is bound to lead in the near future to a country-wide network of regional in-service training centers.

These extraordinary developments of recent years are hardly recognized or appreciated. The extension of the merit system and the provision of opportunity for growth in the public service through these educational and training facilities have already gone far to lay the basis for a career system. Their cumulative effect over the next decade will not be negligible.

Returning now to the young man or young woman who is deciding whether to seek a career with the government, we may ask: Is it worth while to prepare for the civil service? For the individual who seeks a spectacular career, who desires to wield public influence publicly, or who wants to make money, I would say, no. But there are young men and women who want to work with one of the principal agencies for the progressive improvement of our national life, who are content with private sources of personal satisfaction, who command patience, and who can be satisfied, if successful, with an eventual income of six or seven thousand dollars a year. For them the public service has much to offer, and they are choosing it for their life work. They are marching forward confidently to take over administrative responsibilities which older hands are relinquishing year by year. The public service will not suffer when they come of age.

BEULAH BETTERSWORTH

Back yard in spring

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ACME

Desolation in America: flood waters of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES *is a regular feature of Scribner's Magazine containing short articles on distinctively American subjects and scenes*

Connecticut Flood

BERTRAM O. MOODY

HELP!''

Out of the darkness, perhaps ten feet away, came the cry—not as a man in terror, but as one seeking aid.

"HELP!"

A second later—this time farther away—downstream. Strange that I could hear it and do nothing! Was the voice real? A torrent of icy water was flowing over me. I clung to some crackling branches, my body a surfboard straight out in the current. I fought to keep my head above the churning surface.

"Help!"

This time it was a faint murmur above the roar of the waters—it came no more.

*

"Hey, Dad, hold on! I'm coming! Get up the tree!"

Out of the darkness shot the form of my son, crashing into the branches where I hung on. Together we fought desperately. Inch by inch, we gained against the current.

"Greater love hath no man," shouted Gordon, as we swung clear of the water and stood stunned and gasping in the top of a little apple tree—a scant six inches in diameter, its top branches weaving a circle four feet above our heads.

"Yes," said I, "but we aren't drowned yet."

Two yells came over the roar of the waters. Hart and Hannigan were in the other tree not twenty feet away. All four of us were safe for the moment—dripping wet and chilled to the bone. The man we had come out to rescue had gone down in the troubled current.

*

Twenty minutes before, we had been in our sixteen-foot outboard motor-boat, floating easily in the main street of Hadley, unloading onto a purring truck the last of the marooned folk from the West Street area.

Tonight the angry Connecticut was intent on making a new path across the fields. Already the West Street common was a vast waste of water—three feet deep on the highway, nearing the piazza roofs farther down the street—rising a foot an hour. Out beyond, on the main highway to the river, all the women and children had been picked up. Only a handful of hardy men remained.

The street lights were out, the houses dark save for an occasional kerosene lamp left burning in a window. The fire siren was wailing out the signal that the Turner's Falls dam, twenty miles up river, had gone. The warning bark of the state-police revolvers echoed from a distance.

"There'll be hell down here before morning!" came a voice from the truck. "The water's up a foot since your last load. There'll be nothing left beyond West Street."

"Who's out beyond?" we asked.

"McGrath's the nearest. You might get him. But you'll never make it."

We looked at each other. Leave a man out beyond with a wall of water due to strike in two or three hours?

"Let's try it!"

The motor coughed, settled into its steady hum, and we slipped down the main street, our search-light shooting its white ray a half-mile through the gently falling mist. A mirror-faceted highway sign gleamed six inches above the water beside the road. We were on Route 9!

Across the West Street common we hit the current—a sullen, relentless movement of water faster than a man could walk. The motor stepped up to full speed.

McGrath's house came out of the darkness, a single lamp shining from a window, but between him and our boat was a vacant lot two hundred feet in width, and through this spillway the river was pouring a lashing flood. Slowly we gained. A piece of ice struck us with a crash, but we slid by and kept on. A moment later we nosed against McGrath's porch. He came to the door, smiling.

"Come on," we shouted, "the dam's gone at Turner's Falls!"

He took his place in the boat. We waited for a lull in the ice cakes and were off into the current. Again the full, high-pitched hum of the outboard above the roar of the waters! Again the search-light cutting its white path through the blackness! We were in the full current now, headed diagonally upstream, but we made no headway. Slowly we were being beaten across the highway, backward. In a moment we were in the top of an apple tree, our starboard pushed against its bare branches, which formed a yielding cushion against which we gently swayed. For half an instant we hung there, motor on full, and then the ice was upon us. An unseen hand reached out and turned the boat over as quickly, as easily as one would turn the page of a book. In a second it had vanished in the blackness.

Now it was midnight. To the west the street-lights of Northampton lighted the clouds and cast a feeble, fitful glare upon the waters. A light glimmered in a solitary farmhouse half a mile below us in the open fields, now deep under water. Twenty-five feet to the east was the dark form of a corn-crib, or possibly a garage; beyond that, another twenty feet, a house—so close we were to safety. A hundred and fifty feet away, the light

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gleamed from McGrath's window, just as he had left it a few moments before to be taken to safety. And now McGrath was gone forever. . . . In two hours we would get the crest of the flood from the broken dam above. How much higher would the water rise? Four feet? Eight feet? We looked at the slender branches above our heads. There was no such leeway in our tree.

Ice water dripped from our clothes. Our shoes were full. We moved together and wrapped our coats about us for what little warmth there might be. Great waves of trembling shook us from head to foot. The boy spoke.

"This doesn't look too good, does it?"

"No," said I, "but it's the best we've got. We're still here and we'll stick as long as the tree does. If it goes, maybe we can grab a barn or something. Anyhow we're together."

I prayed silently—just what I don't remember, except that in it were my wife at home and the younger boy who was waiting on the shore for us to bring back another load of refugees. I looked across the waste of waters. God was here as well as on the land. I need not worry. After all, one has to die sometime. In the meantime we'd keep our shirts on and postpone it as long as possible.

We yelled for help—all four of us. Not that we expected to be rescued, for we knew no small craft could reach us, but it did us a world of good. Gradually as we stood in one position the heat of our bodies warmed our clothing, and we stopped shivering. Only as we moved did a hundred icicles torture us.

Hours passed. Hannigan's watch was still going, and we yelled for the time. His voice came over the roar of the water.

One o'clock. The boy spoke: "It's lucky for Mother and Lincoln you've got your life insurance, Dad. They'll need it now. And there's five hundred dollars on my accident policy." He looked off across the raging waters.

"And five thousand extra on my accident policy," I replied, "but I'm not ready to cash in on it yet."

Two o'clock. Ice cakes! They shot by us with ever-increasing speed as the water rose, little twenty-five-cent sizes that bobbed around like lump sugar in a sea of iced coffee, great chunks the size of a piano that crashed against our tree so viciously that the branches above our heads cut circles in the dim light. A log shot into the lower branches and lodged there.

Ice cakes! Platoons of white soldiers in irregular formation seeking our destruction. How we hated them! So relentlessly they came down. The steady roar of the water numbed our ears and beat into our brains. What would we give for a moment of silence!

There came a yell from the other tree, "All right down below?"

"O.K. so far," we answered, "but your watch runs backward!"

Three o'clock. The street-lights in Northampton went out, leaving us in blackness again. Rain fell in fitful sheets. Far downstream a venturesome photographer was taking pictures of the river, the white flashes dotting the darkness at intervals. The cold settled in our bones.

We noticed that the ice was piling against the garage a short distance from us. It diverted the current sidewise, making an eddying current with slack water in between. If we had to jump, perhaps we could take advantage of that eddying current and get to the garage. It was a long chance, but it was something to talk about. Time hung heavily on our hands.

Four o'clock. A huge cake of ice hit our tree a resounding thump. It cracked ominously.

"Time to go." I took off my raincoat and hung it on the limb, threw away my gloves, and leaned out to break away the small branches so that I might make a clean jump. Before my eyes the garage moved majestically downstream into the night. No sound above the roar of the waters, not an instant's warning! In its place was a broad stream of foaming water. The boy helped me on with my raincoat.

Five o'clock. The river was rising rapidly now, and the speed and noise were terrific. Our feet splashed in the water. The ice cakes came in great schools. A faint light toward the east told us daylight was on the way, but the fog around us made it still dark. Suddenly our tree cracked and fell over into the water. We were in an icy clutch that strove to tear us from the branches, the water pouring over us in a great wave. I reached for the log that had lodged in the tree. It stuck for an instant and a cake of ice struck me in the chest. I dodged around it, still clinging desperately to the log, and suddenly it broke loose. We shot downstream in a smother of broken ice and foam. Gordon held on to our tree until he saw me let go.

"Good-bye boys," he yelled to Hart and Hannigan, "our tree's gone," and followed me in the churning current.

"I've got a log!" I shouted. "Take the other end!"

He caught up, and we kicked toward the Hadley shore as lustily as we could. Strange how quiet it was after the roar of water near the highway! What a relief to be doing something after the long night! Never mind where we were going—we were on our way.

Strange that we did not feel the cold, yet we could feel ourselves growing stiff and numb. I wrapped the raincoat around the log and kicked on. My legs were going through the motions of swimming, but slowly now, like a frog in early spring. I wasn't ready to drop off yet, but I knew we couldn't last long.

Out of the darkness came a cake of ice as big as a dining-table. It slithered across my end of the log, and I pulled myself onto it.

"Come on," I yelled, "this cake is better than what we're on. Now we can go somewhere!" He swam down and lay with his chest on the cake, the log just under his waist, his feet still kicking in the water. I lay flat on my face and caught my breath. How comfortable a cake of ice felt after wrestling with a log! We were on top of the water and could go a while yet. My spirits rose. It was ten miles to the Holyoke dam and we might drift inshore before that.

I looked around at the boy. He was gone! I was alone on the cake and he was swimming ten feet away! My heart froze within me. With a great yell I urged him toward me, and finally my hand grasped his and he slid up beside me. We were still together. . . .

Our cake was in quieter water now, and we were drifting in a sea of broken ice. Out of the fog there loomed a black object on the water. It was too dark to make it out, but it came steadily closer and finally bumped us. We felt it with our hands. It was the side of a camp cottage, perhaps seven by ten feet in size, but it looked like the *Queen Mary*. We scrambled aboard and attempted to stand up, but it was too much for our numbed legs. There was no sense of balance in us, and we staggered about like two drunks, falling down again and again, only to pick each other up. Finally we grasped each other around the shoulders, braced our feet far apart, and clung to each other, torn by great waves of trembling that shook us all over. We shook so that it brought our sense of humor back, and we laughed. We could feel life coming back into our bodies.

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By this time we had drifted near a clump of trees and were wedged in the ice pack. The fog lifted, and we could see land, a quarter-mile away. Part of the distance was ice-covered, but near the shore a strong current swept along. We yelled for help with renewed hope. It was daylight now, and surely some one would hear us. Suddenly around a bend we sighted a boat—a surf-boat manned with eight oars. It ploughed steadily through the ice. Who could they be with that outfit? Two figures looked familiar. We looked again. Hart and Hannigan! Hart recognized us first and raised a mighty yell, "My God, it's the Moodys! Come here till we kiss you!"

There is a little more to tell. Shortly after we went downstream, Hart and Hannigan were picked up by three hardy young men in an outboard. Their motor went out of commission, and they were towed ashore by the same surf-boat which later rescued us. It was a twenty-four-foot craft, manned by a troop of sea scouts from Salem, who had trucked their boat through the night more than a hundred miles from the seaboard to render what help they could.

The surf-boat landed us in the center of Hadley, and we piled into a car that waited to take us home to dry clothes and a bed. I thought of my younger boy—where was he? We stopped to inquire and found him driving up the road just behind us. I looked back and saw him—a tired, white-faced boy in an old felt hat and a raincoat, driving slowly home, God pity him, to tell his Mother that his dad and his older brother had gone downstream in the night and would never return.

I jumped out of the car into the middle of the road just ahead of him, waving my arms. He came alongside, his face lighted up. "Where's Gordon?" he asked. I pointed to the other car where a familiar head stuck through the door. His face broke into a broad grin. We started for home. . . .

Odd Fellows' Hall

NANCY HALE

THERE was a dancing-school in Wickham in those days, to which all the same children that went to the day-school went on Thursday afternoons. Dancing-school kept only through the four most wintry months, and all the girls took their slippers in slipper-bags, to put on after they had pulled off their snowy galoshes. . . . They were the same children as at regular school, but something about that dancing-school, something about that difficult, festive, late-afternoon atmosphere made me feel twice as shy of them and twice as left out as at day-school.

The class was held in Odd Fellows' Hall, down in the village; a severe, ugly, brick building beyond the Post-office; *Odd Fellows' Hall* was printed in old gilt letters on a big board made of a sort of black sandpaper, over the door. You went up a steep, straight flight of stairs to the second floor, your best dress enveloped by your heaviest coat, in your ice-flecked galoshes and the woolen stockings that would be peeled off in the cloakroom. Already you could hear the notes of quick, disquieting music played on a piano—*Babes in the Wood,* or the *Merry Widow Waltz.* Coats were taken off in a dark room full of long racks, and at the door to the big hall you mixed in the confused crowd that was forming into a double column to march in.

DRAWINGS BY WARREN CHAPPELL

There was a queer, tremulous feeling about being in your best dress, in your patent-leather ankle-ties; your legs felt long and cold in unaccustomed thin stockings. My dancing-school dress was made of black velveteen, and I wore a guimpe, and there were slots in the front of the dress for the gold-colored sash to go through. I hated it. All the other girls wore pink, or blue, or white dresses, of muslin or crêpe de Chine, and their stockings were silk; their slippers had straps that crossed over the tops of their insteps. Mine had straps that began at the back of the heel and buttoned at the front of the ankle. They all knew each other very well and lived in the village. Only once in a while one of them would come way out on the drifted roads to my house to play.

That lady that played the piano played it very loud and fast and brightly. When she dashed into the beginning of the *Radetsky March,* that meant that we were to come in. Two by two, girl and boy and girl and boy, we would march down the length of the hall to where Miss Macomber stood in turquoise-blue taffeta, cut short enough to show her beautiful little feet in bronze kid slippers with high heels. Although I can remember all the rest of it, I can never remember what her face was like. All I remember is the turquoise dress she always wore and those small, intelligent little feet in bronze pumps. . . . At the end of the procession there were always

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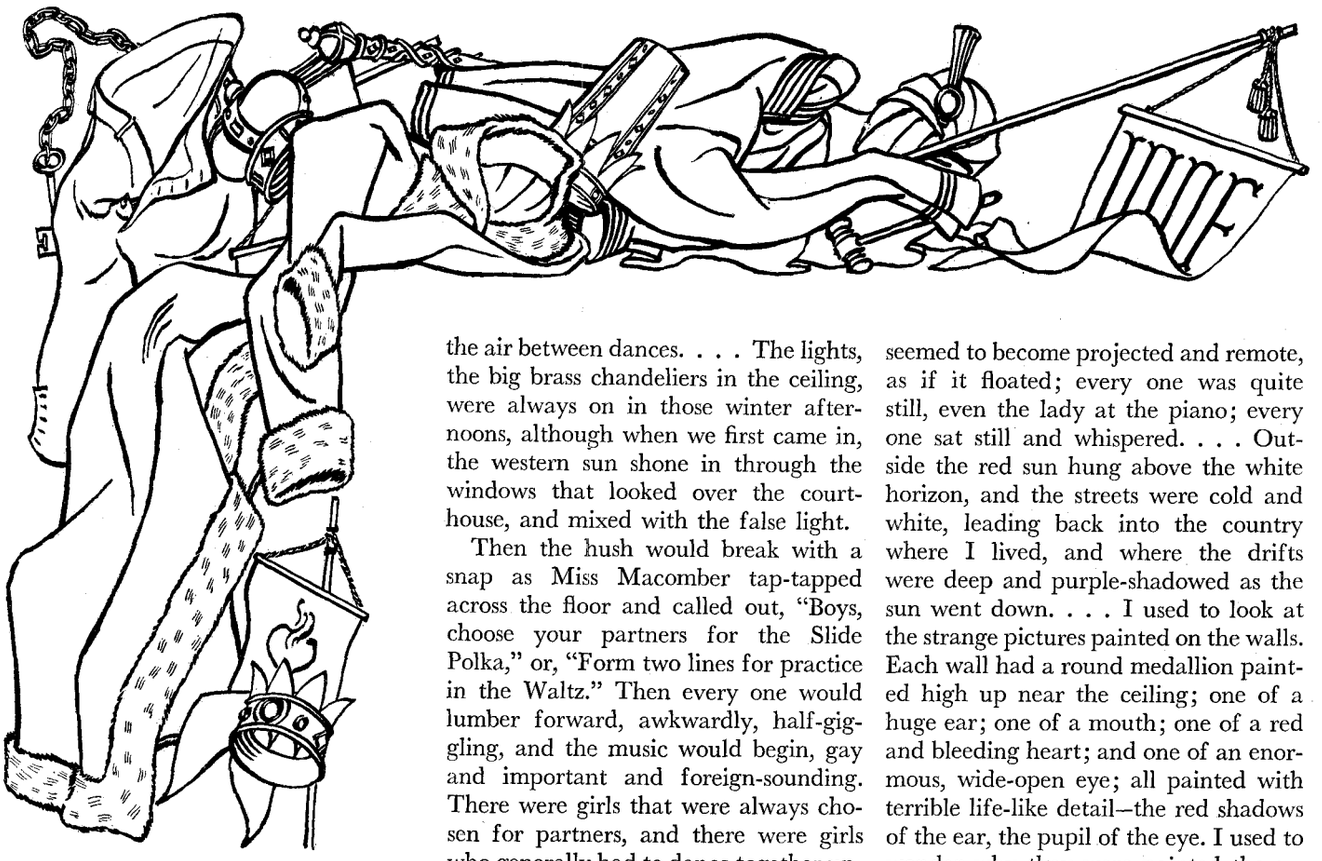

two or three couples of girls, because there were never enough boys to go around. I was usually at the end.

Coming into the room was like bursting into some strange and alarming Paradise, some enchanted place where you did not belong. The floor was vast and shining; far down at the end stood the piano on a platform, with the lady's hands lifting and dropping on the keys; and Miss Macomber, little and straight and formal, bowing to each couple as they bowed and curtsied and went to the gilt chairs along the wall.

Miss Macomber had a high, clear voice, and she used to call the dances and tell us what to do, as we sat along the wall in the small, fragile gilt chairs that seemed so elegant. We sat with our ankles crossed, and anybody who forgot and dangled her legs was quickly corrected across the floor by Miss Macomber, who never forgot any one's name. There were short pauses between the dances, when the music stopped and Miss Macomber would walk, with her little delicate steps, across to the chairs where the mothers sat, and talk to them. The children whispered and laughed across each other, and squirmed in their seats; there was a very special hush in the air between dances. . . . The lights, the big brass chandeliers in the ceiling, were always on in those winter afternoons, although when we first came in, the western sun shone in through the windows that looked over the courthouse, and mixed with the false light.

Then the hush would break with a snap as Miss Macomber tap-tapped across the floor and called out, "Boys, choose your partners for the Slide Polka," or, "Form two lines for practice in the Waltz." Then every one would lumber forward, awkwardly, half-giggling, and the music would begin, gay and important and foreign-sounding. There were girls that were always chosen for partners, and there were girls who generally had to dance together unless Miss Macomber did some arranging. The clumsy ones were sometimes picked to dance with Miss Macomber herself. That was like flying. Her hand lay very lightly, very surely, on the back of your dress, and you felt yourself dancing, really dancing, round and round, like flying. . . . Sometimes I danced with other heavy, lumbering girls, and sometimes Miss Macomber took a boy, in his blue serge suit, and held him by the arm and brought him up to where I sat; then, according to formula, he would bow—a funny jerk of the head and shoulders that made his hair flop in his eyes—and mumble, "M'ave pleasuris dance?"

But I always liked it best when I had been doing two-steps all wrong, finding it impossible to make the little double-step at the turns, and Miss Macomber would put her arm around my shoulders and dance with me herself. Any one could have flown with her. Somehow when I danced with her I felt I belonged here, that I had some actual part in it all, and I never felt that at any other time.

In the intervals between the dances, when the other children were whispering, I used to look at the hall we were in, and at the faint and fading glow that came in the windows of the west. It was so hushed, the room full of people seemed to become projected and remote, as if it floated; every one was quite still, even the lady at the piano; every one sat still and whispered. . . . Outside the red sun hung above the white horizon, and the streets were cold and white, leading back into the country where I lived, and where the drifts were deep and purple-shadowed as the sun went down. . . . I used to look at the strange pictures painted on the walls. Each wall had a round medallion painted high up near the ceiling; one of a huge ear; one of a mouth; one of a red and bleeding heart; and one of an enormous, wide-open eye; all painted with terrible life-like detail—the red shadows of the ear, the pupil of the eye. I used to wonder why they were painted there.

At the end of each dancing-class we formed for the Grand March, and paraded two by two around the room to the fast and stirring march music; we formed fours, separated, formed eights, fours, twos, and by ones marched round and round into a spiral from which the leader had to extricate us by reversing. Finally the march to Miss Macomber to bow and curtsey good-bye; we tramped up to her tiny, erect figure and fumbled through the gestures, and marched again out of the door to the cloakroom.

It was all over. Coats and galoshes were put on again, and you went down those steep stairs to the dark street where street-lamps shone on the heaped-up snow, your slipper-bag in your hand. The magic, the queer loneliness and unbearable feeling of not belonging, the bright, foreign atmosphere were over, and I used to walk back with my mother along the frozen, rutted roads, in the darkness into the round radiance of a country street-light and into the darkness again.

It was in a February that I went on the wrong day. I knew it as soon as I opened the big door and climbed the stairs—there were no music and no sounds of chattering. I had a hard pang of hurt because I knew nobody well enough to learn such a thing as the others

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would, by passed-around word of mouth. I wished hard, as I often wished, that we didn't live far out in the country, but in one of the warm, snug little houses in the village, where I would be one of the crowd; and then right off I knew, as I always knew, that that wouldn't make the difference I wanted, that it was something else, that there was just something wrong with me.

I went on climbing the stairs, slowly, and an old man came out from the cloakroom and said, "Hello." He looked at me, and I came on upstairs and stood there, not wanting to go home after I had walked to the village to go to dancing-school.

"Guess you didn't hear, school's put off till next week. Lady's sick," he said. He went on looking at me, amiably. I knew he must be the caretaker. He had on an old overcoat and a cap with ear-muffs, and he was smoking a pipe.

"What are those pictures for in the hall? What do they mean?" I asked him, swinging my slipper-bag.

"Them? They're part of the Odd Fellows, y'know. I didn't ought to give away what they mean."

"Oh," I said. I started to go downstairs again.

"Want to see the stuff they rig up in?" he asked suddenly. I went upstairs again. I didn't know what he meant.

He opened some big wardrobe cupboard beyond the rows of racks. I had never noticed the cupboards, beyond the mess of children's coats that always hung in front when I came.

There were scarlet robes trimmed with ermine, and purple robes, and great cloaks of velvet and satin and plush and fur. There were gold crowns and great high headdresses studded with huge jewels. There were satin suits in brilliant colors, and jeweled sceptres stacked in a corner.

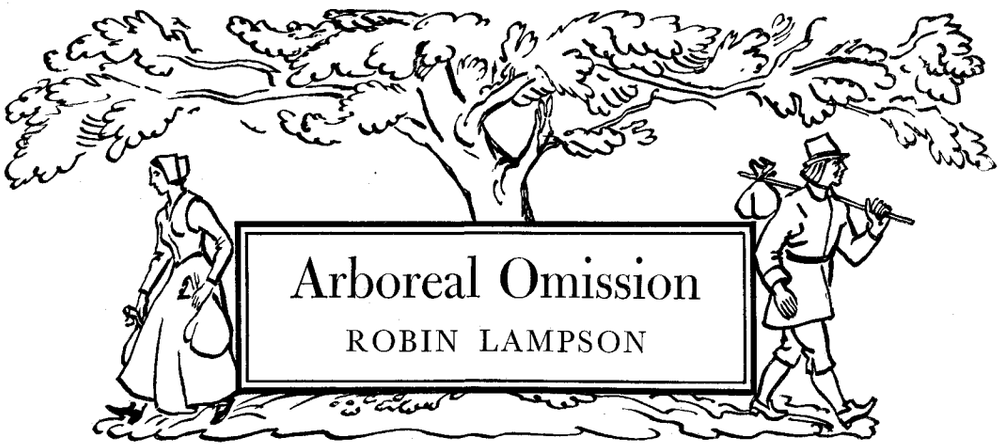
"The Odd Fellows, they rig up in these here when they hold their meetings," he said. "Mighty fine sight."

I looked past the wardrobes to the long, empty hall, with its floor shining in the western sunlight. I could see them all, dressed like kings and princes, holding court in the hall. At last I knew why there was a throne at the end of the room, beside the piano where the lady played for dancing; the greatest king of all sat in it, and all the gorgeous others sat about in the gilded chairs, in their scarlet and purple and ermine. That was what this hall was for. This was its real meaning, not a children's dancing-class. I saw them, glittering in their magnificence under the artificial lights, under the shining chandeliers, holding their strange and magnificent rites.

He showed me all the things, and then he shut up the wardrobes and I went away down the stairs into the cold, late-afternoon street. I walked home through the winter dusk, thinking about the Odd Fellows and wondering who they were. Did they meet secretly here, coming from far spots all over the earth to hold their gorgeous meetings in a building deceptively brick and ugly? I thought about them as you would think about a wonderful rich secret; I had seen their robes and their finery, I knew about their meetings. Nobody else did.

None of the other children, having their dancing-class, whispering and laughing and owning the place, knew that this place was the scene of magnificent revels. Nobody but me. It was a hot, vibrating feeling inside me. Now, suddenly, I belonged and nobody else did. I knew a secret about the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Afterwards I used to think about the royal robes that were hidden so near, as I sat on the gilt chairs and listened to the quick dance-music starting up. I always had a proprietary sense, secretly; a realization that I knew the real meaning of the place. I never felt left out, after that.



Arboreal Omission

ROBIN LAMPSON

The one most humanly significant thing about trees
You neglected to mention, Joyce Kilmer, when defining abilities
Human and divine: if there is one measure of divinity
More in trees than in men, it is that a tree, knitted
To one spot of the earth, can spend all of its life drawing sustenance
From the earth and the air, and grow into strength and beauty
And dignity, and add grace to the earth—without gregarious
Or predacious dependence on its kind, or fretful strutting
And pacing on the cluttered and lonely highways of this planet.

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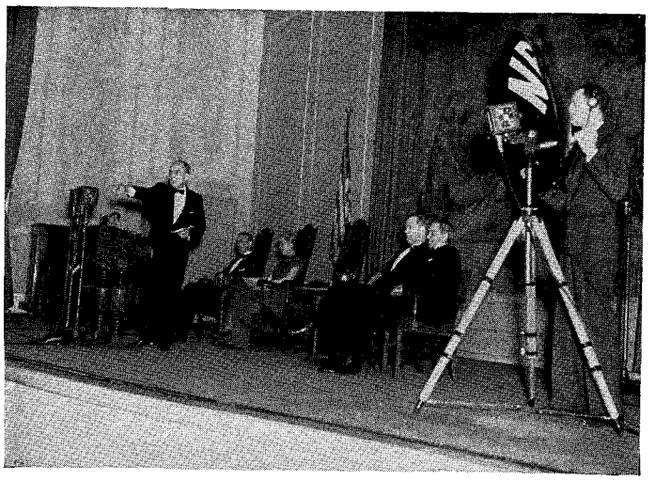
Speaking out in the Town Meeting of the Air



Answering back from the rostrum

The People and the Arts

GILBERT SELDES

The Good Will Court . . . Coming to Terms with the Radio . . . Maxwell Anderson and Eugene O'Neill . . . Taking Popularity Away from the Charlatans

THE disappearance of the *Good Will Court of the Air* from the radio networks deserves a great deal more attention than it has had. By a ruling of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York State, it was declared unethical for members of the bar to give legal advice through any medium of publicity, and as the *Good Will Court* was based on advice given by active and former judges, who are members of the bar, the program was extinguished as fatally as it would have been if the power generators at the broadcasting station had failed.

Originated by A. L. Alexander as a sustaining program on local station WMCA, the *Good Will Court* proposed to hear in the open the grievances, complaints and, to an extent, the miseries of people who did not know whether they could go to law for redress, or could not afford legal advice, or were afraid to fall into the hands of unscrupulous lawyers, and yet lived with the intolerable sense that they had been wronged. The program was successful, and last September was broadcast nationally with a commercial sponsor. Before its allotted thirteen weeks had passed, the sponsor renewed the contract for a longer period, but the ruling of the Appellate Division, from which there is no appeal, put an end to it. Bar associations in neighboring states had already declared their opposition to the program, and its originator felt that even if he could broadcast from some other spot, it would not be seemly that a program which undertook to elucidate the law should be itself evading the law.

It was with this program in mind that I wrote in the December issue of SCRIBNER'S: "I can foresee a time when radio will not merely report a trial by jury, but in certain civil disputes take the place of it." Apparently the Appellate Division saw what I saw and considered the *Good Will Court* a threat to the monopoly of the judicial process which judges and lawyers in courts now hold, and acted in self-defense as any medieval guild would do. The fifteen or twenty cases heard each week on the air withdrew only a small income from the thousands of lawyers in the New York district, but the potential millions of listeners were, so to speak, seeing before their eyes the erection of a second institution for the settlement of legal disputes, and this one was simple, inexpensive, and remarkably friendly. Not conceived as a court of arbitration, the *Good Will Court* seldom brought both parties to a dispute to the microphone; it assumed that the complainant was telling the truth and gave advice accordingly. There were no legal technicalities, no badgering of witnesses, none of the pedantries and intricacies of the law, and no majesty. There was authority, and this authority came from the presence "on the bench" of active or retired judges.

The *Good Will Court* was actually more interesting as a social phenomenon than as a commercial program. It ran an hour, and its tone was rather monotonous. Although we all have sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortune of others, we are not all compassionate enough to want to listen to a long recital of wrongs; and the ordinary radio program which runs an hour is so varied and so light that this series of complaints ended by becoming monotonous. Yet Mr. Alexander protected the integrity of his air court by refusing to invent and plant cases which might afford comic relief. There were episodes which were trivial and some which were tragic. What the listeners got was an insight into the lives of people, many of them poor, many of them ignorant,

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all of them aware for the first time of an opportunity to unpack their hearts, not in futile scolding or mean family quarrels, but in circumstances of considerable excitement and some dignity; one felt their bewilderment and that sense of helplessness which is sometimes more dreadful than poverty itself. They wanted to know what to *do*. On one occasion an eminent psychiatrist was substituted for the judges and the dramatic tension of the program disappeared because, although he represented wisdom, he did not represent authority and he did not lead directly to action. With the judges on the bench, a man complained that an enemy was continually calling him a jailbird and the judge could tell him at once whether legal steps could be taken to put an end to this discomfort; or a mother could complain that her son refused to support her—obviously not willing to endure the rancor and the shame of bringing such a case actually before a court of law; or advice on the procurement of divorce might be given. A psychiatrist or sociologist in the same position was comparatively ineffective. (This, of course, was in the minds of the Appellate Division also; it was law that the complainants wanted, and law that they got. But it was not by due process.)

The astute and thoughtful radio editor of the *New York Post,* Mr. Aaron Stein, had serious doubts about this program. "It is not entertainment," he said, "and it is not art." He felt that it served a useful purpose under a system "that makes law and justice a difficult and terrifying matter to persons who are poor and depressed." Yet he felt that the program was barbarous, its publicity indecent, and its attraction to the audience morbid. Except for the last, which cannot be proved, I think that these points rather favor the *Good Will Court* than otherwise; the program was not art and gained immeasurably by contrast to those which were; it had sincerity which might lead to dullness, but which also led to true emotion. As for publicity, the very extent of the broadcast was a sterilizing influence. To go around the corner to a Magistrate's Court, among neighbors and friends, is probably more harrowing than to stand before the impersonal microphone and know that millions of people — total strangers — might be listening. Although two judges were on the bench, there was a sense of a jury of millions of one's peers. That was the real strength of the program to those who appeared on it. When the Chicago Bar Association declared that the *Good Will Court* exploited human misery for commercial purposes, it only covered its next line of attack that "the *Court* encroaches on the practice of law"; and the final accusation that "it undermines confidence in the courts" could only be proved true if an advertising scheme offered at least an avenue to justice and the courts did not.

I go into all of these details about a single program because what it accomplished and the method by which it was destroyed both point to the undeveloped potentialities of radio as a factor in our daily lives. Here radio was giving, without charter, services which had been held as a monopoly; in the monopoly which newspapers had on news, a compromise with radio has been reached; but what does any one imagine would happen if a layman announced over the air a simple cure for the common cold? I know that charlatans have already used radio for advertising fake cures, but my suggestion is that the monopoly of physicians would violently oppose publicity even to the most legitimate of remedies, even if those remedies were not private property. The same thing holds in other fields. The radio is a new instrument of distribution, you may call it a democratic or mass instrument; you have to come to terms with it.

As radio entertainment, moreover, the *Good Will Court* was the most conspicuous of the programs which all this year have been breaking down the prestige and authority of the professional at the microphone. Another one, very ably managed, is called *We, the People*—its management, in fact, is superior to its material, and neither comes up to the promise of the title. Any listener may propose himself for this program; a mother and son who had been lost to one another ever since the child was placed in an orphan asylum, twenty years ago, are brought together and both tell their stories; a father and son, one a backwoods fiddler, the other a violinist of a metropolitan band, both play and make a bet on their popularity with the audience; a man finds a way to increase the number of eggs his hens will lay by putting blinders on them—obviously the spectacular and the trivial have as much room on a program of this sort as the soundly emotional. In part it corresponds to the more human items in Ripley's *Believe It or Not*. Nevertheless, it does bring a variety of citizens before the microphone and if the program were not directed so much to evoke the warm tear and the quick laugh, it might be more important still.

On a number of programs, unprepared interviews with average people come a little closer to hitting the mark, and *America's Town Meeting of the Air,* which has always made time for questions from its studio audience, has begun to experiment with questions relayed from the outside where groups of people frequently gather to listen to the debate and to discuss the problems presented. Even brief questions can indicate the direction in which people's minds are going. At present I know of no method by which the average man's opinions and perplexities can be broadcast; nor is there any proof that if they were broadcast, they would be listened to. Yet I am pretty sure that radio could enrich itself by creating such opportunities. Possibly this is a good field for local stations if the networks leave it unworked.

What the man on the street has to say

*

I look back to the title—which I have asked the editor to make permanent—of these reports and wonder whether there is much justification for writing about the theater at all. Certainly the theater is an art, but when you think of the appeal to the people which the radio makes, you wonder whether the theater is conscious of the people at all. I am thinking particularly of the production of *The Wingless Victory,* by Maxwell Anderson. Since Mr. O'Neill has won the Nobel

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Prize, Mr. Anderson must be called the second most significant of our serious playwrights; after I had seen *Winterset,* I believed it was quite possible that he could easily be the first; but the defects over which *Winterset* triumphed apparently represent something essential in Mr. Anderson's composition. That play and the present one both deal with a noble theme, the destruction of human love by the world's injustice. The distant inspiration of the first was Shakespeare (*Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*); the distant inspiration of *The Wingless Victory* is, as the name implies, Greek, the legend of Medea. But for *Winterset* Mr. Anderson also had a direct compulsion in his memories of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial; I found no counterpart in the new play. It is the fable of a rebellious son of a New England household who brings back, after seven years of wandering, a princess of the Celebes, whom he has married on his very successful voyages. Salem treats her as an outcast, and the ostracism both suffer corrupts their love until by a trick she is driven out and kills their children and herself.

This is indeed a cue for generous tears, and Mr. Anderson seems to have written it for the minute number of those who respond to poetic language in the theater. To that language he virtually sacrifices the dramatic action; for it he made some of his characters seem unreal. I cannot quarrel with the method which comes as second nature to this distinguished dramatist; he feels keenly the meanness of the ordinary realistic play and to themes of dignity and tragic worth he brings an appropriate exaltation of style, just as Miss Katherine Cornell lifts the acting of the play from melodrama to tragedy. But I also feel that Mr. Anderson is not reconciled to writing prose, certainly not to using the common language. This is not because he has any class feeling. It must be because he does not feel that the emotions he wants to convey can be expressed in common terms.

Mr. O'Neill, on the contrary, can, and often does, write a simple language which is also pure; he is separated from his audience in another way. Setting aside *Strange Interlude* as a unique example of an intellectual circus, we find that Mr. O'Neill's great popularity was based on *Anna Christie* and *Ah, Wilderness!* In neither of these is the influence marked of the dramatist whom Mr. O'Neill hailed as his great inspiration when he accepted the Nobel Prize: August Strindberg. It was an act of justice for him to say it and it made me think that the Swedish Academy had selected for their laureate this year as good a European dramatist as they could find. They crowned the author of *The Great God Brown, Dynamo, Desire Under the Elms, Marco Millions,* and *The Fountain* much more than the author of *Ah, Wilderness* and *Anna Christie.*

That is, I suppose, pure chauvinism in literature, but I do not see why it is admissible for Europeans to be Europeans and require that Americans should be good Europeans too. I think that the influence of Strindberg has cut Mr. O'Neill off from a large part of his potential audience, just as the influence of the poetic drama has cut Mr. Anderson off. It is well enough for both of them not to care for popularity in the sense that neither will do anything he dislikes doing in order to gain popular success. But there is another aspect of popularity concerning which an artist must make up his mind. I think before we are clear on this subject we will have to reconsider most of the terms we use, because we still work on the principle that only those things are worth communicating which comparatively few people will understandingly receive, and it is not a particularly good theory.

The theory is, in fact, based largely on our experience with popular taste in reading, music, painting, and the allied arts, and the experience is faulty because in almost every case the material offered for popular judgment was never intended for popular approval. We are confused by the fact that nearly every one can read and look at a picture or hear music played; but *South Wind,* the painting of Picasso, and the latest composition of Stravinsky were meant to be understood by a few thousand human beings, and we ought not to be surprised that they are rejected by a few million. Actually we know almost nothing about mass entertainment and in the little we do know, the comparatively sound taste of the public is striking. I suggested last month that a substantial proportion of the most successful movies were good pictures; here you have an instance of works specifically intended to please millions of people who have little experience with the principles of the great arts and yet instinctively choose some at least of the better examples offered. The list of books which have sold over half a million copies in the past twenty-five years in this country is a depressing one, and I think that one reason for this is that the people who really wanted to sell half a million copies had uninteresting minds and rather mean souls. But in the twenties H. G. Wells, Hendrik Van Loon, and Will Durant all deliberately set out to create popular works, and much as you may quarrel with the result, you cannot feel that their books have brought low the level of general culture—and each one of these appears on the sacred list of the best-sellers. You may make whatever reservations you will about *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone with the Wind;* I do not know whether the author of either definitely intended to be popular; all I am sure of is that each of these books is far more respectable esthetically than hundreds which have failed.

I know it is dangerous to say this, but I think it would be a good thing if men like Maxwell Anderson and Eugene O'Neill would try to be as popular as, say, Mark Twain. It would be a good thing if both of them wrote directly for the movies, not in an effort to improve the films, which need improvement (but not from them), but in an effort—if I dare say so—to improve themselves. We have let the wrong people monopolize popularity for far too long a time, until the name itself is almost an offense. And just as in politics we will have to take patriotism away from the scoundrels, so in the arts we will have to take popularity away from the charlatans.

"We, the People"

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How Sophisticated Are You?

THIS month SCRIBNER'S offers a new type of test whose success depends upon your individual honesty. On this and following pages are set down twenty-five situations, all of them possible, plausible, perplexing, and likely to occur any day, either in your life or in that of someone you know. With each situation are given five possible choices of action, and it is up to you to decide which course of action you think the intelligent adult American should follow. Make your decisions on the basis of the facts stated about each situation; assume no others. Some of the questions involve social ethics, others involve only good manners or good taste.

Just as a possible guide to your discovering how "average" you are, these situation-questions have been tried out upon fifty persons who, in the editors' opinion, were both intelligent and socially wise, people definitely above the average run of Americans and accustomed to thinking independently. The answer to each situation made by the majority of these people is set down upon page 96. These answers are by no means intended to be the perfect solution to each situation, but the best of those offered. If they make you indignant or apoplectic, we're genuinely sorry. Next month we will resume the regular true-or-false general information tests.

(*The correct answers will be found on page* 96)

1. If you were a married bank clerk, earning a very small salary, and were the sole support of a widowed mother whose outlook on life was bilious and Victorian, should you:
(*Check one*)
☐ Bring her to live with you permanently?
☑ Place her in a state-supported old ladies home?
☐ Let her take care of herself?
☐ Send her enough money to rent a small room and eat?
☐ Steal from your bank so as to give her a home of her own?

2. If you were dining at the home of a slight acquaintance and were served a dish which you knew would upset your stomach, should you:
☐ Eat it and say nothing?
☑ Silently leave it untouched?
☐ Whisper to the hostess how it reacts on your stomach?
☐ Eat only a very small portion of it?
☐ Laughingly upset it in your neighbor's lap?

3. If you found yourself getting quite deaf and yet were very sensitive about wearing an ear-phone, should you:
☑ Get an ear-phone, regardless of appearance?
☐ Ask every one to "speak a trifle louder"?
☐ Move to Washington, D. C., where "you hear everything"?
☐ Smile and pretend you heard everything?
☐ Ask a friend to repeat the important things for you?

4. When you agree with the platform of a political candidate whom you know hasn't a chance of being elected, should you:
☐ Vote for the man you think is second best?
☐ Vote for the man you know will win?
☐ Vote for your candidate anyhow?
☐ Announce you'll move to Canada if your man loses?
☐ Refuse to go to the polls?

5. If you were a bashful girl dancing with a bashful boy and you suddenly discovered that your slip would come off if you didn't fix it at once, should you:
☐ Stop on the floor and let it drop?
☐ Gently maneuver him towards some potted palms?
☑ Ask him to hold you very tightly?
☐ Clutch desperately at your slip and run from the floor?
☑ Turn beet red and crawl off on all fours?

6. When important business associates are currently talking about a best-selling novel which you haven't read, should you:
☐ Take pride in not reading the book?
☐ Read a review of it and fake your conversation?
☐ Remain silent until you have read it?
☐ Rush to buy and read the book as soon as possible?
☐ Announce that you "haven't time for novels"?

7. When you are the host at a dinner party at which one guest is strongly prohibitionist, should you:
☐ Serve cocktails to all but that guest?
☑ Serve non-alcoholic cocktails?
☐ Compromise by serving beer?
☐ Whisper to each guest why you aren't serving cocktails?
☐ Try to get your "dry" guest tight by giving him cocktails which you say contain no alcohol?

8. When you know that the party is going to be a dull one, should you:
☑ Take a few drinks beforehand?
☐ Think up conversation topics to enliven it?
☐ Appear very drunk at a very late hour?
☐ Put in a brief appearance, then leave?
☐ Telephone a last-minute "sick aunt" excuse?

9. If your son was bright, active, healthy, and ready to go to college, should you:
☐ Send him to a large non-coeducational college?
☐ Send him to a coeducational state university?
☐ Send him to a small, old, conservative college?

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☐ Let him make his own choice?
☐ Give him the sum he would need for four years of college and tell him to use it to his best advantage?

10. If, three months after you were married, you discovered that your husband was an illegitimate child, should you:
☐ Write a sharp letter to his mother?
☐ Desert him and apply for a divorce?
☐ Shrug your shoulders and ask "Who cares?"
☐ Use it as a club to hold over your husband in the future?
☐ Tell your friends and neighbors and ask them what to do about it?

11. (*a*) (*For Men to Answer*)
If you were a reasonably contented married man and found that your pretty young secretary had fallen in love with you, should you:
☐ Conduct a clandestine affair with her?
☐ Stiffen your spine and talk to her as a father?
☐ Fire her and get a homely secretary?
☐ Tell your wife about it and await events?
☐ Have her transferred to another part of the office?

(*b*) (*For Women to Answer*)
If you were a good-looking young secretary and found that your attractive, unhappily married boss had fallen in love with you, should you:
☐ Quit your position?
☐ Pretend to reciprocate and "work him" for all he was worth?
☐ Fall in love with him and disregard the future?
☐ Inform him that you are already engaged?
☐ Tell his wife that you feel she should know what is happening?

12. (*a*) (*For Men to Answer*)
When you are a man on a crowded bus and your feet are sore and tired, should you:
☐ Gallantly give up your seat to any woman?
☐ Doggedly keep your seat and look straight ahead?
☐ Give up your seat reluctantly, mumbling something about "equal rights"?
☐ Give up your seat only if the female is pretty and young?
☐ Give up your seat only if the female is old or pregnant?

(*b*) (*For Women to Answer*)
When you are a woman on a crowded bus and your feet are whimpering for the relief a seat would give them, should you:
☐ Accept a seat offered you by an old man?
☐ Bash in the hat of the nearest seated man?
☐ Accept a seat only if offered you by a young man?
☐ Politely decline any seat offered you?
☐ Pretend to faint so as to get a seat?

13. If you had the opportunity to conduct a profitable business deal which you knew wasn't honest, but which couldn't quite get you into jail, should you:
☐ Wash your hands of the deal?
☐ Go through with the deal?
☐ Consult a priest or minister?
☐ Conduct the deal, then shoot yourself?
☐ Go through with the deal and give half the profits to charity?

14. If you were the beauteous daughter of a proud, conservative, impoverished Southern family in immediate need of cash, should you:
☐ Marry a wealthy man whom you did not love?
☐ Accept a $15-a-week clerk's job?
☐ Hire a press agent on a split-income basis?
☐ Appeal to a wealthy uncle with whom your father had quarreled?
☐ Accept $1000 for a cigarette-picture testimonial exploiting your family's social standing?

15. (*a*) (*For Women to Answer*)
If your husband kept continually referring to the way his mother does things as compared with your way of doing them, should you:
☐ Tell him to go home to his mother or else you'll go home to yours?
☐ In a tactful, humorous way, try giving him some of his own medicine?
☐ Learn how his mother does things, then do them her way?
☐ Be patient and accept it as one of his minor defects?
☐ Shriek that you wish you had never married his mother?

(*b*) (*For Men to Answer*)
If your wife kept continually comparing your way of doing things with the way her father does them, should you:
☐ Tolerantly ignore it as an idiosyncrasy?
☐ Surprise her with an old-fashioned spanking?
☐ Shout that you wish she had never had a father?
☐ Tell her that Papa may be a saint to her, but he's just an in-law to you?
☐ Tell her pleasantly but firmly to cut it out or you'll start referring to her in public as "my old battleax"?

16. If you were the somewhat pampered daughter of wealthy parents and, against their wishes, married the ambitious police reporter on the local paper, should you:
☐ Adapt your style of living to his income?
☐ Accept a generous allowance from your family?
☐ Get your father to give him a high-salaried job?
☐ Get your father to pay the paper the cost of doubling his pay?
☐ Use your influential business friendships towards making the editor boost him to a high position?

17. If a man who had once given you a dirty deal in a business proposition should start to shoot himself in front of you, should you:
☐ Let him go ahead without interference?
☐ Ask him to please use another office?
☐ Snatch the gun out of his hands?
☐ Call the police and struggle with him?
☐ Tell him to be sure he has enough bullets?

18. (*a*) (*For Men to Answer*)
When a sensitive friend of yours wears a dress which looks awful on her, and she asks you what you think of it, should you:
☐ Tell her you think it's very good-looking?
☐ Ask her where she picks up such gunny sacks?
☐ Tactfully point out what's wrong with it?
☐ Say it looks like the devil?
☐ Say, "I like it, but I don't think it suits your type"?

(*b*) (*For Women to Answer*)
When a man wears a new necktie which is vile-looking and asks you how you like it, should you:
☐ Tell him you think it's handsome?
☐ Thoughtfully say, "Well, yes and no"?
☐ Tell him you didn't think any cat would drag in such a thing?

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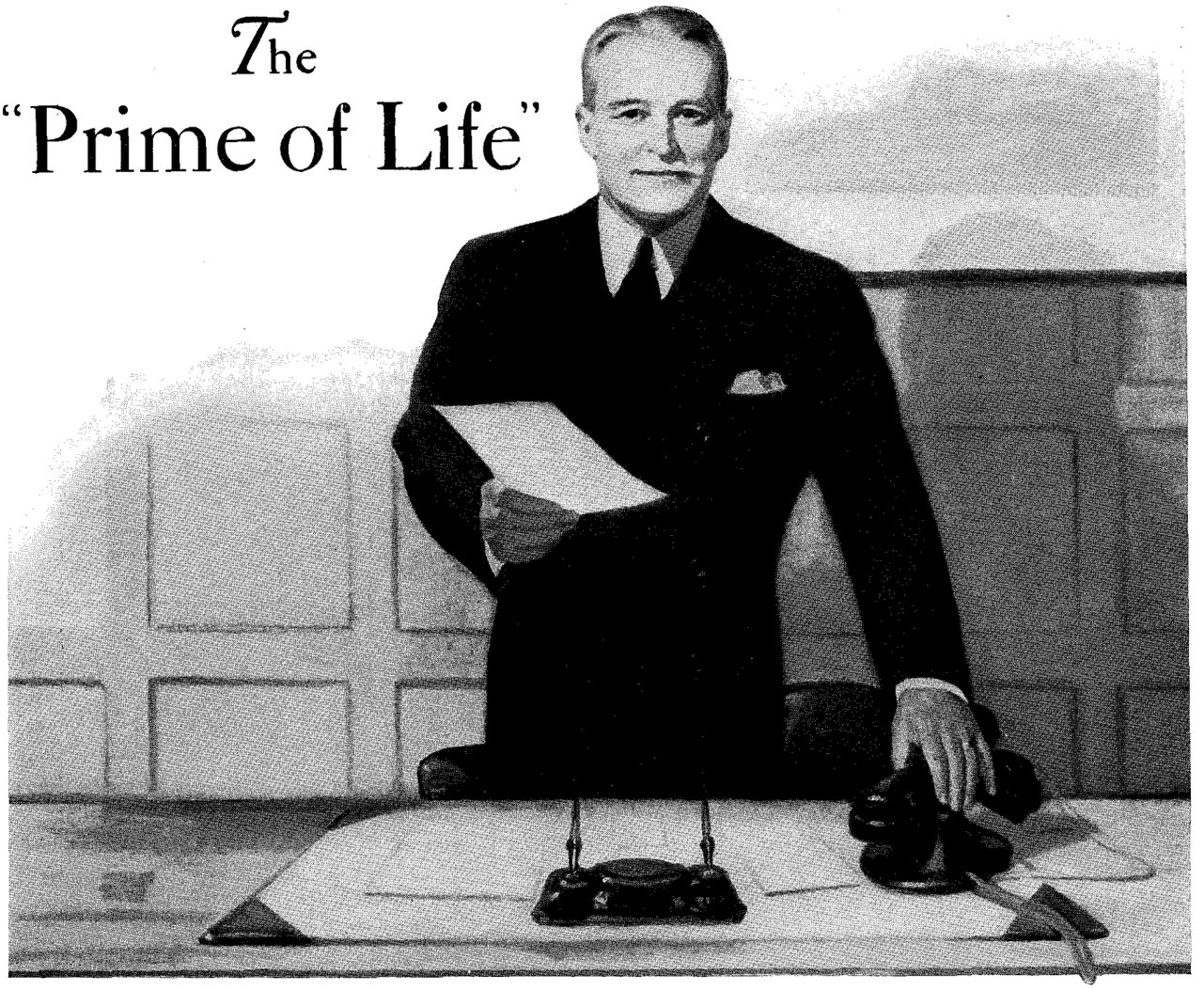
The "Prime of Life"



YOU may have read that the average length of life has risen from 49 to more than 60 years since the beginning of the century. You may not know that the greater part of this extension in the length of life from birth is due to gains in mortality at the younger ages. For those who have passed 40, conditions are much the same as they were.

The period from 40 to 60 years should be the "prime of life" when mental powers are high. The majority of the deaths which occur in this period are caused by chronic diseases of the heart and arteries, Bright's disease, cerebral hemorrhage, cancer or diabetes. Of these, heart disease is responsible for more deaths than any other cause.

While your doctor will not offer any medicine to soften brittle arteries, or to rebuild your heart, he can do a great deal to help you to lengthen your own life. He can do what you can't—he can, almost literally, look inside your body.

With the fluoroscope and X-ray, with chemical and other function tests he can observe your vital organs in action and can tell you their strength or weakness.

Unselfish men and women who give all they can to their families or their work, and people who are ambitious to reach a certain goal often neglect their health. Chronic invalids are more likely to seek medical advice and to follow it faithfully than are vigorous men and women who scoff at being coddled, and who often race past physical danger signs.

A great scientist said recently, "We know how to lengthen the lives of our children. We must learn how to persuade men and women past 40 to get the benefit of what modern science can do for people of their age."

To everyone interested in prolonging life, the Metropolitan will gladly send its booklet, "Taking Your Bearings." Address Booklet Dept. 337-S.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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☐ Politely say you think it belongs with another suit and shirt?
☑ Ask him whether he's often troubled with nightmares?

19. If you were selling your house to move to another city and knew that the furnace was defective and would soon need replacing, should you:
☐ Tell the person who bought the house?
☐ Keep mum and let him discover it for himself?
☐ Boost the price, then offer to knock off so much because of the furnace?
☐ Have a new furnace installed?
☐ Have the furnace repaired just so it would last a few years longer?

20. When you find yourself the only person in formal clothes at a dance, should you:
☐ Feel superior and act accordingly?
☐ Bravely make the best of it?
☐ Hurry home and change clothes?
☐ Keep out of sight as much as possible?
☐ Drink more than you should to give yourself courage?

21. If your wife liked to listen to Major Bowes and you couldn't stand him, should you:
☐ Magnanimously allow her to have her program?
☐ Stubbornly switch the dial to something else?
☐ Ask if she will share the hour with you fifty-fifty?
☐ Slip quietly into the bedroom and close the door?
☐ Jam on your hat and slam out of the house?

22. If a Negro, who had been fairly and legally convicted of assaulting your sister, was about to become the victim of a lynching party formed by your friends and neighbors, should you:
☐ Try to protect the Negro by helping the sheriff in his fight?
☐ Lend a hand to the lynching party?
☐ Stand back without taking sides?
☐ Defend the Negro with a dramatic plea for justice?
☐ Ask your sister what she wanted you to do, then act accordingly?

23. (*a*) (*For Women to Answer*)
If you were a girl of brilliant mind and possessed a Ph.D. in the literary field, but were falling in love with an uneducated truck-driver, should you:
☐ Marry him and forget your training?
☐ Turn him down because he was not your equal?
☐ Be with him as much as possible for several months, to see how you got along?
☐ Take a position, marry him, and send him to college?
☐ Bury yourself in your work and erase love from your life?

(*b*) (*For Men to Answer*)
If you were a professor of Greek in a dignified old college and found yourself madly in love with a pretty, but dumb and uneducated, waitress, should you:
☐ Marry her and accept a position at Columbia?
☐ Turn her down because you knew the marriage wouldn't work?
☐ Keep going out with her steadily to see whether she wore well?
☐ Try to give her, painlessly, a high-school education before proposing?
☐ Sigh and immerse yourself in the glories of ancient Greece?

24. If you had been married three years and had been earning a fair salary, but needed more so you could have children, should you:
☐ Take on night work to increase your income?
☐ Get a loan at the bank?
☐ Let your wife take a temporary full-time job?
☐ Postpone the children until you got a raise?
☑ Take a course in short-story writing?

25. If you found yourself absolutely alone on the edge of a very remote mountain-cliff with your wife, a sharp-tongued, spiteful hellion who made life wretched for you and every one else, should you:
☐ Remark on the beauty of the scene beneath you?
☑ Push her firmly and surely over the edge?
☐ Wait till you started down, then let her slip "accidentally"?
☐ Make another futile attempt to get her to be pleasant?
☐ Anger her so that she might attack you and thus give you an opportunity to push her over?

Hollywood Takes Over the Theater

(*continued from page* 28)

has forsworn the output of Broadway.

It is foolish to say that first audiences and critics do not affect the success of a play. They do. Some plays of small operating cost have managed to overcome a first prostration, but as a rule the chances for survival are slim.

How can a medium so restricted, so easily annihilated, be of any real significance? It is foolish to reply that Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell can tour the country to great audiences who find something that pictures cannot contribute. As able as they are, Miss Hayes and Miss Cornell cannot constitute a national theater. While Miss Hayes is playing in one theater, Miss Garbo is being seen in thousands. While Miss Cornell is playing one performance, Miss Dietrich is playing thousands. What are their comparative spheres of giving?

The theater's one justification for persistence in the face of the movies would have been a superiority in intent and realization which, unfortunately, it cannot claim. To say that the theater will always be with us does not mean that its being with us is important. There will always be chess tournaments and stamp collections, but their influence is not taken seriously by their addicts. And certainly the theater of today is an addiction. It is for those people who like to be in it and talk about it. As an indulgence it is exciting. As an influence it is negligible and, with all its dedication to commercialism, on the whole unprofitable.

When it was first known that the federal government was to bring financial aid to the theater, there was a feeling that here might be an opportunity to establish in various cities a non-commercial theater of lasting cultural value.

As the government's plans took form, however, it was soon seen that its object was not to re-establish the theater but to provide employment for theater people on relief. Obviously, out of this material no significant theater could be developed, because the great majority of competent actors, even though unemployed, were not on relief, and were unwilling to submit themselves to the humiliating routine investigation essential to enrollment. With the expenditure of millions of dollars and the employment of thousands of people, many of them with little or no stage experience,

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★★★

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COGNAC BRANDY

★ FLAVOUR
★ BOUQUET
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You will quickly recognize and appreciate the flavour, bouquet and "clean" taste that distinguish Three-Star Hennessy from other brandies. You will notice, too, that Three-Star Hennessy is ever the same. This amazing uniformity is achieved only by maintaining large reserve stocks of naturally-matured brandies . . . reserves that have been steadfastly built up since Captain Richard Hennessy founded the business almost two centuries ago. That is why you will find Three-Star Hennessy the preferred liqueur wherever you travel . . . and the favorite for mixing, too.

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two or three worthy productions have been made. If the Federal Theater Project has accomplished anything beyond the providing of employment for needy people, it is in the awakening of an interest in the theater among possible future audiences who were wholly unacquainted with the speaking stage.

Great and lasting good might have been done with government money, but the government was not interested in the theater. It made no pretense of being interested.

Had the theater managers gone into pictures, they might have found ways to keep the theater more active. At least they were sympathetic to it, and a small percentage of Hollywood profits could have financed many hazardous and worthy enterprises. They could easily have kept their actors available for stage plays. They could have afforded to subsidize the dramatists, not leaving them to choose between the chill blasts of Broadway and the lure of Hollywood. And it is not altogether unlikely that they might have contributed something of value to pictures.

Here was a "natural" that was overlooked.

Miss West and the Listenbees

(*continued from page* 32)

embarrassed cough. "Did you have trouble?"

"Trouble! Why, I tell you, Miss West, I'll never fergit that thar night." Mrs. Listenbee replaced the dipper back of the door and hitched her chair against the wall. "It wuz when we was livin' way back in the country."

"Do you move often?" questioned Miss West.

"Yes'sum, we move pretty often. My man's allus gettin' a new notion. When Sammy come along, we wuz livin' in a brand-new part of the country ten miles from any settlement."

"No one else for ten miles!" gasped Miss West.

"Not a livin' soul." Mrs. Listenbee drew her lips into an emphatic line. "When my man wuz away, wan't nobody there 'ceptin' me an' the shoats."

"Oh, shoats?" repeated Miss West.

"Yes'sum, we had a mighty fine pen o' shoats that thar year. They wuz the cause o' all the excitement, Miss West. I knowed them shoats stood atween we'ans and starvation. So when I could feel Sammy a kickin' agin my sides and says to my man to go on off to the settlement and fetch ole Mis' Phelan to come stay by me, I knowed I'd have to keep a eye out fur them thar shoats. Law, Miss West," Mrs. Listenbee shook her head back and forth forebodingly at the recollection, "I recollect that thar night like it wuz yestiddy. It wuz along about nightfall. I wuz a-settin' over the kitchen stove and I hear them shoats put up a bodacious squeaking. Right then I sez to myself—wildcats!"

Miss West clicked the metal clasp of her hand bag open and shut.

"Miss West," Mrs. Listenbee gesticulated with her big, bony hands, "gin you'ans my word, I was outen that house like a shot outen a gun. Them shoats wuz fenced in with a rail fence. Knowin' the way o' them cat-critters, I dasn't rush right up. If I'd a done that, it would a pounced onto the nearest hog an' been off." An absorbed light came into her eyes. "Given time, that thar cat-critter would sit back, a-beatin' his tail agin the ground, pickin' an' choosin', so I got down on my all fours and crawled to the pen. Shore nuf," Mrs. Listenbee crouched her heavily laden body, "thar sat Mr. Cat a-tryin' to make up his mind. He wuz settin' so near the rail I could tech his hide."

Miss West started and looked back at the children, standing with their heads just above the window-sill, wide-eyed and believing.

"Miss West," Mrs. Listenbee went on, "I wuz savin' our winter ration. In went my hand and I grabbed Mr. Wildcat by the tail. You never heard such spittin' and seed such scratchin' in your born days. Well, I managed to git his tail outen between them rails and I hung on for dear life. Daylight come, and I wuz still a'hangin' on. No use hollerin', nobody to hear me. Well, about six o'clock, my man, a-bringin' ole Mis' Phelan, come over the hill in his buggy. When they seed what wuz a-goin' on, they near dropped dead. My man wuz so excited he dropped his gun. He just grabbed me an', afor we'ans knowed what had happened, that ole cat went slinkin' off."

"But Pa shore got him later," cried the biggest boy at the window.

"Ten minutes later—" lost in her narrative Mrs. Listenbee ignored the children—"Sammy wuz a-lyin' acrost ole Mis' Phelan's lap, squallin' his head off. Miss West," Mrs. Listenbee slapped one bony hand on top of the other, "acrost that young 'an's wrist was a streak a inch wide as striped as a wildcat's tail."

"Amazing!" murmured Miss West.

"Yes'sum, and a month later, ole Mis' Phelan was still by us, she wuz a-settin' by the stove a-holdin' Sammy and we hear a shot offen in the brush. Mis' Phelan just happened to be lookin' down at Sammy's little ole wrist. 'God-a-Mighty!' she cries. Mis' Phelan was a good church-goer an' all, but when she got tuk with excitement, she'd curse. That's what she said, 'God-a-Mighty!, come here, Mis' Listenbee.' I goes and looks, and that thar wildcat stripe had disappeared plum offen that young 'an's wrist."

"How—how strange!" Miss West moved uneasily in her chair.

"Well, Miss West," Mrs. Listenbee got up and poked a stick of wood into the stove, "when my man come home that night, he wuz luggin' a wildcat over his shoulder. I jist taken one look an' I knew it was the same ole spitten wildcat I'd battled with, an' we figgered out the hour o' the shootin', an' it wuz the very minut that stripe went offen Sammy's wrist. Law, Miss West," Mrs. Listenbee's head moved back and forth on her long neck, "if Pa hadn't a kilt that thar cat-critter, like as not, Sammy ud'a gone through life with that stripe acrost his wrist."

Miss West buttoned her coat uncertainly. She felt in a daze. "Well," she began, "I think I'd better be going." She stood up stiffly and held out her hand. "Thank you for the visit."

"Why, not at all. I'm just mighty glad you come in." Mrs. Listenbee got to her feet and pumped Miss West's hand up and down once more. "If that thar Sammy's up to anything," she said walking after Miss West's straight back to the door, "you just tan his hide."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Listenbee." Miss West stood on the low stoop. "I—I hope everything will go well with you."

"Oh, I'll be fine." Mrs. Listenbee looked speculatively at the evening sky. "That thar yellow sunset don't bode no good, hit'll be a stormin' afor mornin'."

Miss West looked helplessly toward the glowing horizon. The children, motionless, watched her as she stepped down a rock step. "Good-bye," she said.

"Good-bye, git home safe," said Mrs. Listenbee.

Miss West crossed the deep-rutted road, walked swiftly around the shadowy brush arbor and, with quick, long strides, ascended the steep, rock-strewn path that led out of the hollow.

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Stories of Submerged People

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

JOHN STEINBECK'S *Of Mice and Men* (Covici, Friede, $2), Josephine Lawrence's *The Sound of Running Feet* (Stokes, $2.50), and Thomas Bell's *All Brides Are Beautiful* (Little, Brown, $2.50) have one thing in common: they are about submerged people who, for one reason or another, get a dirty deal from the economic system. But that is about all they have in common. A "proletarian" critic might lecture the three authors for hours on the true lines to be followed by novelists dealing with submerged people, but in the end Mr. Steinbeck, Miss Lawrence, and Mr. Bell would go each his own separate way, bound by the limitations of his own personality.

John Steinbeck, for example, has a strongly lyric temperament; his fictional world is a uniquely personal one in which every one takes on the peculiar Steinbeck shimmer. Thomas Bell's young Bronx couple, Peter and Susan Cummings, have a natural courage and gayety and a great fund of common sense; presumably they reflect Mr. Bell's own temperament, which on the evidence of *All Brides Are Beautiful* is sunny without being either sappy or unctuous. The people of Josephine Lawrence's book, whether young or old, are continually harried and harassed; this is a commentary not only on social conditions but also on Miss Lawrence's own state of mind.

Of the three, Mr. Steinbeck is the greatest natural artist and story-teller. *Of Mice and Men* seemingly is effortless; it reads like a dream, with its pungently colloquial conversation blending neatly with almost continuous action. A story of the comradeship that exists between a giant with the mind of a child and a smaller, far cannier person, who leads him around and tries to keep him out of trouble, *Of Mice and Men* has a good deal of compassion. One finishes the book with that choking feeling in the throat which it was most certainly designed to arouse.

But *Of Mice and Men* fails to stand up. As soon as the reader gets away from the Steinbeck spell he begins to reflect on the mechanics of the story-telling, and the reflection proves fatal. The title of the book is an outrageous *double entendre;* it obviously refers one to Bobby Burns' platitude, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," and it also covers the giant Lennie Small's habit of petting mice and inadvertently killing them by pinching them too hard. Somehow the fact that the title is forced to do two things makes the book seem a little insincere, a little literary. It seems even more literary and artificial when one inspects the symbolism which Mr. Steinbeck uses in the story itself. The mountainous Lennie is lovable; he is without a mean cubic inch in his make-up. But Lennie is also a menace to his California ranch community, for Lennie doesn't know his own strength. All of this emerges naturally from what Mr. Steinbeck has to say about Lennie directly. But to reinforce his point Mr. Steinbeck introduces Candy's decrepit old dog, who has to be put out of the way because he offends the nostrils of Carlson, the man with the Luger pistol. Candy's dog meant well; Lennie, with his desire to settle down with his pal, George Milton, on a little farm where he can raise and pet rabbits instead of mice, means well, too. But in the end George has to kill Lennie with Carlson's Luger pistol. The parallel between Lennie and the dog seems natural enough when one is reading *Of Mice and Men,* but in retrospect it takes on the aspect of a literary device.

Of Mice and Men, then, fails to reach the stature of Mr. Steinbeck's earlier books, *Tortilla Flat* and *In Dubious Battle.* But it is one more example of Mr. Steinbeck's amazing versatility.

*

All Brides Are Beautiful was a fall book, and this department wishes to apologize for not having reviewed it before this. The year of 1936 was none too good a year for novels, but Thomas Bell's story of young love in the Bronx is enough to make any literary season a notable one. Years ago Floyd Dell pointed out that stories of courtship and marriage erred by harping on the starry note of innocence; the intimate details, part humorous, part grotesque, part lyrical, of early married sexual experience were never to be found in the conventional novels. Since Mr. Dell uttered his complaint, the climate of opinion has radically changed; Mr. Dell's own novels of young love—*Moon Calf, The Briary Bush, Janet March*—did their part in breaking down old pruderies. But no one, to my knowledge, has ever written so wisely and amusingly of the first years of marriage as Thomas Bell in *All Brides Are Beautiful.*

Susan and Peter live in the West Bronx, in an ugly neighborhood. They have no money, no future to speak of, no hope that the American economic system will ever open things up for them. Susan's job is in a bookstore; she is the "front" for Mr. Higgler, who sells fancy erotica, while Susan is taking care of the old ladies who want the latest best-seller. Peter is a machinist; he knows how to run a turret-lathe, and this guarantees him at least spasmodic employment. Simply because they refuse to dope themselves with the religion of speedier and speedier goods-consump-

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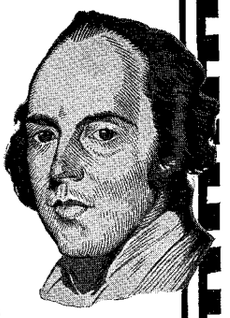

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tion that is preached from every signboard and over every radio station, Susan and Peter make out fairly well on their combined pittances. They know they haven't enough clothes, enough food, enough automobiles and labor-saving devices and chromium bathroom fixtures, but they don't eat their hearts out about it. Conversely, they don't fall for the love-in-a-cottage, world-well-lost guff, either. For Peter, having lost jobs in his time, knows that starvation isn't fun. A radical, he thinks machinists should organize. But even here Peter isn't a monomaniac; he wants to enjoy the present whenever it is possible and honorable to do it, and he doesn't devote his life to a self-embittering disputation.

In short, Peter and Susan are the salt of the earth; if there were more of them around, the human race might actually approach being human. In telling the story of Peter and Susan, Mr. Bell shows an amazing knowledge of special skills; he is convincing when he follows Susan into the bookstore, and just as convincing when Peter is setting up a job for the turret-lathe. But Mr. Bell's real triumph is with the relationship between husband and wife. I wish John S. Sumner would read this book and then go out and hang his head in shame. For if any novel could ever prove to that poor, benighted, wholly pitiable specimen of humanity that an occasional four-letter word and an occasional bit of vulgar by-play are completely compatible with the highest purity of artistic intention, *All Brides Are Beautiful* is that novel.

*

Miss Lawrence's *The Sound of Running Feet* is about eight so-called white-collar workers who are employed by River, Mead and Luth, real-estate brokers. Read alone, this novel is quite effective. Taken along with Thomas Bell's book, which has a much wider range of knowledge and insight, it seems a little uninspired. After knowing Peter and Susan, one is not prepared to admit that Miss Lawrence's youngest people, Greg Marsh and Mureth Gavril, can be quite as oppressed or drained by circumstances as Miss Lawrence makes them out to be. Greg, certainly, is fitted to the Procrustes-bed of a thesis; he is fundamentally lusty on the basis of part of Miss Lawrence's evidence, yet his maleness is never made palpable.

Thomas Bell's novel shows a mature awareness of all phases of American economic life; Miss Lawrence's, which is about the troubles which eight employees have in trying to get ahead in a small business that is not able to show

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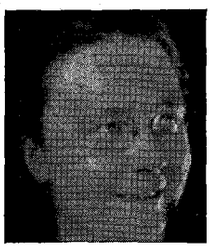

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a profit at the year's end, is based on a partial awareness, and hence rings false in spots. It is Miss Lawrence's obsession that the poor are almost criminal in their willingness to go into debt in order to live beyond their means. But Miss Lawrence doesn't apply her anti-debt fetish to the economic system as a whole; she doesn't see that a corporation's debt can be as dangerous to the economic system as the debts of many individuals. So she lectures the poor and the young about living within their means, but fails to show how General Motors can do its necessary mass-production business without selling Chevrolets on a finance-plan arrangement to those who can't fork up $700 in a lump sum.

Miss Lawrence's theories would not be important if they didn't interfere with her work as a novelist. But they result in curious distortions of character; hence she should be called to account for them. Because of her debt-phobia, Miss Lawrence makes some of her young people in *The Sound of Running Feet* seem cruel in comparison with the old. She forgets that an economic system generates different compulsions in different stages. In the days when her Jim Andrews was young, the system demanded saving; the need was for new factories, new railroads, new inventions. Today the system demands more and more effective purchasing power; else it stands ready to collapse. Miss Lawrence's young people, in their hunger for luxuries, are merely responding to compulsions that are beyond their knowledge and control.

The Sound of Running Feet is, however, a rare book in that it seeks to understand both the bosses' troubles and the troubles of the employees. To Johnny Palmet and Greg Marsh, Victor and Paul Luth are of the breed known as stinking-rich. Actually, the two Luths are barely managing to keep their heads above water.

Isn't There a Law?

As this issue of SCRIBNER'S goes to press, James T. Farrell's *A World I Never Made* is being attacked by John S. Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The chances are pretty certain that Farrell will be cleared in court. But defeat for the vice society never seems to establish a controlling precedent in these matters, for Sumner bobs up periodically, making the same ridiculous charges over and over again against honest authors. Inasmuch as the negative tactic of defense has failed to put Sumner out of business, this department joins with Bernard De Voto of *The Saturday Review of Literature* in calling for positive action. Can't Sumner be sued by Mr. Farrell for defamation of character? Isn't it possible for some one to proceed against him on the ground that he is a public nuisance? Won't some reputable psychiatrist take the stand to prove that the man is suffering from an obsession that sees lubricity in stones and sex in the running brooks? And won't some court rule that such an obsession is more poisonous to the health of the community than a hundred dirty words which most of us knew before we had reached the age of eight? Lawyers have made the law cover many things; isn't there a law that can be stretched to cover Mr. Sumner—and cover him forever?

Book Notes

In these days we do not like the sound of drums. Yet the recent books with *Drums* in the title run the recently published Civil War novels a close second and have had about as high a percentage of success. There is Walter Edmonds' *Drums Along the Mohawk,* which has been pounding away on the best-seller lists since last summer; there is Carl Carmer's *Listen for a Lonesome Drum,* chronicling New York's history and legend and still selling famously; last fall Putnam brought out *Drums in the Balkan Night,* by John I. B. McCulloch, an informal and informative travel book; and now we have Edward Harris Heth's *Told with a Drum,* a second novel by the young author of *Some We Loved* and many fine short stories.

Mr. Heth was born in Milwaukee twenty-eight years ago. He went to the public schools there, and at the same time was taught to read and write German by his maternal grandmother. He started studying art, but gave it up as a bad job. Later, during his five years at the University of Wisconsin, he wrote a novel on the side. He says that was a worse job. Now he writes:

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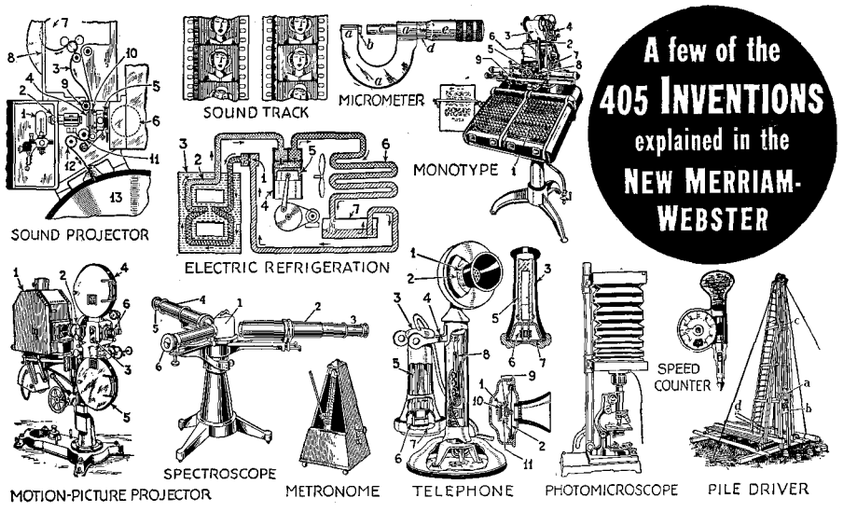

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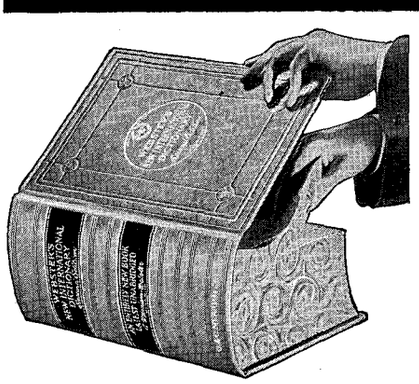

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chology of the constant badgering they got, the ever-present suspicion and humiliation they were subjected to, for no reason at all—simply bearing a German name was nearly enough for a lynching—forced them eventually into an almost pro-German attitude wholly against their own will. Simply because the patriotic Americans refused to let them remain Americans. It was one of the most beautiful examples of wartime hysteria that happened in this country, and might go as a warning to our intelligence should this new, imminent war break. The story, by the way, was first written as a short story, over three years ago, and though it made the rounds of all the magazines and every one praised it highly—Edward J. O'Brien called it 'magnificent'—no editor, for various reasons, chiefly I suppose because of the subject, would buy it. So now I'm glad to see it getting printed in novel form.

"One thing that pleases me about it is that there isn't a cuss-word in the whole book. When my first novel, *Some We Loved,* was published, whenever I spoke at women's clubs the only thing the ladies wanted to talk about was the swearing. They wanted to know WHY. Really, I think they got a wicked delight from talking about it. One reviewer said I was trying to revive the dunghill tradition in literature, while another compared it to a Chopin nocturne, so I wanted to call this new book *Nocturne on a Dunghill,* but the publishers wouldn't have it. But now with this new book, all those ladies will be appeased. . . .

"P.S. I'm well along on a third novel—this one about a gambler, so I'm afraid all those ladies will have to put cotton in their ears again."

*

The woods are full of books by the young. Selden Rodman, young editor of the weekly *Common Sense,* has written a book-length narrative poem, *Lawrence: the Last Crusade,* which the Viking Press is publishing sometime this month. They describe it as "a poem of the three lives of T. E. Lawrence," and Mr. Rodman has this to say about it:

"*Lawrence: the Last Crusade* I wrote this summer, mostly during week-ends and during ten days' vacation I spent with Tom and Rita Benton at Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard. It is about 3000 lines long, divided into three books with ten sections each, the whole in blank verse with occasional use of internal rhyme. Book I (The Lamp) shows the archeologist and student of history, Book II (The Sword) the man of action, whereas in Book III (The Wheel), disillusioned with the fruits of action,

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the protagonist attempts to submerge his personality in the mass as a private in the Royal Air Force, meeting his death in the end:

> '. . . this is he
> Who mastered speed but lost direction; who
> After victory in Damascus, stripped
> The treacherous prizes from him, but ignored
> The cowardly deceivers. . . .'

At least so I have described him in an Invocation which will not be included with the published poem. I might add that there will always be contemplative and active spirits, though there may well be a time when it is impossible for *both* elements to be so terribly and indecisively fused in one man as in Lawrence. He is presented here as a modern hero: a tragic figure arriving at a crossroads, but a figure of infinite hope. Whether this figure is to assist in building a modern world out of the modern materials demanding use, even to take a lead in such construction, or whether he is to be content with mere power, turning these tools into destructive weapons and allying himself with the unproductive forces in society, is the supreme test of our generation. . . . As in the old morality play, many diverse elements (Book III) sue for his hand."

Mr. Rodman's first book of poems, *Mortal Triumph,* was, he says, ignored by the reviewers, with the exception of Harriet Monroe, but parts of it were highly praised by such poets as Hart Crane and Robinson Jeffers. Recently (December 23–28) he retranslated Ernst Toller's *Swallow Book,* at his request, for the American edition of his *Letters from Prison,* which Farrar and Rinehart are bringing out this spring.

*

Looking to the North, a letter from Elliott Merrick, whose *Ever the Winds Blow* is now being brought out in England, came in from Vermont, practically hoary with frost. "We've had quite a lot of snow," he says, "and a few nights fifteen below, then a big thaw, and our road is open for cars again now. Cold again tonight, and the lake keeps cracking and rumbling about every five minutes as the ice tightens up. We have a fresh cow and a beautiful little heifer calf that looks quite like a fawn. We have just bumped off a 350-lb. hog and are now surrounded by hams, bacon, roasts, and crocks of lard. A huge stack of wood is assembled on the lawn, and tomorrow a crew and engine come and we saw a year's supply in five hours if all goes well."

There are moments, in this frantic, grippe-filled winter, when we could do with a road closed to cars by snow.

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We discovered, to our sorrow, the other day why Negley Farson's lecture-tour in this country had to be called off. We wrote at Christmas time asking for Mr. Farson's choice of his three favorite books of the year, and the following word comes from Mrs. Farson in a letter from England:

"I am sorry that your letter, asking my husband to name his choice of the three best books, has never been answered. He has really been very ill all this fall, and constantly in and out of nursing-homes, and had to cancel the lecture-tour he should have gone on in America. Now he has gone off for a cruise to South America to try and get fit, and in the scramble of everything your letter has been overlooked. I expect it is far too late now, anyway, but I think the book he was most excited about was *Eyeless in Gaza*. . . ."

To your good health, Mr. Farson.

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Scribner's Recommends:

1. *Beloved Friend: The Story of Tchaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck,* by Barbara von Meck and Catherine Drinker Bowen. Random House. $3.

The Book of the Month for February, this biography of the composer makes available for the first time in English many of his letters to Mme. von Meck, and hers to him.

2. *The Croquet Player,* by H. G. Wells. Viking Press. $1.25.

In a very small book and a very good story Mr. Wells puts a good deal of horror and a definite comment on things as they are today.

3. *Of Mice and Men,* by John Steinbeck. Covici, Friede. $2.

In another small book of 186 pages the author of *Tortilla Flat* writes the lively, tough-and-tender story of two lost men wandering from job to job in the hope of putting enough aside to buy a ranch of their own.

4. *Jordanstown,* by Josephine Johnson. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

Now in November told of the life of one family on the farm. Miss Johnson's new book treats of life in a small town of the Middle West, tells the story of the owner of the town newspaper championing labor, all within the space of a year.

5. *My Father, Paul Gaugin,* by Pola Gaugin. Knopf. $4.

The human side and the actual story of the man whom legend has distorted. By his son.

6. *Tom Paine: Friend of Mankind,* by Hesketh Pearson. Harper. $3.50.

In this year, bicentenary of his birth, the author of *Common Sense* and *The Rights of Man* is celebrated in a distinguished biography.

7. *April: A Fable of Love,* by Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

A girl's fine dreams of love make her blind to the real article in her own homely surroundings. Shorter than any of the books in his well-known tetralogy.

8. *Winter in the Sun,* by David Burnham. Scribners. $2.50.

A novel of inner conflict set in Arizona, against a picture of the modern West.

9. *El Indio,* by Gregorio Lopez y Fuentes. Illustrated by Diego Rivera. Translated by Anita Brenner. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

The winner of the Mexican National Prize for Literature, offered by the Mexican Government.

10. *Pushkin,* by Ernest J. Simmons. Harvard University Press. $4.

A professor at Harvard writes a biography of the Russian poet just in time for his centennial.

Escape to the Tropics, by Desmond Holdridge. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

A man and his wife flee "civilization" and find excitement, adventure and contentment in the tropics. Their real story.

It is interesting to note:

. . . that Simmons' *Pushkin* and Holdridge's *Escape to the Tropics* tied for tenth place on the list.

. . . that novels divide the honors pretty evenly with biography and that there is only one "adventure" book appearing on the list.

And among notes from publishers:

. . . that Stokes added *A Woman Surgeon: The Life and Work of Rosalie Slaughter Morton.* A woman doctor's autobiography to compete with the popular biographies of eminent doctors of the other sex.

. . . that Stackpole Sons felt that *Anna Becker,* the story beneath the surface of a conventional New England town by Max White, should be mentioned.

. . . that Reynal and Hitchcock added *The Laurels Are Cut Down,* by Archie Binns.

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PIE IN THE SKY

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Told with all the intensity of the blazing Arizona sun, this is a story of romance and inner conflict near the Mexican border by the author of *This Our Exile.* $2.50

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This moving and descriptive novel of the South during the Civil War years is dominated by the character of the famous cavalry general, Nathan Bedford Forrest. *Penhally*, by the same author, was ranked by Ford Maddox Ford as one of the finest works of contemporary American fiction. $2.75

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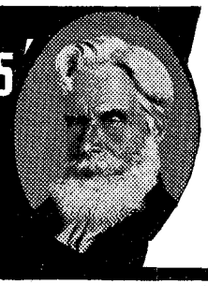
HAVELOCK ELLIS' PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX



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Straws in the Wind

(*continued from page* 16)

cial manager would be interested in it. Right here I should add that Mr. Hopkins is not included in that blanket indictment. His personal integrity and his selfless devotion to the theater are unlimited qualities that make him about the finest man in the business.

Who's Who

Like many another Broadway notable, Arthur Hopkins started out as a newspaper man. After three years of newspaper work in St. Paul and Cleveland, he became interested in the vaudeville theater and moved on to New York, where he began to write and produce vaudeville acts. In 1913 he turned to play production with his presentation of *The Poor Little Rich Girl,* and has been associated with the legitimate theater ever since.

The list of plays produced by Mr. Hopkins during the last twenty-four years is in itself a reliable guide to the modern American theater at its best—plays by such distinguished playwrights as Eugene O'Neill, Clare Kummer, Philip Barry, Zoë Akins, Sophie Treadwell, Sidney Howard, Robert Sherwood, Laurence Stallings, and Maxwell Anderson; plays featuring such great actors as William Gillette, Billie Burke, John Drew, and the three Barrymores. One will look far before finding another list which can match successes comparable with *What Price Glory, Burlesque, Machinal, The Petrified Forest, Anna Christie, The Jest,* and *Redemption,* to name a few.

Since the days of horse operas and nickelodeons, Mr. Hopkins has known the movies and has been fascinated by their fantastic rise. Indeed, he developed such a curiosity about the celluloid drama that on two occasions he took time off to produce two pictures, one silent and one talking, the latter a version of Arnold Bennett's *Buried Alive.* But Hollywood apparently can never woo him away permanently from Broadway; he feels too strongly about it.

*

J. C. Long, author of "Conflict on the Campus," is already known to SCRIBNER readers through biographical sketches and articles which have appeared in this magazine. He is a graduate of Amherst College and a member of the American Historical Association.

As a fellowship student at South End Settlement in Boston, as a member of the editorial staff of *The New Yorker* and of other metropolitan papers, and later in his work in the automobile and steel industries, he has had experience in hiring and training young people.

*

Beginning his career as a professor of political science at Dartmouth, Leonard D. White went from there to the University of Chicago, from there to a Guggenheim Fellowship, and from then on has appeared more and more prominently wherever civil-service ideas are thickest. He is now a member of the U. S. Civil Service Commission in Washington. Since 1927 he has written almost a book a year on this question, the last being *Government Career Service* in 1935.

*

Rion Bercovici has done fiction for *Esquire* and *Story,* articles for *Vanity Fair, American Mercury, Life, Common Sense,* and some of his things have been translated into French and also German, before Hitler. He is the eldest son of Konrad Bercovici, who is, incidentally, one of his favorite authors.

*

The stories of Jo Pagano are familiar and welcome in these pages. As far as we know his is a unique art—these genre stories of transplanted Italians in America. There is only one thing he does better than telling stories (such as "Caesar at the Feast") and that is to make, on occasion, delicious spaghetti for his friends. His family came to this country more than thirty years ago and started their American lives in a coal camp in Colorado.

*

Judith Kelly's first novel was published last year—*It Won't Be Flowers.* The book was very well reviewed indeed and is now being published in Norway. When she graduated from Vassar, in 1931, she tried all kinds of jobs, from bookstores to department stores, and finally ended up as a newspaper woman in Boston. She left *The Boston Transcript* to get married and write her book. Her stories have appeared in several magazines.

*

Nancy Hale—Mrs. Charles Wertenbaker—is probably best known for her short stories, though her novels have sold famously and were most favorably criticized. Her last book of short stories, *The Earliest Dreams,* came out in 1936. Now, at the University of Virginia, she and her husband are both at work on their respective new novels. His last was *To My Father.*

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Looking at Luggage

KATHERINE KENT

While the pre-Easter fashion season rages in a high frenzy of prophecy and contradiction, it is a comfort to settle down for a chat with the luggage-makers. Seldom do they bait us with fly-by-season whimsies. Nowhere else is smartness so roundly knit with utility and sense.

Mind you, I'm not saying that there are no changes; there are. But the point is that the new rarely outmodes the old. Often as not, the new offers a useful supplement to one's ensemble and can be found in the same covering.

Take the Branith Case—the new brain-child of Mark Cross—that combines hat-box, shoe-case, and wardrobe features. Twenty-one by twenty by twelve inches. Just the thing for the full week-end or the stop-over on a long tour. The shoe compartment takes three pairs, lifts out, and can be hung just-so in the closet. Three hangers in the lid neatly care for a goodly number of light dresses and, like the shoe part, lift out to hang as a whole. The tray is for lingerie, of course, and below it a hat compartment nineteen by thirteen by six and a half inches. Mark Cross makes up this exclusive design in a large number of leathers and canvases.

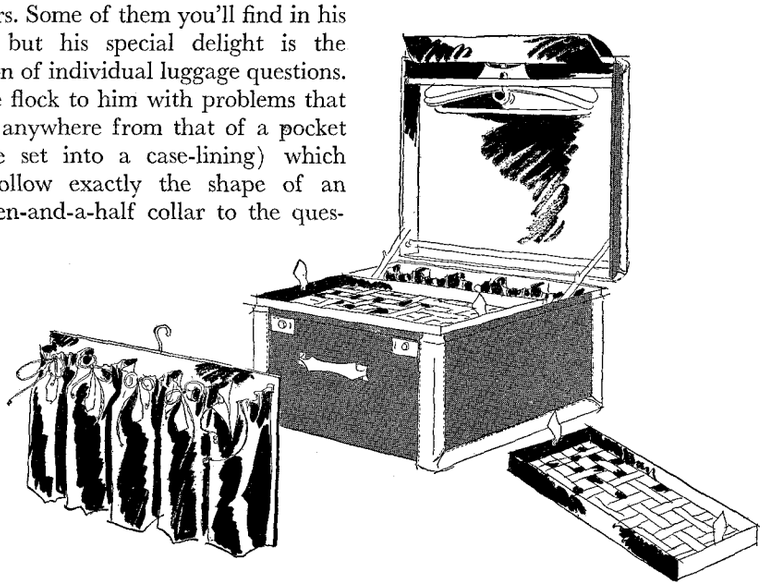
For luggage made to meet special needs there's Arthur Gilmore (16 East Fifty-second Street). He knows all the answers. Some of them you'll find in his stock, but his special delight is the solution of individual luggage questions. People flock to him with problems that range anywhere from that of a pocket (to be set into a case-lining) which will follow exactly the shape of an eighteen-and-a-half collar to the question of a jewel-case that must house separately and, without budging, each single ornament. He beams when you ask him to show you his workrooms. No factory methods there. No arty pretentiousness. You see the wood from which your case will be cut; the linen that will bind it. Then there is a wealth of leather to choose from—sturdy ones for the outside, fine moroccos for linings. Should you have old fittings you cherish, he'll work out compartments to fit them exactly and think up ways to tuck, let's say, an attaché case in the lid of the busy executive's suitcase.

*

Striped canvas and rawhide have high-lighted recent seasons and are still favorites. But if you are out for a new ensemble, your choice in luggage exteriors is wider than ever before.

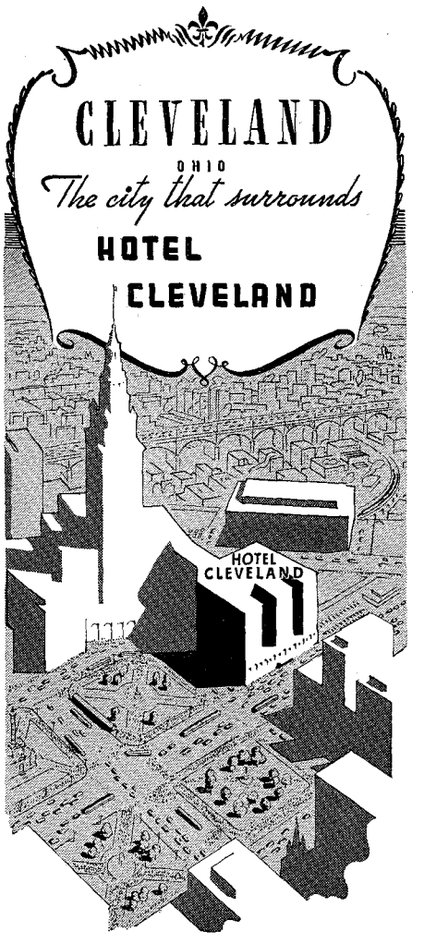
My first ecstatic vote goes to *steerhide*. Not because it is a newcomer, but because it combines rare durability with a gloriously rich yet subtly subdued color. You'll find the first complete line in it made up for Mark Cross in a tawny, shadow-swept tone that is going to make some bright young members of the luggage family look like brash upstarts.

Russet cowhide, that good old reliable, is returning to new favor. *Oshkosh,* for



ELEANOR JOHNSON

By Mark Cross—the new case with separate dress, hat, shoe, and lingerie sections



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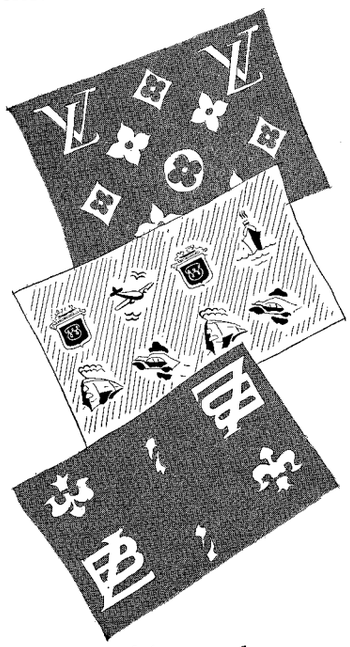
one, is using it in its new line and will also feature a deep, quiet chocolate shade for the coming year. Both can be had in any size and type of case made by *Oshkosh*.

But if leather isn't your metier, there are grand new finds in canvas. My pet is an unadorned duck—Boyle Duck by trade name—that has an air of unvarnished substantiality rare in fabric coverings. Deep forest green, royal blue, and tobacco brown come bound in three-inch, saddle-stitched russet leather, while the black boasts bindings of rawhide. All have hand-sewn, specially constructed corners and British locks, and are featured in every standard shape and type.

Monotone canvases of the typical airplane sort are appearing in a goodly range of colors. In the inexpensive group *Oshkosh* makes an excellent new gray —a deep smoky tone that should show no soil. It's leather bound and can be had in hanger, tray or unaccessoried models.

An interesting variation in fabric is the all-over design that at first sight gives the effect merely of slight variations in color. Louis Vuitton started this sort of thing years and years ago by using his initials on a darkish background. Boyle Luggage, too, has made use of the idea sometime. Both have been successful with it among a small, knowing group, but now the design motif is finding wider ramifications. *Wheary* for instance has worked out a smart and amusing variation over its canvas, depicting the history of travel—well done, unobtrusive, and who knows what a solace it may prove to a lone traveler.



Designed for travel canvas

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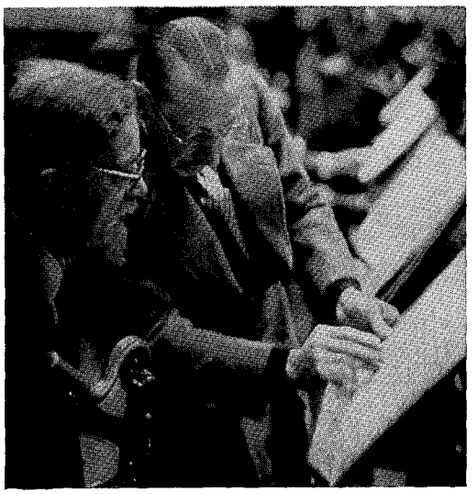
Stravinsky, Satchmo, and Their Personal Histories . . . The New Records

RICHARD GILBERT



Stravinsky underscores the score

S. GOODMAN

"It goes like this . . ."

THE moment Igor Stravinsky mounted the podium in front of the New York Philharmonic in January, his listeners were conscious of a stimulating draft through an atmosphere left somewhat fusty by the cautious Mr. Barbirolli. Whether Mr. Stravinsky has the secret of gathering tonal nosegays, and bringing forth resounding roulades from trumpets and woodwinds with the finesse of a gentleman whose routine business it is to summon from an orchestra its utmost, is quite beside the point. He should know his way through the instrumental mazes of *Petrouchka, L'Oiseau de Feu,* and *Le Sacre* as well as any living musician. At any rate, it's always refreshing to be in the presence of the man who put the music together in the first place. Audiences now come to praise Stravinsky, not to scorn him; and, if not bowled over as of yore, sit up straight in their collective chairs.

Despite what the critics have to say with regard to his talents as a conductor, those of us whose shelves hold the definitive discs of Stravinsky's own making have considerable respect for his ability in this direction. He is equally proficient in his own works at the piano; and, with the future of his moderately sized family in mind, he has adapted a number of excerpts from his orchestral compositions for the keyboard and violin. With Samuel Dushkin, he plays these arrangements from *Petrouchka, L'Oiseau de Feu,* and *Le Rossignol,* together with the *Duo Concertant,* both in the concert-hall and on Columbia records, on which surfaces the movements conveniently fit.

Stravinsky's current visit was heralded by the local appearance of his *Autobiography* (Simon & Schuster, $3), which I call to your attention now rather tardily along with Louis Armstrong's personal history, *Swing That Music* (Longmans, Green, $2.50). Stravinsky doesn't like anyone around when he composes. But I'm certain that in his gregarious moments he would be very happy in the company of Louis Armstrong or Louis' music. These two modern musicians have expressed themselves quite clearly in print with regard not only to their individual artistic lives but, with equal candor, their opinions on American and European musical taste, the influence of records and radio, and musical creation in general. Both have composed—whether you work at a piano in an empty room or in the middle of a crowded dance floor, it's still composing—a huge amount of dance music. In just what manner the Russian Ballet's choreography is superior to the remarkable Lindy-Hopping at the Savoy remains for a layman like myself somewhat problematical. Stravinsky has definite reservations regarding certain aspects of Nijinsky's creative genius. Satchmo never worried about his anonymous choreographers—when he started swinging, the cats followed, and you just had to dance.

The Negro trumpeter puts it so unaffectedly in *Swing That Music* that in any attempt to describe the approach to music of either the composer of *L'Histoire du Soldat* or the improviser of that unforgettable cadenza and coda in the Columbia record of *Shine* (No. 2707D), one can't do better than to quote him: "Now I do not believe that books or music, or any other kind of art, are sacred, or even important to us, apart from what they truly express. What makes a composer or author or artist a real master is that his work so wonderfully expressed what he felt that nobody but a clumsy fool would *want* to change it. As likely as not he didn't follow after anybody else's way of doing, but went on his own way, as he himself felt and thought, and that is the way new and younger people should do, too, because that is the way music and art grow and the only way they can keep growing. Now I think that there are two kinds of men chiefly who *can* break loose like that. One is the kind of man who learns everything about his art and what has been done before him so he can go beyond it, and the other is the kind who doesn't know *anything* about it—who is just plain ignorant, but has a great deal of feeling he's got to express in some way, and has to find that way out for himself. Swing came mostly from the last kind of men."

It is hardly necessary to point out the category in which Stravinsky takes

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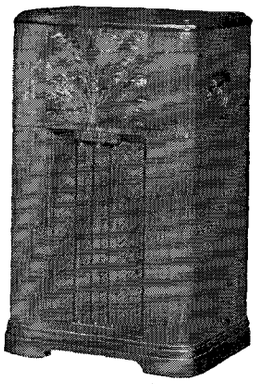

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his place. It will, however, require a little time before most listeners become conscious of the musical phenomenon that is Louis Armstrong, and discover in his spontaneous and inspired improvisations a fulfilment of Stravinsky's dictum that "Music is the sole domain in which man realizes the present."

If you're one to whom either Stravinsky's music or "swing" is anathema, you may not be interested in either Stravinsky's *Autobiography* or Satchmo's chronicle. There is nothing sensational in Stravinsky's journey from the land of Glinka and Moussorgsky, his reminiscences of days in Switzerland during the War, and his quite unpretentious account of the performances of his works, when they were composed, and who, next to Stravinsky himself, best interpreted them. Like Armstrong, he has a definite artistic creed; also like Armstrong, he is an extraordinarily good businessman.

On the other hand there is nothing but exciting reading in the colored portrait of an artist as a young man—singing and playing in the gin-mills and honky-tonks of New Orleans; getting pinched for shooting off a "38" gun on New Year's Eve; learning music from Peter Davis in the Waif's Home for Boys; "jamming" with a river-boat band, up the Mississippi beyond Tom Sawyer's Jackson Island and down as far as the Delta; mostly engaging the resources of his shiny trumpet and spilling out the music he felt within himself. Both Armstrong and Stravinsky got to Paris. Only Louis went back home.

In the Russian's book there are excellent photographs by Erik Schaal, and the familiar Picasso drawings. The frontispiece in Louis' book is a fine portrait of a beautiful Selmer trumpet and its owner; the appendix contains a treatise on swing by Horace Gerlach (whom I do not suspect of ghosting for Louis), a glossary of swing terms, and an original piano score of *Swing that Music,* written for the book by Armstrong and Gerlach, together with ten original improvisations by ten of the foremost swing musicians. For a record of the piece, refer to Decca No. 866A, played by Louis Armstrong and his orchestra. For a complete discography of Stravinsky works, conducted or played by the composer, refer to the Columbia catalogue.

About Tschaikowsky, a Contest

A new biography of Tschaikowsky arrives too late for review in this issue. But of interest to most readers of this column will be the contest in connection with the publication of *Beloved Friend* (Random House, $3) which the publishers are sponsoring. Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck have written a frankly romantic account of the composer's life with special emphasis on his fantastic romance with Nadejda von Meck, the rich widow who supported him but whom he never met. The authors have made lavish use of the rich fund of correspondence between Peter Ilyich and his wealthy patroness, especially that part of it recently published by the Soviet Government.

By a fortunate coincidence two of Tschaikowsky's symphonies—the fourth and sixth—appear on February record lists. The book is being launched on the wings of a national contest in which the first prize will be a Steinway grand piano. Other prizes include Victor recordings of Tschaikowsky's last three symphonies, *Nutcracker Suite,* piano and violin concertos, and the slow movement of the string quartet, *op. 11,* identified by most people only as the "Andante Cantabile."

Prizes will be awarded for the best letter, not exceeding three hundred words in length, on subjects proposed by the publishers concerning probable explanations of (1) Mme. von Meck's abrupt ending of her romantic relations with Tschaikowsky; (2) whether she was infatuated solely with his music or actually in love with him; (3) whether her patronage had a good or bad effect upon his music. As the contest closes April 15, 1937, I recommend you get details from your bookseller or music dealer immediately.

The New Records

The second prize in the *Beloved Friend* contest will include, of course, the new recording of Tschaikowsky's *Symphony No. 4 in F minor, op. 36.* This work is magnificently projected by the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Serge Koussevitzky (Victor set No. M327). I cannot imagine a more compelling reading by any other living conductor. Koussevitzky even makes the final movement, which usually strikes me as noisy and cheap, take on heroic as well as explosive proportions. The recording, but for an excessive reverberation on the heels of each resounding *fortissimo* chord, makes it clear that High Fidelity is not altogether a matter of frequency range. Fine balance of instrumental choirs and generous dynamic contrasts add to the extraordinary realism of this reproduction—providing, naturally, that your instrument will han-

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dle the amplitude without distortion.

Unfortunately, the exact opposite of the above may be said of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra's recording of the "Pathétique," *Symphony No. 6 in B minor op. 74* (Columbia set No. 277). Working with infinitely richer material than the fourth symphony provides, Conductor Philippe Gaubert and his men fail utterly to evoke the intensity and spontaneity the "Pathétique" demands and without which the rich emotional surges and lovely tone contrasts lose their swell and glow. Above all, Tschaikowsky's masterful balancing of poetic feeling and technical skill becomes blurred and ruffled. The recording is constricted with regard to both frequency range and decibel amplitude.

*

A new record company has been organized with the artistic purpose in mind "to serve two neglected fields in the literature of recorded music. First, to seek out and present at least a part of the countless works of genius long neglected or forgotten; and, second, to present these works faithfully in the manner written, and not as a medium for the display of the virtuosity or talents of a particular performer or conductor."

These laudable ideals are admirably realized by the first Musicraft discs to reach my turntable: Mozart's *Quartet in B-flat* (*K589*), played by the Perole Quartet (Nos. 1001 and 1002), and Bach's *Fugue in C minor* from "Das Musikalische Opfer" and *Italian Concerto*, played by Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichordist (Nos. 1006 and 1007).

The quartet is a lovely centerpiece of a triptych Mozart wrote in 1789 and 1790 for King William II of Prussia. The first and third quartets of this so-called "Berlin" set have been recorded, the present work never before. Like its companions, the B-flat quartet engages the resources of the 'cello conspicuously, this instrument having been the King's favorite. The Perole Quartet's treatment is musicianly and sincere. Musicraft recording is good, the surface noise level unusually low.

I admire Mr. Kirkpatrick's selections, the tone of his instrument and, most of all, his self-effacing approach to the music of Bach. You will find a more reticent use of registers than you have been accustomed to hear from Wanda Landowska's recordings. Mme. Landowska, the teacher of Mr. Kirkpatrick, has also recorded the Italian Concerto. When it is released here, the two versions will be compared. But, for the present, you cannot afford to overlook these Musicraft discs.

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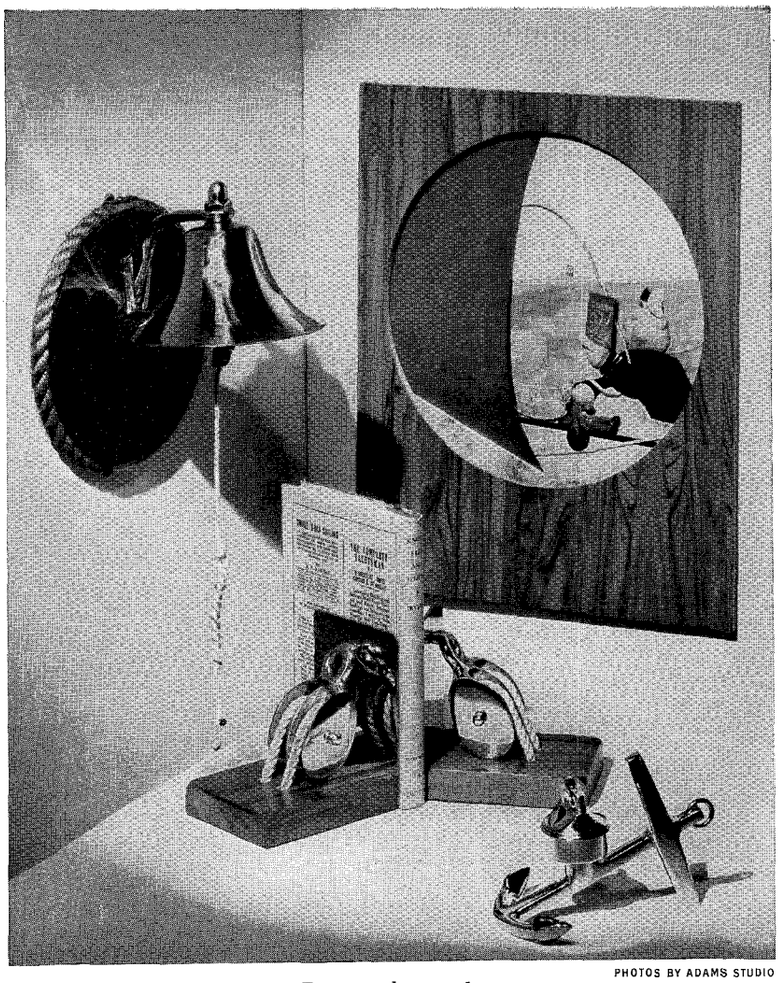
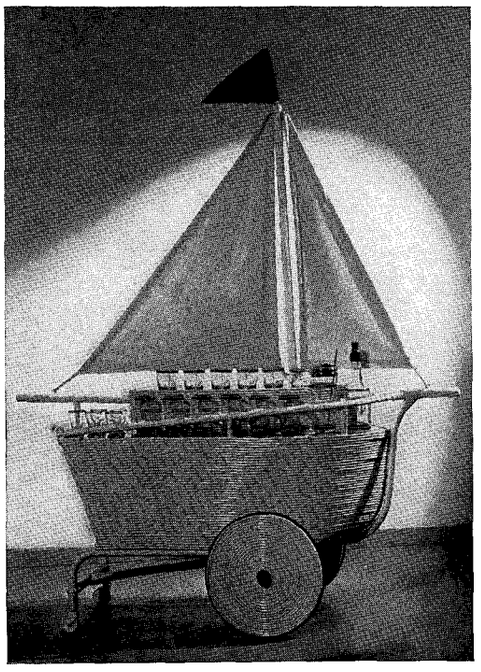


PHOTOS BY ADAMS STUDIO

For sea-dogs only



Enchanted Voyage . . . 1937

Home, Ahoy!

KATHERINE KENT

HERE it is crocus time again—high time to take stock of shelves and cupboards and all the paraphernalia that goes with the family exodus to lawns sweeping toward lazy waters under a cotton-ribbed sky.

Time was when ships and sails and deep-sea devices had not a show in this lolling life except in certain offish male quarters. But now with whole families grown sea-legged and winter vocabularies turned salt, all that's gone. Indeed, it looks as though practically all designers—even those of land-lubber wares—have climbed a Jacob's ladder questing inspiration.

Hammacher, Schlemmer and Co. (145 East Fifty-seventh Street) have scooped the tide with a beverage wagon under sail and pennant all ready for an Enchanted Voyage over terrace and turf. It's wide of beam and rigged from poop to bow for glasses, shakers, and ice pails. The whole stern opens upon a generous locker that will hold trays of canapés and an extra supply of mixings. The glasses in the photograph are rimmed in marine blue and have a simple etched anchor for decoration. You'll find other kinds of nautically inspired glasses here too, including a set with deep-sea game-fish nicely done in color by hand.

Carole Stupell (443 Madison Avenue) has a number of sea-imaged things: Place-card holders with sturdy bases holding cut-outs of pennants or ships within a chromium ring. Then there's a sailor, his high-masted sloop rigged with metal pennants in the colors of twelve different countries. Slip them off, and each pennant becomes a cocktail-glass marker. For very informal luncheons or breakfast this shop has dandy sail-cloth place-mats in solid red or in blue relieved by narrow nautical cord laced through brass eyelets. Perfect with them are catalin-handled knives, forks, spoons, and butter spreaders in red, white, or blue. Use a color contrasting with the sail-cloth, or for gaiety, stagger three colors round your table.

For new ideas in finely made table linens a trip to McCutcheon's will amply repay you. The photographs suggest but feebly a few of the patterns, and give

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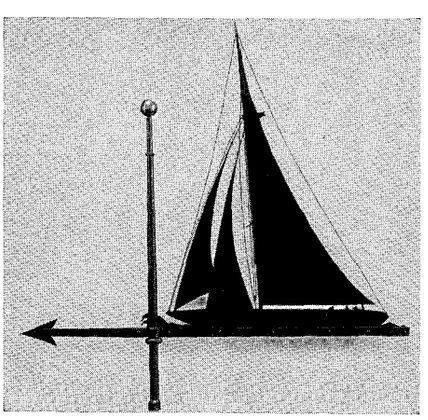
you no idea at all of the expert and painstaking handwork that has gone into them. In appliqué work there's a great variety—seventy- by ninety-inch cover sets that make clever use of two colors in alternate quarters and are livened by sloop, gull, or anchor motifs appliquéd in contrasting colors; smaller sets, similarly designed, and thirteen- to seventeen-piece luncheon ensembles with runner and place cloths scalloped at the edges and overlaid with appliqué designs. Then there's a natural linen with small sea-gulls and ships embroidered in three colors over it all—beautiful work that calls for your finest crystal.

*

For serving-trays hie yourself to Lewis and Conger (Sixth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street). There is a good-looking mahogany one, for instance, edged in heavy nautical rope. It comes nine by eighteen inches or twelve by twenty-four. Forged aluminum is used to smart advantage in trays with ship, seaweed, or swordfish design, and can be matched up in coasters. In forged aluminum too, is a perfectly grand, big covered saucepan with a long, smooth, wooden handle. Just right for serving creamed foods at buffet or supper table. For *individual* service be certain to see the amusing and colorful crab or flat-fish covered dishes. A tole anchor tray can be had to carry them, six at a time, right from the oven (they're fireproofed) to the table.

Then there are crystal dishes photographed with the linens—for sea-food cocktails, hollowed fish (unfortunately camera-shy) with that ready-to-dart expression one catches in aquarium pets; plain bowls with fish lids for iced dishes, and for olives and the like more flat fish lazily dozing on fins and dorsal scales.

(Speaking of foods, let's sidetrack one moment for the latest bulletin from Park and Tilford, that house always thought-



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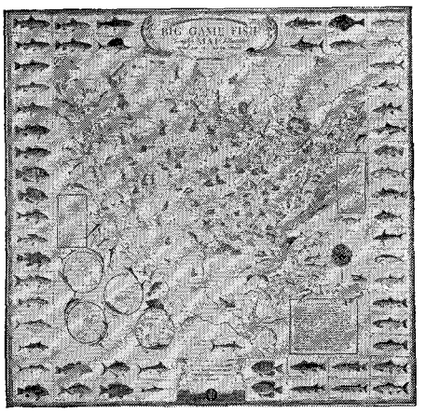

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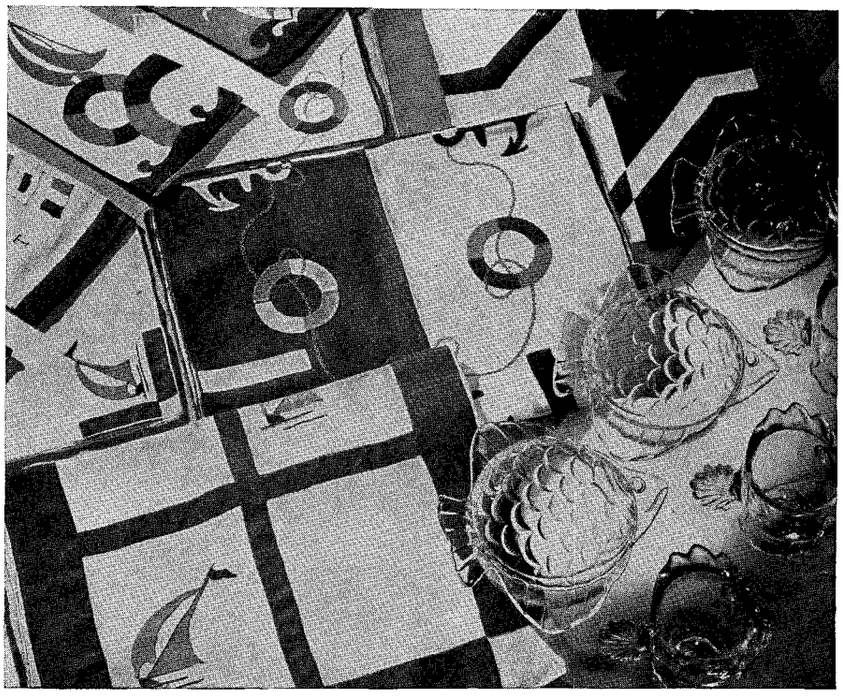

ADAMS STUDIO

The sea inspired these linens and this glass

ful of the harried hostess. This time it's cocktail spreads that come in tubes and the latest thing in them—cheeses. Italian Gorgonzola aged in brandy, French Roquefort similarly brought to smooth maturity, English Stilton and Cheddar mellowed in Port, and Holland Edam ripened in Sauterne. They ribbon out on crackers, celery stalks, or rounds of toast in a jiffy. Thirty-five cents each.

Windy spring nights call for open fires, and Todhunter Inc. (119 East Fifty-seventh Street) is ready for them with andirons to delight the homing sea spirit—pirates for the hardy; dolphins rising on cresting waves for those in quest of the graceful and decorative. They'll make up any of your own ideas, of course, and this goes not only for fireplace fixtures, but for sign-posts, road markers, weathervanes, and anything else the house requires in fine metal craftsmanship.

For the study and library whose owner keeps sea-watch, there are innumerable finds in metals, woods, and ceramics. A few *for instances* are photographed on page 94: Book ends of wood with brass pulleys, found at Brooks Brothers. The solid-brass anchor in chrome finish, equipped with an Evans-Case lighter, that is exclusive with Ovington's (Fifth Avenue at Thirty-ninth Street). Here, too, you'll find the brass bell on a rope-edged plaque to ring in spring lollers. At Carole Stupell (443 Madison) and at Abercrombie & Fitch (Madison at Forty-fifth Street) the wall plaque with an *Esquireish* gent, lesson book in hand, seasick hound at his side, learning to sail his skiff. It is one of a series of plaques, depicting the seasons, done with a sure yet nicely restrained caricature touch.

It is worth a trip down to the Battery to see the marine handicraft made by unemployed seamen under the auspices of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York at 25 South Street. Ships in bottles of all shapes (including wired lamp-bases) or in cases cost from a dollar for miniature ones to fifteen dollars for models in quart wine-bottles. There are also models of modern ships—passenger liners and freighters—or, if you want a scale reproduction of your own boat, expert craftsmen are there to make it.

But whether you are out to buy or just to see, the ride down is worth it, for the Institute's Museum is full of splendid replicas of ships, from those of gallant sailing days down to the smooth, modern power-cruiser, the trick and decorative Star and Inter-club classes. Week-days from nine to five; Saturdays, nine to noon.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page 71*)

1. Place her in a state-supported old ladies home.
2. Silently leave it untouched.
3. Get an ear-phone regardless of appearance.
4. Vote for your candidate anyhow.
5. Gently maneuver him towards some potted palms.
6. Remain silent until you have read it.
7. Serve cocktails to all but that guest.
8. Put in a brief appearance, then leave.
9. Let him make his own choice.
10. Shrug your shoulders and ask "Who cares?"
11. (*a*) Stiffen your spine and talk to her as a father.

(*b*) Inform him that you are already engaged.

12. (*a*) Give up your seat only if the female is old or pregnant.

(*b*) Accept a seat only if offered you by a young man.

13. Wash your hands of the deal.
14. Accept $1000 for a cigarette-picture testimonial exploiting your family's social standing.
15. (*a*) In a tactful, humorous way try giving him some of his own medicine.

(*b*) Tell her pleasantly but firmly to cut it out or you'll start referring to her in public as "my old battleax."

16. Adapt your style of living to his income.
17. Ask him to please use another office. [*This answer—given by 34 out of 50—rather surprised us.*—ED.]
18. (*a*) Say, "I like it, but I don't think it suits your type."

(*b*) Politely say you think it belongs with another suit and shirt.

19. Tell the person who bought the house.
20. Bravely make the best of it.
21. Slip quietly into the bedroom and close the door.
22. Ask your sister what she wanted you to do, then act accordingly.
23. (*a*) Be with him as much as possible to see how you got along.

(*b*) Keep going out with her steadily to see whether she wore well.

24. Let your wife take a temporary full-time job.
25. Wait till you started down, then let her slip "accidentally." [*Of the 50 people answering, all but 8 agreed that she should be pushed over the cliff, and the sooner the deed was done, the better. The only problem was the best method.* —ED.]

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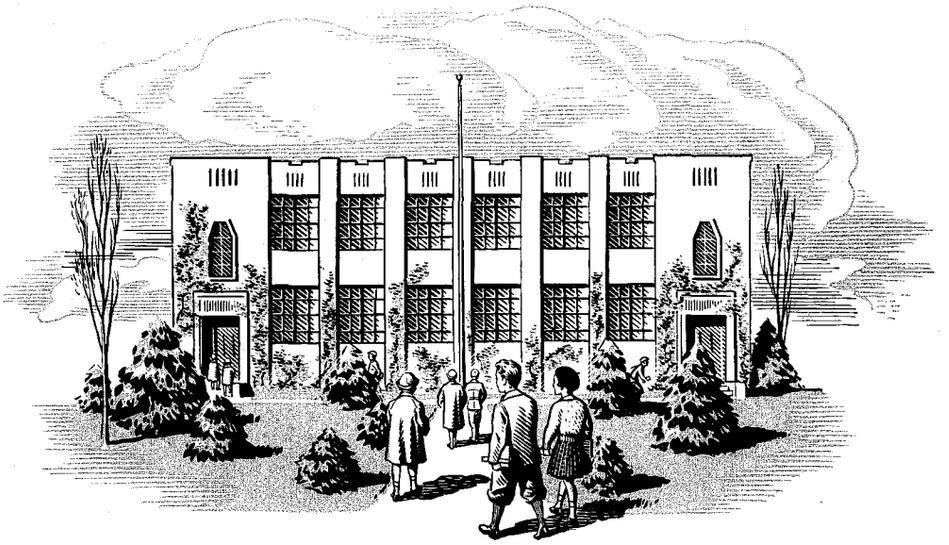
Country Schoolhouse —1937 Model



THE traditional little red schoolhouse that figures so prominently in the biographies of many famous Americans is passing from the countryside. Soon it will exist only in literature, where it is enshrined as one of the characteristic institutions of a period in American history.

In its place rises a different type of school building—one that may be less likely to inspire sentimental memories, but that is better suited to the educational requirements of today. This is the central school, in which the children of an entire district are assembled.

This new kind of country school building has laid a construction problem in the laps of school boards. With several hundred children in one building the fire hazard is thrust to the forefront. Bethlehem has supplied a defense against this menace—light structural steels which open the way to building even relatively small structures with the same basic features found in a fireproof office building. Such is the construction of the Derry Township, Pa., school, illustrated above.

These Bethlehem light structural steels can be assembled into a frame that provides the backbone of a building with a large measure of the fire-safety, permanence and rigidity of a skyscraper. Such a frame is permanently immune to deterioration from such causes as termite attack, and is free from the shrinking and warping that cause unsightly, insanitary cracks in plaster and woodwork. The cost is but little more than that of other, less fire-safe, types of construction.

The steel-framed schoolhouse marks one more achievement of steel toward greater security and peace of mind in our daily lives. Among the many others are the fireproof hotel, the all-steel railway coach and the steel automobile body.

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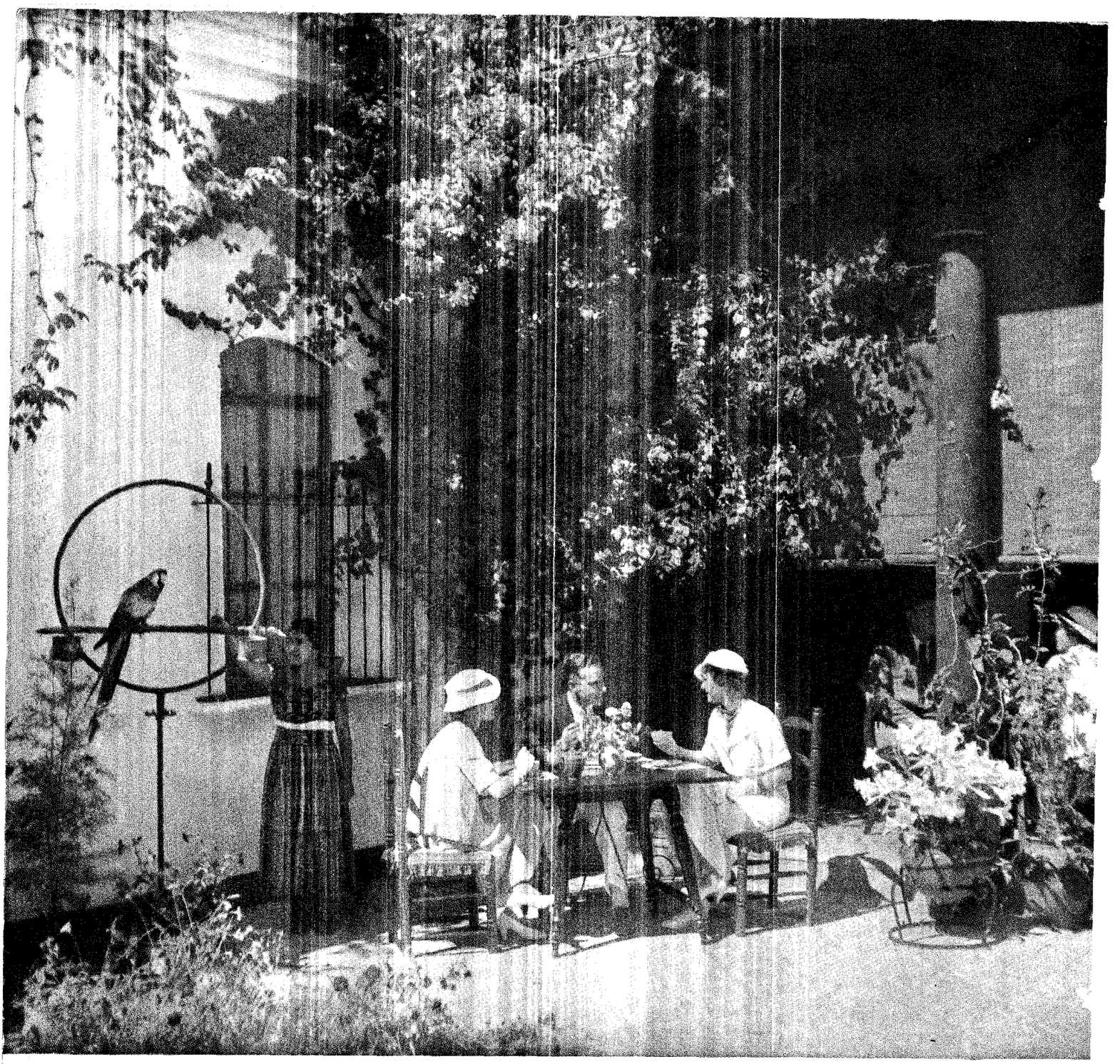

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